

OH YES · OF COURSE.



LIZZIE · "OH · MR. POFFLES · I FIND I HAVE MADE A MISTAKE · I SEE I WAS ENGAGED FOR THIS DANCE?"

WHAT · INDEED



STERN PARENT. "I TELL YOU SIR · I WILL NOT ALLOW IT — AND DON'T ME SEE ANY MORE NASTY PIPES OR TOBACCO IN THIS HOUSE" YOUNG WILLIAM AND WHAT'S A FELLOW TO DO WHEN ALL THE MEN OF HIS OWN AGE SMOKE

JOHN LEECH'S PICTURES

From the Collection of MR. PUNC

TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER MATTER

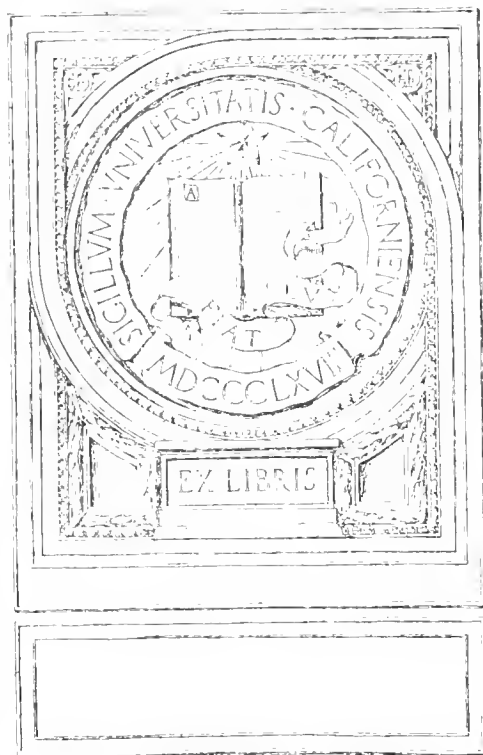


OLD GENT. "AND PRAY WHO IS YOUR FRIEND WITH THE COFFEE POT?" SMALL BOY. THAT? OH! HE'S MY FAG — HE GETS ME MY BREAKFAST AND SUCH LIKE — BUT I ALWAYS LEAVE HIM SOME BRIMSTONE — HE NEVER DRIES HIM!"

THE QUADRILLE IN HOT WEAT



STOUT PARTY (who suffers much from heat and has in attempted to conceal himself). OH · I BELIEVE WE ARE ENGAGED FOR THIS DANCE · I'VE BEEN THAT IS — I'VE — EH? I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR



JOHN LEECH'S PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.



FROM THE COLLECTION OF

“MR. PUNCH.”

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UNIV. OF
CALIF. BERKELEY



John Fairbanks
Blanchard

JOHN **L**EECH's



ICTURES

Of Life and Character.



FROM THE COLLECTION OF

"MR. PUNCH."

LONDON :

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., 8, 9, 10, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.

1887

292 '7

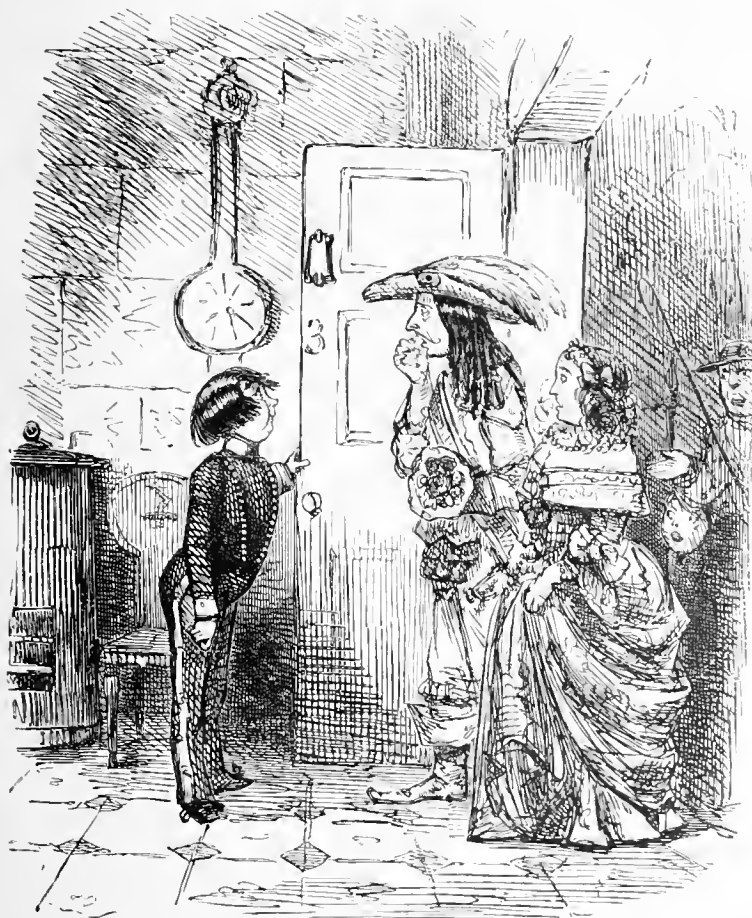
1877

LONDON

FRADLURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

John Leech's Pictures

OF
LIFE AND CHARACTER.



A LATE ARRIVAL.



SNUFFED OUT.

Page. "FANCY BALL, SIR! NO, SIR! MISSUS'S FANCY BALL, SIR, WERE LAST TOOSDAY SIR."

"MY EYE, TOMMY! IF 'ERE AINT THE SCOTCHMAN HOUT OF THE SNUFF SHOP A TAKIN' A WALK."

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



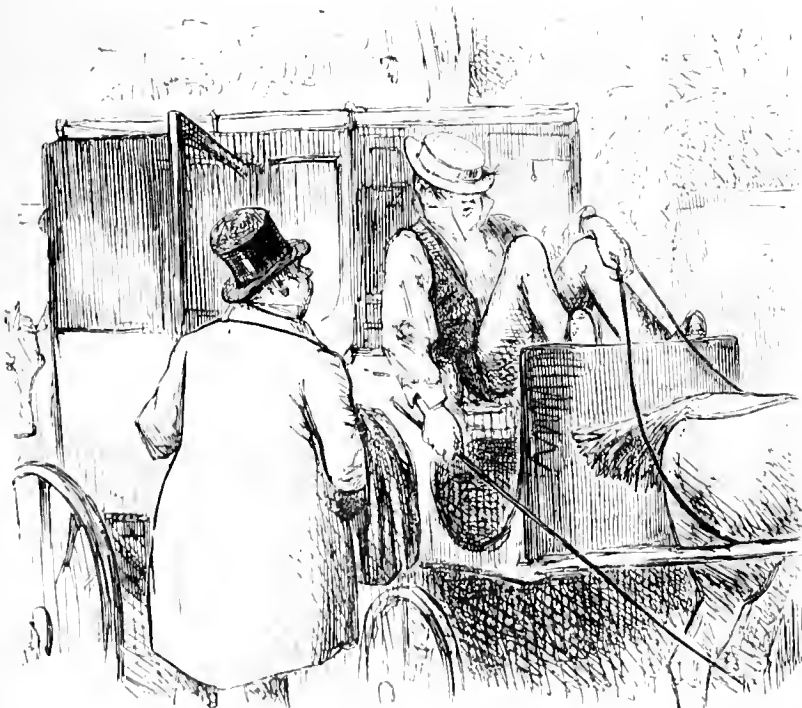
THE TEST OF GALLANTRY.

Conductor. "WILL ANY GENT BE SO GOOD AS FOR TO TAKE THIS YOUNG LADY IN HIS LAP?"



ENCOURAGING.

Old Gentleman. "I WANT SOME SHAVING SOAP, MY GOOD LAD"
Boy. "YES, SIR, HERE'S AN HARTICLE I CAN RECOMMEND, FOR I ALWAYS USE IT MYSELF!"



TAKING IT COOLLY.

Old Gent. "NOW, THEN, CABMAN, HOW MUCH TO THE STRAND?"
Cabman. "SIX SHILLIN!"
Old Gent. "THAT'S TOO MUCH!"
Cabman. "WELL! WHAT YOU PLEASE! IT'S TOO HOT TO DISPUTE ABOUT TRIFLES!"



DID YOU EVER?

Old Gentleman (politely). "OH, CONDUCTOR! I SHALL FEEL GREATLY OBLIGED TO YOU IF YOU WOULD PROCEED, FOR I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT IN THE STRAND, AND I AM AFRAID I SHALL BE TOO LATE."

Conductor (slamming the door). "GO ON, JIM! HERE'S AN OLD COVE A CUSSIN AND A SWARING LIKE ANY THING!!!"



WHAT THEY SAID TO THEMSELVES.

Honourable Mr. Fiddle. "I WISH THAT CONCEITED ASS, FADDLE, WOULD GO."

Captain Faddle. "THAT STUPID IDIOT, FIDDLE, NEVER KNOWS WHEN HE'S IN THE WAY."

Rich Widow. "I SHALL BE UNCOMMONLY GLAD WHEN BOTH OF THESE SIMPLETONS TAKE THEIR DEPARTURE."



PROPRIETY.

PERSONS REPRESENTED. SARAH-JANE. MATILDA.

Scene—Camplin Town.

Sarah-Jane. "OH! YOU 'ORRID OREADFUL STORY' I DIDNT."

Matilda. "YOU DID NOW, FOR I SEE HIM. I SEE HIM KISS YER. AND HERE HAVE I BIN ENGAGED TO TOMMY PRICE FOR YEARS, AND NEVER SO MUCH AS WALKED ARM-IN-ARM WITH HIM!"



A COURT DRESS.

"OH! JUST AINT PEOPLE PROUD WHAT HAVE GOT PAIRASOLES!"

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



A VALUABLE ANIMAL.

Gentleman (fond of dogs) "SAGACIOUS?" CH. VERY! WHY, HE NEVER SEES AN OLD GENTLEMAN, BUT HE PULLS OFF HIS HAT AND RUNS AWAY WITH IT. HE'LL FETCH A DUCK OFF A POND; AND HE'S SUCH A NOTION OF TAKING CARE OF HIMSELF THAT HE COSTS ME FULL A GUINEA A WEEK FOR THE LEGS OF MUTTON HE STEALS."



CRUEL!

Snob. "AVE A CIGAR, COACHEE?"

Swell Busman. "NO, THANKEE—I ONLY SMOKE TOBACCAER!"



FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

Pol.eman. "HA! THAT'S THE WAY YOU DRINK THE BEER WHEN YOU'RE SLINT OF A HERRAID?"

Genius. AND THE RIGHT WAY TOO—AIN'T IT?"



THE JOYS OF OCEAN.

Smith. "WELL, BROWN! THIS IS BETTER THAN BEING STEWED UP IN A RAILWAY! EH?"

Brown faintly "OH—IM MEASURABLY SU-PERIOR."



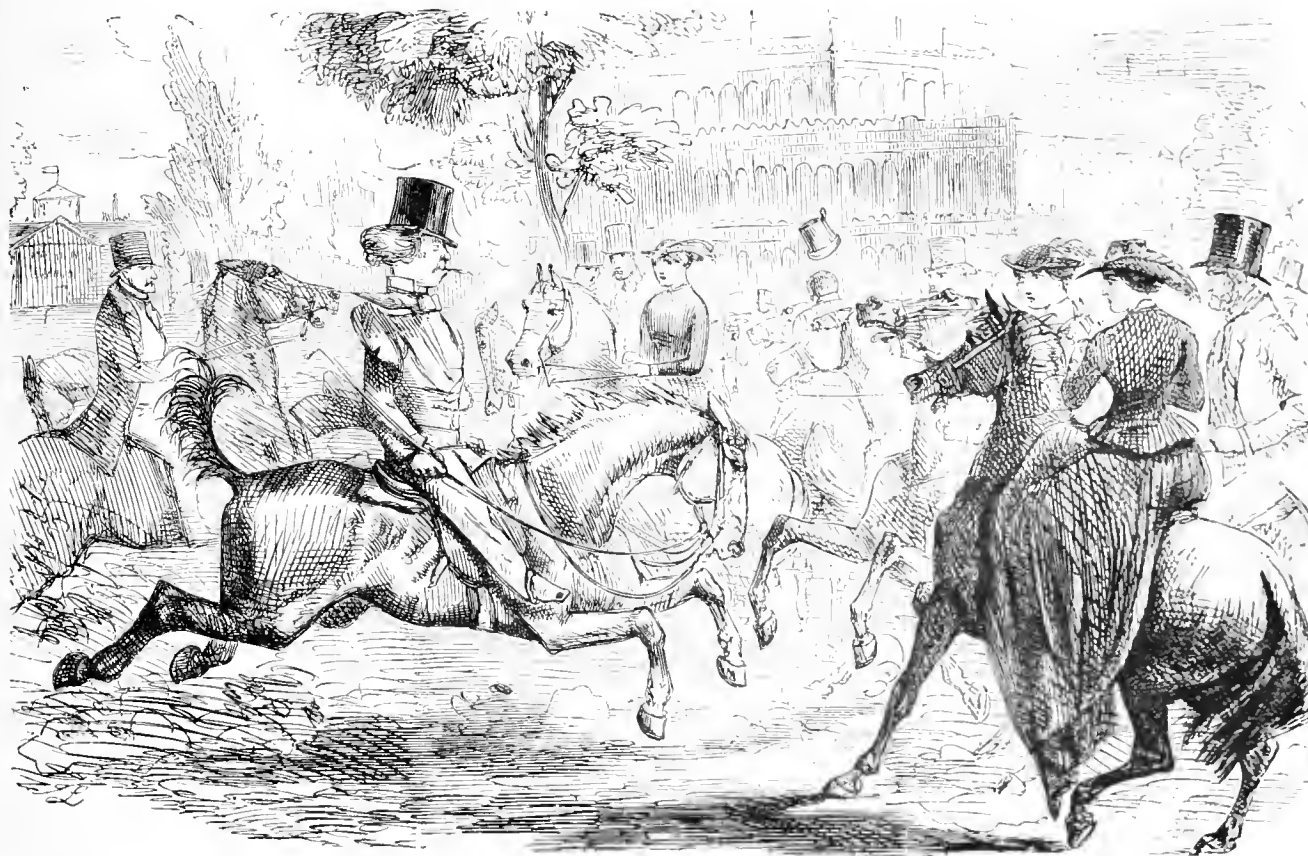
UNFEELING OBSERVATION.

Vulgar Little Boy. "OH, LOOK HERE, BILL! HERE'S A POOR BOY BIN AND HAD THE HINFLUENZA, AND NOW HE'S BROKE OUT ALL OVER BUTTONS AND RED STRIPES"



IN FOR IT.

"HALLO, SIR! ARE YOU AWARE YOU'RE TRESPASSING THERE?"



THE CORRECT MODE OF RIDING IN ROTTEN ROW.

GALLOP AS HARD AS YOU CAN AMONGST THE LADIES. IT CREATES A SENSATION!!



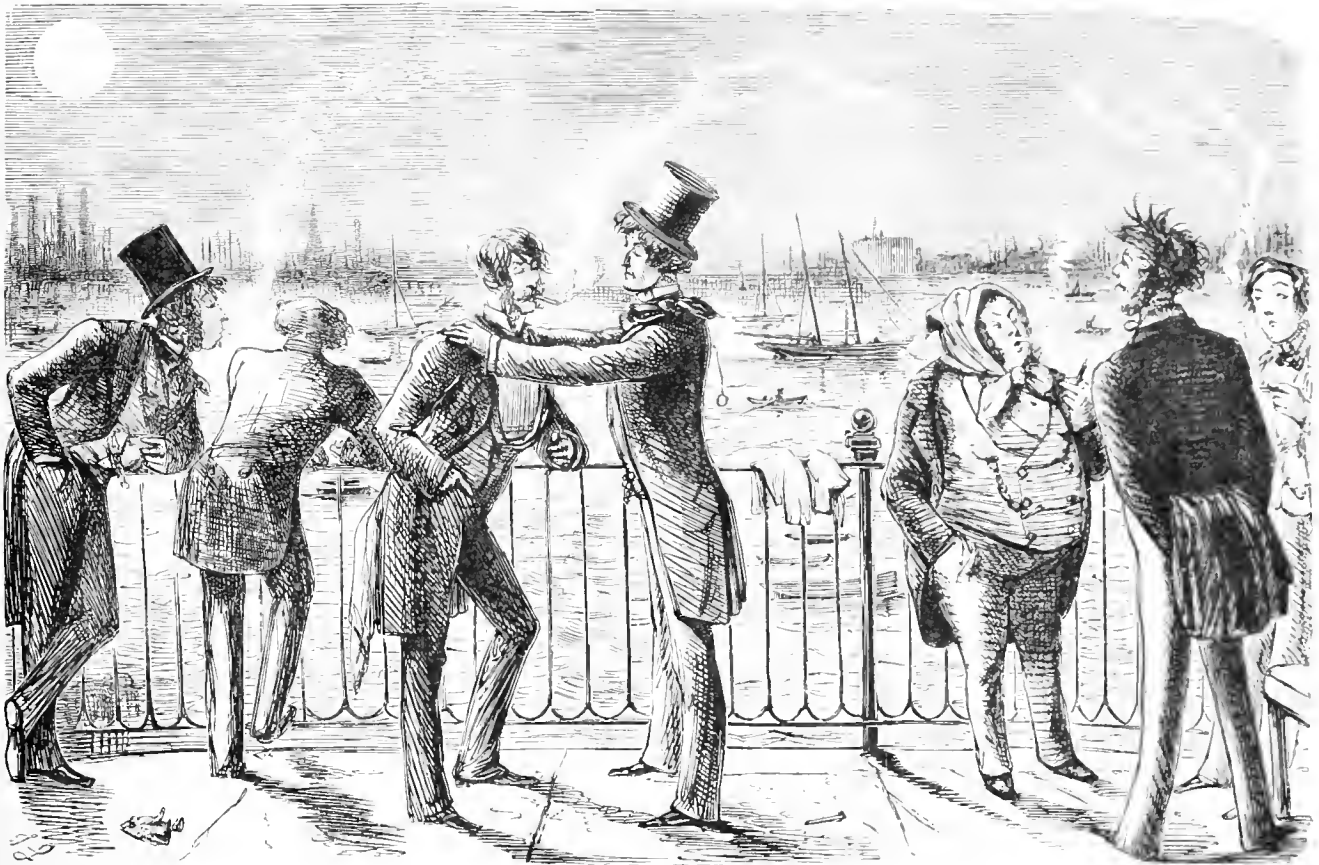
A HACK FOR THE DAY.

Stable Keeper (to little Gent), "SET TO KICKING, AND THEN BOLTED INTO A SHOP! DID HE, NOW? AH! HE ALWAYS WAS A LIGHT ARTED 'OSS"



SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY—THE OLD DOG POINTS CAPITALLY.

"I TELL YER WHAT IT IS, SAM! IF THIS FOOL OF A DOG IS GOING TO STAND STILL LIKE THIS HERE IN EVERY FIELD HE COMES TO, WE MAY AS WELL SHUT UP SHOP, FOR WE SHANT FIND NO PARTRIDGES."



THE GREENWICH DINNER.—A CONVIVIAL MOMENT.

Gentleman (under the influence of White Bait). "WELL, OLD FELLA—REKLECT—PRESHENT COMPANY DINE HERE WITH ME EVERY MONDAY, THURSDAY, AN' SAT'DY—FRIDAY—NO—TOOSDAY, THURSDAY, AND SAT'DY—MIND AN' DON' FORGET—I SAY—WHAT A GOOD FELLA YOU ARE—GREATEST STEEM AND REGARD FOR YOU, OLD FELLA!!!"



STRONG ASSERTION.

Omnibus Driver (addressing another). "YOU'RE A PRETTY FELLOW, YOU ARE YOU CALL YOURSELF A MAN? WHY I'VE SEEN A BETTER MAN THAN YOU MADE OUT OF TEA-LEAVES"

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



ALARMING SYMPTOMS AFTER EATING BOILED BEEF
AND GOOSEBERRY PIE.

Little Boy. "OH LOR MAR, I FEEL JUST EXACTLY AS IF MY JACKET WAS
BUTTONED"



VERY FINE FRUIT.

Newspaper Boy reads: "A GENTLEMAN IN THE N-E-I-G-H — NEIGHBOURHOOD
OF —, HAS AT THE PRESENT TIME SEVERAL E-NORMOUS GOOSEBERRIES IN HIS
GARDEN, WHICH MEASURE TEN INCHES IN G-I-R-C-I-R C-U-M-CUM F-E-R-FER E-N-O-E-
ENCE CIRCUMFERENCE AND ARE OF THE A-S-AS ASTON ASTONISHING WEIGHT OF
THREE HOUNCES HEACH"

His Friend "OH! WHAT WHOPPERS! WOULDN'T I LIKE A PINT!"



A PHILOSOPHER.

Harriet. "ST! ST! ST! DEAR ME, NOW, I'VE BROKEN MY COMB, AND ALL MY BACK
HAIR'S COME DOWN. WHAT WITH BRUSHING, AND DRESSING, AND CURLING, AND ONE
THING AND THE OTHER, WHAT A PLAGUE ONE'S HAIR IS TO BE SURE!"

Young Fellow. "WELL, HARRIET, WE ARE ALL OOTHERED WITH SOMETHING. LOOK AT
US MEN; WE HAVE TO SHAVE EVERY MORNING, SUMMER AND WINTER!"

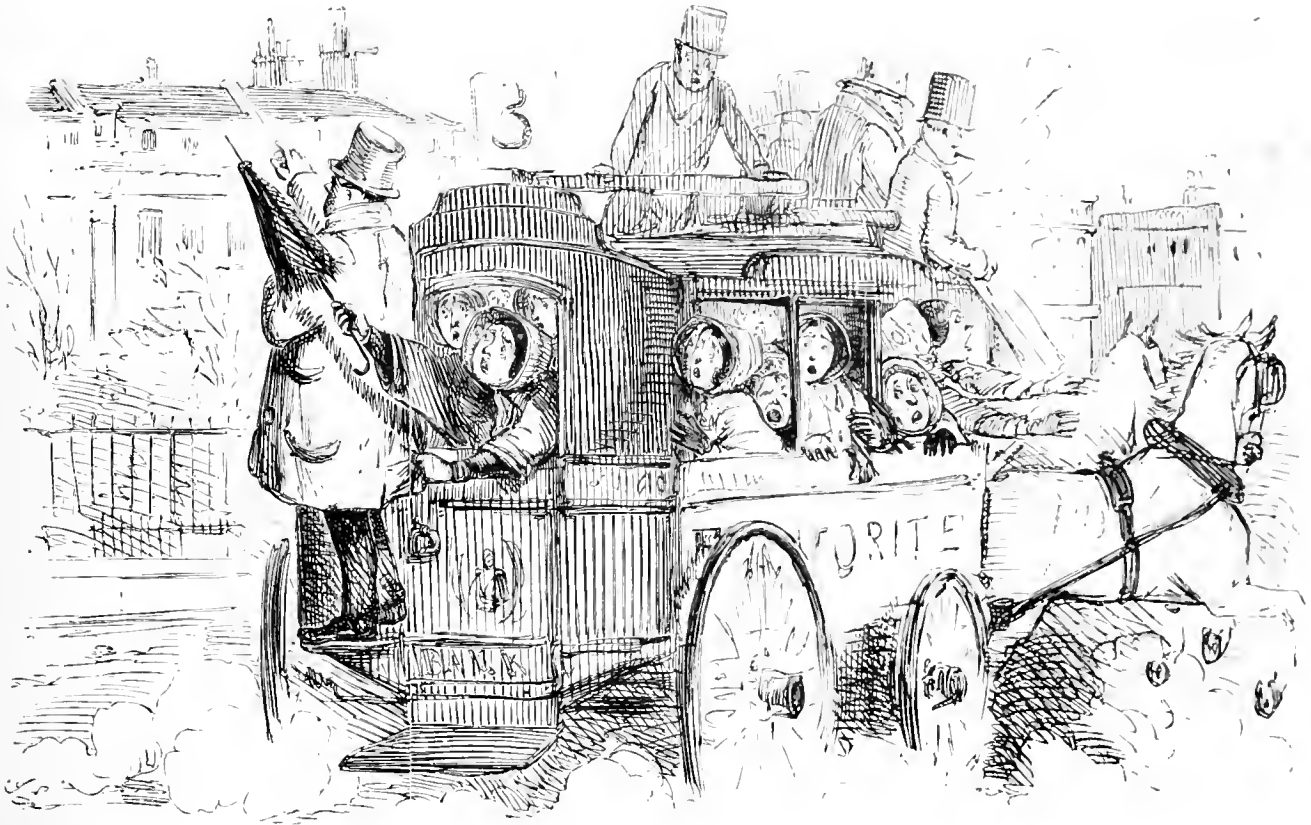


MATERNAL SOLICITUDE

Mamma. "GEORGINA! GEORGINA!"

Georgina. "WELL, MA HOW YOU DO FIDGET ONE!"

Mamma "SHOULOERS, MY LOVE; SHOULOERS! PRAY HOLD YOURSELF UP,
YOU'RE STOOPING AGAIN OREAOFULLY."



ALARMING OCCURRENCE.

Chorus of Unprotected Females "CONDUCTOR! STOP! CONDUCTOR! OMNIBUS-MAN! HERE'S A GENTLEMAN HAD AN ACCIDENT AND BROKE A JAR OF LEECHES, AND THEY'RE ALL OVER THE OMNIBUS!"



FANCY PORTRAIT.

THE INDIVIDUAL WHO SENDS A FIFTY-POUND NOTE FOR UNPAID INCOME-TAX TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



VERY FINE TALKING!

"NOW, THEN, SIR, JUMP UP ON THE ROOF, AND LOOK SHARP, PLEASE, SIR, FERES TOTHER BUS A-COMING."



HOW TO SUIT THE TASTE.

Waiter. "GENT IN NO. 4 LIKES A HOLDER AND A THINNER WINE, DOES HE?
I WONDER HOW HE'LL LIKE THIS DIN?"



MAKING THE MOST OF IT.



AN AFFAIR OF IMPORTANCE.

Harriet. "OH! I'M SO GLAD YOU ARE COME, BLANCHE! I'VE BEEN SO PERPLEXED I COULD
SCARCELY SLEEP ALL NIGHT."

Blanche. "WELL! WHAT IS IT, DEAR?"

Harriet. "WHY, I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO HAVE MY NEW MERINO FROCK VIOLET OR
DARK BLUE!"



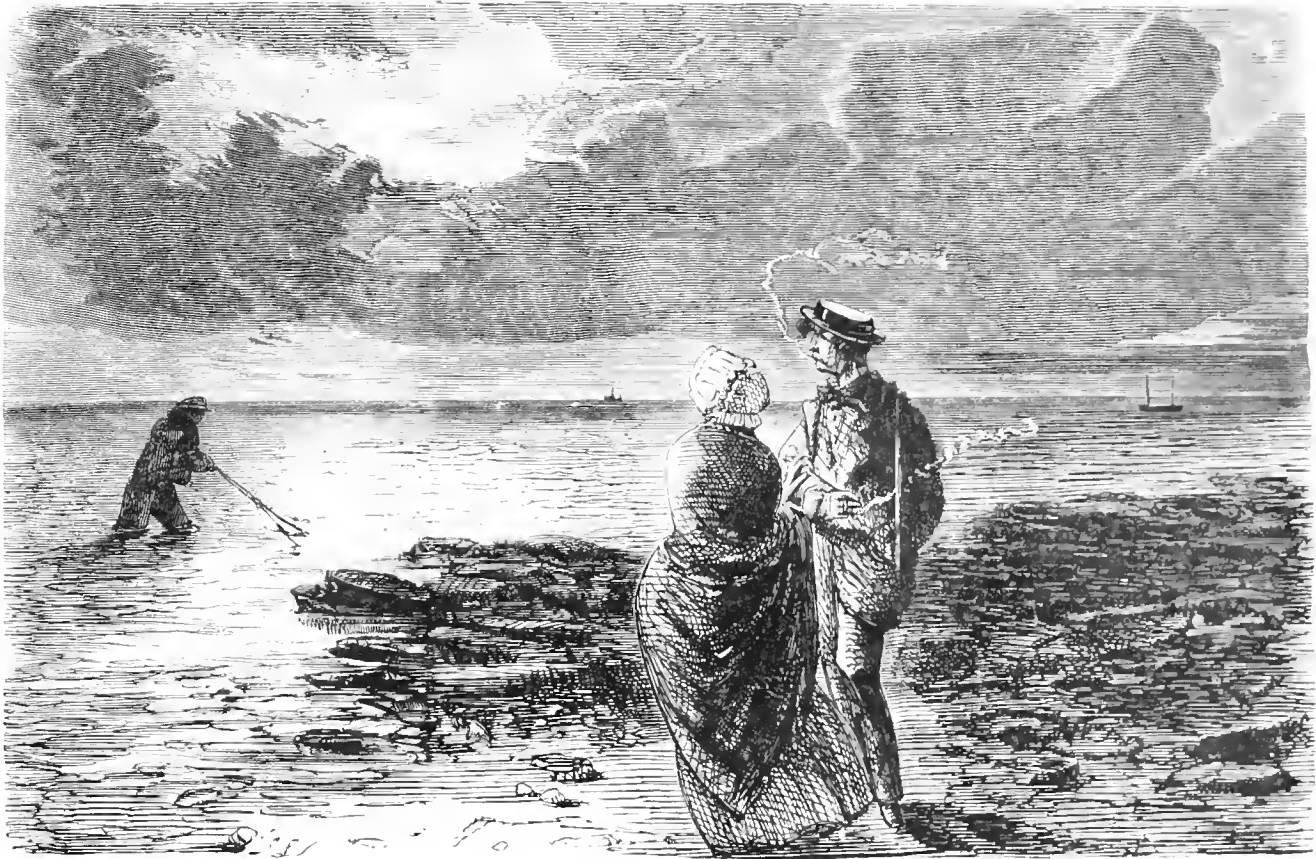
A LONDON GENT ABROAD.

Scene—A Café in Paris.

London Gent. "GARÇON! TAS DE CORFEE!"

Garçon. "BIEN, M'SIEUR—VOULEZ-VOUS LIKE TO SEE ZEE 'TIMES'?"

London Gent. "HANG THE FELLER! NOW, I WONDER HOW THE DOOSE HE
FOUND OUT I WAS AN ENGLISHMAN!"



ROMANCE AND REALITY.

Beautiful Being (who is all soul). "HOW GRAND, HOW SOLEMN, DEAR FREDERICK, THIS IS! I REALLY THINK THE OCEAN IS MORE BEAUTIFUL UNDER THIS ASPECT THAN UNDER ANY OTHER!"

Frederick (who has about as much poetry in him as a Codfish). "HM—AH! YES PER-WAPS BY THE WAY BLANCHE—THERE'S A FELLA SWIMMING SPOSE WE ASK HIM IF HE CAN GET US SOME PRAWNS FOR BWEAKFAST TO-MOWAW MORNING?"



SYMPTOMS OF WET WEATHER.

Tom. "HOLLO, SAM, WHAT THE JUICE ARE YOU CARRYING OF?"
Sam. "'CLARISSA ARLO,' FOR MISSIS."



PITY THE SORROWS OF THE POOR POLICE.

"LOR, SOOSAN! HOW'S A FELLER TO EAT MEAT SUCH WEATHER AS THIS? NOW, A BIT O' PICKLED SALMON AND COWCUMBER, OR A LOBSTER SALAD MIGHT DO



THE DERBY EPIDEMIC.

GENTLEMEN,

OWING TO SUDDEN AND VERY SEVERE INDISPOSITION, I REGRET TO SAY THAT I SHALL NOT BE ABLE TO ATTEND THE OFFICE TO-DAY. I HOPE, HOWEVER, TO BE ABLE TO RESUME MY DUTIES TO-MORROW.

I AM, GENTLEMEN,

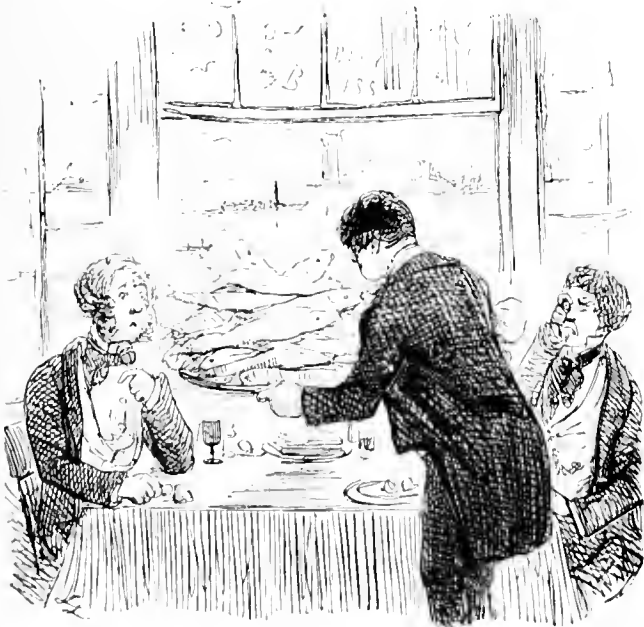
YOURS VERY OBEDIENTLY,

PHILIP COX.



HOW TO GET RID OF A GRATIS PATIENT.

"SO YOU'VE TAKEN ALL YOUR STUFF, AND DON'T FEEL ANY BETTER, EH? WELL, THEN, WE MUST ALTER THE TREATMENT, YOU MUST GET YOUR HEAD SHAVED; AND IF YOU WILL CALL HERE TO-MORROW ABOUT ELEVEN, MY PUPIL HERE WILL PUT A SETON IN THE BACK OF YOUR NECK."



THE FISH DINNER.

"THE WHITEBAIT SEEM VERY LARGE, WAITER?"

"YES, SIR; VERY FINE AT PRESENT, SIR."



A HIGHLAND GAME IN A LONDON STREET.

PORTRAIT OF THE BOY WHO WON THE PRIZE FOR "PUTTING A STONE" THROUGH A WINDOW.



A QUIET WEED.

Guard. "SOME ONE BEEN SMOKING, I THINK?"

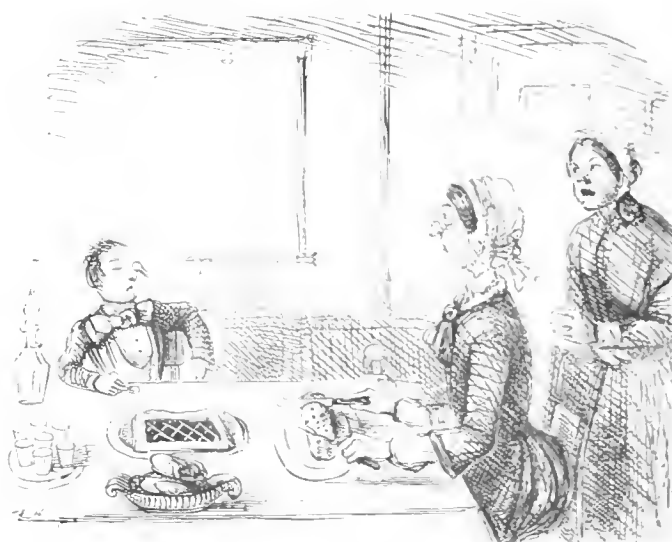
Passenger. "WHAT! SMOKING! THAT'S VERY REPREHENSIBLE PERHAPS IT WAS THE CLERICAL GENTLEMAN WHO HAS JUST GOT OUT OF THE NEXT COMPARTMENT."



PRODIGIOUS!

Schoolmistress. "YOU SEE, MY LOVE—IF I PUNCTURE THIS INDIA-RUBBER BALL IT WILL GOLLAPSE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"

Child. "OH, YES, I UNDERSTAND—IF YOU PRICK IT, IT WILL GO SQUASH"



BLESS THE BOY!

Old Lady "NOW, ARTHUR, WHICH WILL YOU HAVE? SOME OF THIS NICE PUDDING, OR SOME JAM TART?"

Juvenile "NO PASTRY, THANK-YE, AUNT. IT SPOILS ONES WINE SO. I DONT MIND A DEVILLED BISCUIT, THO' BY-AND-BY WITH MY CLARET."

Old Lady turns a manner of colours.

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



HOOKING AND EYEING.

Angelina (the Wife of his Bosom). "WELL, EDWIN IF YOU CAN'T MAKE THE 'THINGS,' AS YOU CALL THEM MEET, YOU NEED NOT SWEAR SO. IT'S REALLY QUITE DREADFUL."



A GAY YOUNG FELLOW.

Young Rapid. "YOU ARE QUITE SURE THIS IS THE CORRECT DRESS FOR A YOUNG FELLOW OF THAT PERIOD. EH?"

Mr. Noses. "OH, PERFECTLY CORRECT, SIR; AND REALLY LOOKS SPLENDID ON YER!"



"DE GUSTIBUS," &c., &c.

Snip. THAT'S A SWEET THING FOR A WAISTCOAT, SIR AND WOULD LOOK UNCOMMON WELL UPON YOU, SIR!"



JEALOUSY.

Betrothed (who does not dance the Polka). "I SHOULD LIKE TO PUNCH HIS HEAD—A CONCEITED BEAST!"



A BON-BON FROM A JUVENILE PARTY.

Alfred. "I SAY, FRANK, AREN'T YOU GOING TO HAVE SOME SUPPER?"

Frank. "A—NOT AT PRESENT. I SHALL WAIT TILL THE WOMEN LEAVE THE ROOM."



SPECULATORS.

"THIS AIN'T SUCH A WERRY BAD IDEA, IS IT, JIM? HERE'S THE GREAT ODOLESEX WRITES TO ME FOR FIVE BOB ON A HUNDRED AN' FIFTY SHARES; AND, TO SAVE TROUBLE, WANTS THE NAME OF MY SOLICITUR."



A PROFESSIONAL MAN.

Medical Student. "WELL, OLD FELLOW, SO YOU'VE 'PASSED' AT LAST."
Consulting Surgeon. "YES; BUT I DON'T GET MUCH PRACTICE, SOMEHOW—ALTHOUGH I AM NEARLY ALWAYS AT HOME, IN CASE ANY ONE SHOULD CALL."



PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

Little Hairdresser (mildly). "YER 'AIR'S VERY THIN ON THE TOP, SIR."
Gentleman (of ungovernable temper). "MY HAIR THIN ON THE TOP, SIR? AND WHAT IF IT IS? CONFOUND YOU, YOU PUPPY, DO YOU THINK I CAME HERE TO BE INSULTED AND TOLD OF MY PERSONAL DEFECTS? I'LL THIN YOUR TOP!!"



MERMAIDS AT PLAY; OR, A NICE LITTLE WATER PARTY.



COMING TO THE POINT.

Lover. "SWEET GIRL, LET ME—HERE—AWAY FROM THE BUSY HUM OF MEN—AND WHERE NO MORTAL EYE CAN SEE US—DECLARE THAT PASSION WHICH—WHICH—"

Lady. "THERE! FOR GOODNESS' SAKE GET UP, MR. TOMKINS, AND DON'T BE RIDICULOUS—JUST CONSIDER ALL THE TELESCOPES FROM THE PARADE!!"



A LITTLE SURPRISE.

Little Foot Page (unexpectedly). "HERES SOME GENTLEMEN, PLEASE SIR."



INTERESTING SCENE DURING THE CANVASS FOR MR. —.
NOT A HUNDRED MILES FROM —.

Wife of Free and Independent. "OH! AIN'T HE A HAFFABLE GENTLEMAN, TUMMUS?"

Free and Independent. "AH! JUST AIN'T 'UN. I SHOULDN'T WONDER IF I WARNT ABLE TO PAY MY RENT TO-MORRER!"



MURDER WILL OUT.

Mrs. Smith. "IS MRS. BROWN IN?"

Jane. "NO, MEM, SHE'S NOT AT HOME."

Little Girl. "OH! WHAT A HORRID STORY, JANE! MA'S IN THE KITCHEN, HELPING COOK!"



DOING A LITTLE BILL.

"YOU SEE, OLD BOY, IT'S THE MEREST FORM IN THE WORLD YOU HAVE ONLY TO—WHAT THEY CALL—ACCEPT IT, AND I'LL FIND THE MONEY WHEN IT COMES DUE."

Victim. "COME ALONG—GIVE US THE PEN."



A PLEASANT STREET GAME.

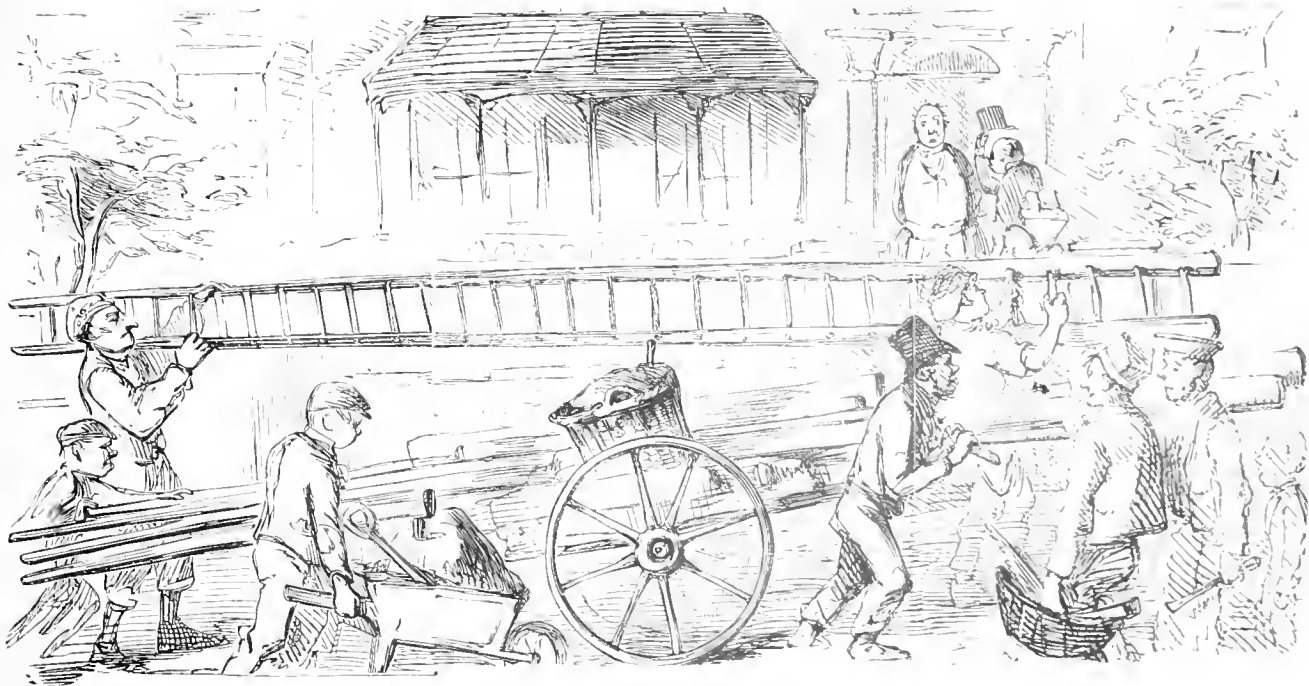
Old Gent "CONFUND THE BOYS AND THEIR TOPS! WHERE ARE THE POLICE?"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.



No. I.

THE COOK SAYS THAT SHE THINKS THERE'S A SLATE LOOSE ON THE ROOF OF THE HOUSE, FOR THE WATER COMES INTO THE SERVANTS' BEDROOM. MR. BRIGGS REPLIES THAT THE SOONER IT IS PUT TO RIGHTS THE BETTER, BEFORE IT GOES ANY FURTHER—AND HE WILL SEE ABOUT IT.



No. II

MR. BRIGGS HAVING BEEN TOLD BY THE BUILDER THAT A "LITTLE COMPO" IS ALL THAT IS WANTED, THE FIRST STEP IS TAKEN TOWARDS MAKING THINGS COMFORTABLE.



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

MASTER JACKEY HAVING SEEN A "PROFESSOR" OF POSTURING, HAS A PRIVATE PERFORMANCE OF HIS OWN IN THE NURSERY.



SOMETHING LIKE A HOLIDAY.

Pastrycook. "WHAT HAVE YOU HAD, SIR?"

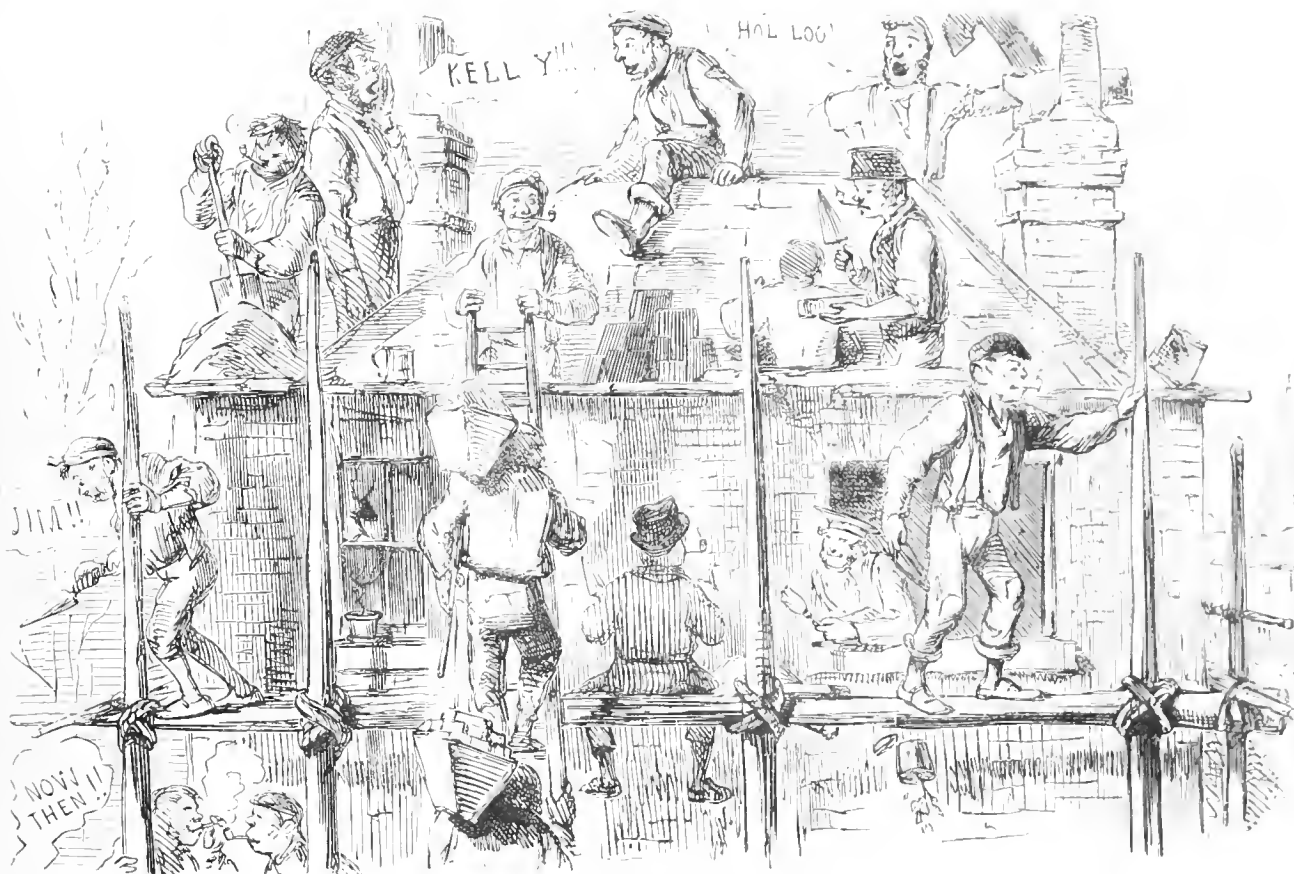
Boy. "I'VE HAD TWO JELLIES, SEVEN OF THEM, AND ELEVEN OF THEM, AND SIX OF THOSE, AND FOUR BATH BUNS, A SAUSAGE ROLL, TEN ALMOND CAKES, AND A BOTTLE OF GINGER BEER."



GREAT WANT OF VENERATION

Puer loquitur. "I SAY LOBSTER, SHALL I GO AND FETCH YOU A CAD?"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.



No. III.



No. IV.

NO TIME HAS BEEN LOST MR. BRIGGS FINDS, ON GETTING OUT OF BED AT FIVE A.M. THAT THE WORKPEOPLE HAVE ALREADY COMMENCED PUTTING THE ROOF TO RIGHTS.



DOMESTIC BLISS.

Paterfamilias. "I CANNOT CONCEIVE, MY LOVE, WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH MY WATCH; I THINK IT MUST WANT CLEANING."

Pet Child. "OH, NO! PAPA DEAR! I DON'T THINK IT WANTS CLEANING, BECAUSE BABY AND I HAD IT WASHING IN THE BASIN FOR EVER SO LONG THIS MORNING!"



THE FASHIONS.

A FRIENDLY HINT TO YOUNG LADIES WHO WEAR THOSE DEAR DELIGHTFUL BARÈGE DRESSES. ALWAYS LET THE SLIP (OR WHATEVER THE MYSTERIOUS GARMENT IS CALLED) BE AS LONG AS THE CUTER DRESS!



INNOCENCE

"OH, SIR! NO, SIR! PLEASE, SIR, IT AINT ME, SIR! IT'S THE OTHER BOYS, SIR!"



UNLUCKY.

"VAT'S THE MATTER, EH?"

"OH, THERE'S ALWAYS A SOMETHINK! VY, I'VE BIN AND LEFT MY HOPERA-GLASS IN A CAB NOW."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.



No. V.

JUST TO SHOW HOW ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER—MR. BRIGGS (WHO HAS COME OUT ON THE LEADS WHILE THE MEN ARE GONE TO DINNER) IS SHOWN BY THE BUILDER HOW IT WOULD BE THE EASIEST THING IN THE WORLD TO "THROW" HIS PASSAGE INTO HIS DINING ROOM, AND BUILD A NEW ENTRANCE HALL WITH A SLIGHT CONSERVATORY OVER IT.—TO THE RIGHT OF THE CARTOON IS MRS. BRIGGS (!) WHO THINKS MR. D. HAS TAKEN LEAVE OF HIS SENSES



EVENING PARTIES.

"BILL, YOU GOES OUT A GOOD DEAL.—TELL US, IS IT THE KERRECT THING TO TAKE ONE'S 'AT INTO A HEVENING PARTY?"



A DELICIOUS MORSEL.

Jacky "HALLO, TOMMY! WHAT HAVE YOU COT THERE?"

Tommy "HOYSTER"

Jacky. "OH! GIVE US A BIT."



DIFFERENT PEOPLE HAVE DIFFERENT OPINIONS.

Flunkey. "APOLLO? HAH! I DESSAY IT'S VERY CHEAP, BUT IT AIN'T MY IDEER OF A GOOD FIGGER!"



OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

Small Briton. "THE FRENCH INVADE US, INDEED! AND WHAT SHOULD WE BE ABOUT ALL THE TIME?—WHY, WE SHOULD RISE LIKE ONE MAN!"



GENTEEL PRACTICE.

Apprentice. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, SHALL I FILL UP MRS TWADDLE'S DRAUGHTS WITH WATER?"

Practitioner. "DEAR, DEAR ME, MR. DUMPS, HOW OFTEN MUST I MENTION THE SUBJECT? WE NEVER USE WATER—*Aqua destillata*, IF YOU PLEASE!"



THE GOOD LITTLE BOY.

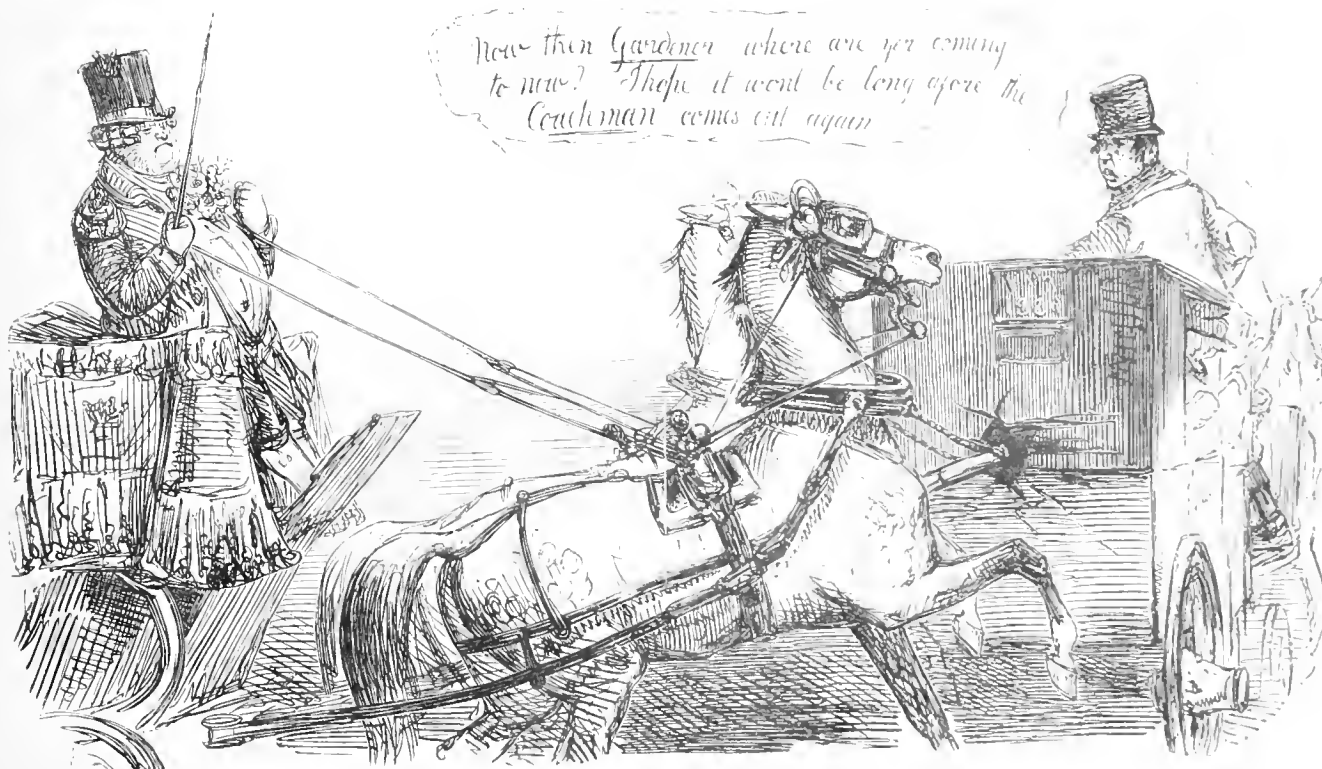
Bathing Woman. "MASTER FRANKY WOULDN'T CRY! NO! NOT HEI—HE'LL COME TO HIS MARTHA, AND BATHE LIKE A MAN!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.



No. VI.

TABLEAU, REPRESENTING FURTHER IMPROVEMENTS IN MR. BRIGGS'S HOUSE—DESTRUCTION OF THE WALL WHICH SEPARATES THE PARLOUR FROM THE PASSAGE.
(N.B.—As the wall is only lath and plaster, of course little or no mess is made. Mrs. Briggs says she hopes Mr. B. is satisfied now.)



BITTER SARCASM.



MAL-APROPOS.

Gentleman (in Shower-Bath). "HOLLO! HOLLO! WHO'S THERE? WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU WANT?"

Maid. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, HERE'S THE BUTCHER, AND MISSUS SAYS WHAT WILL YOU HAVE FOR DINNER TO-DAY?"



WE ALL HAVE OUR TROUBLES.

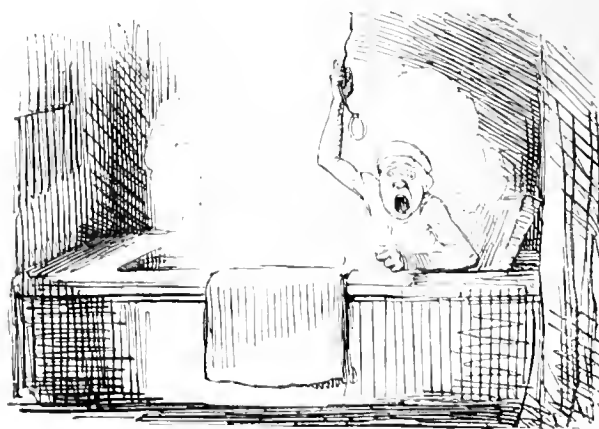
Sister Mary. "WHY, CHARLEY, DEAR BOY, WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU SEEM QUITE MISERABLE!"

Charley. "AH! AIN'T I JUST! HERE'S MA' SAYS I MUST WEAR TURN-DOWN COLLARS TILL CHRISTMAS, AND THERE'S YOUNG SIDNEY BOWLER (WHO'S NOT HALF SO TALL AS I AM) HAS HAD STICK-UPS AND WHITE CHOKERS FOR EVER SO LONG!"



THE RULING PASSION.

"NOW, TELL ME, DEAR, IS THERE ANYTHING NEW IN TH' FASHIONS?"



NOTHING LIKE WARM BATHING.

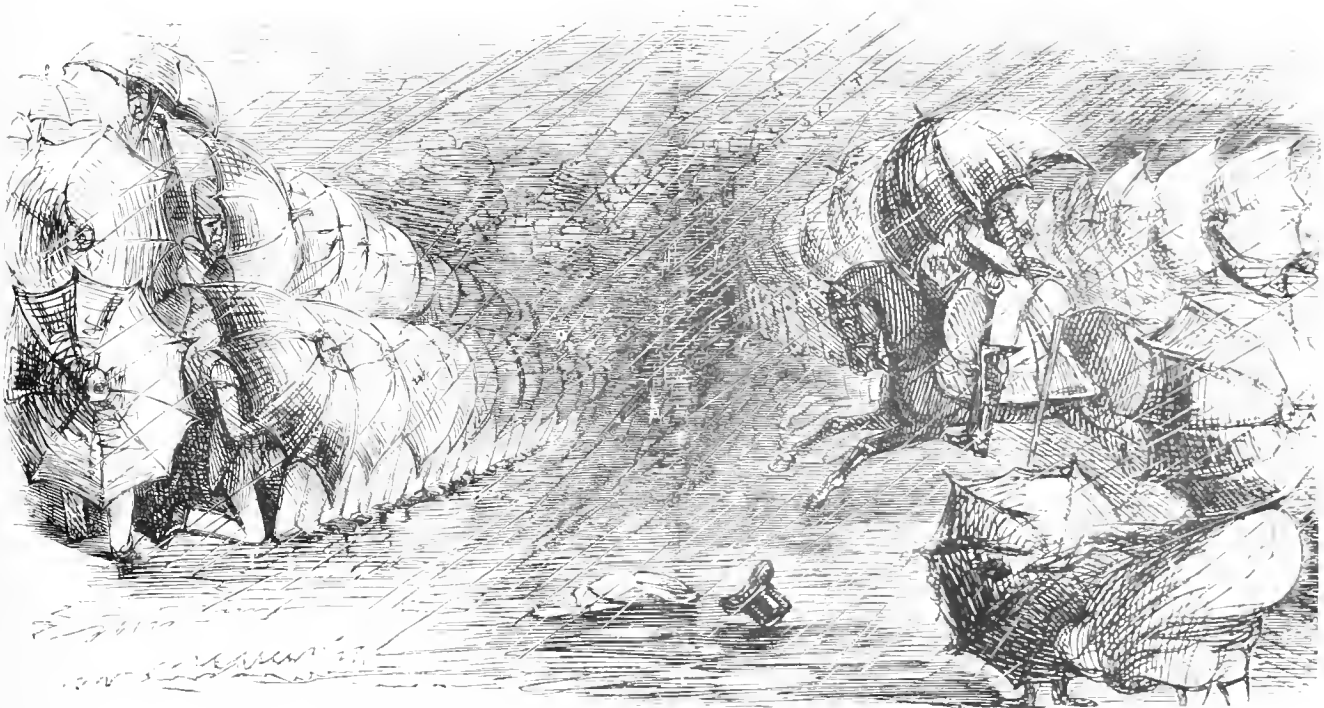
"HOLLO HI! HERE! SOMEDODY! I'VE TURNED ON THE HOT WATER, AND I CAN'T TURN IT OFF AGAIN!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.



No. VII.

Scene: Principal barricade at Mr. Briggs's House.—OWING TO THE INCOMPLETE STATE OF THE ALTERATIONS, MR. BRIGGS IS OBLIGED TO ENTER HIS HOUSE THROUGH THE PARLOUR WINDOW. THE POLICEMAN MISTAKES HIM FOR A BURGLAR, AND ACTS ACCORDINGLY. IN MR. BRIGGS'S HAND MAY BE OBSERVED A FINE LOBSTER, WHICH HE HAS BROUGHT HOME TO CONCILIATE MRS. B.



THE TROOPS AND THE WEATHER.



PROPER PRIDE.

A SKETCH AT A RAILWAY STATION.



JUST THE MAN.

"PLEASE, SIR, DID YOU WANT ANYBODY TO KEEP ORDER ON THESE
HERE HUSTINGS ON POLLING DAY?"



A REGULAR CUSTOMER.

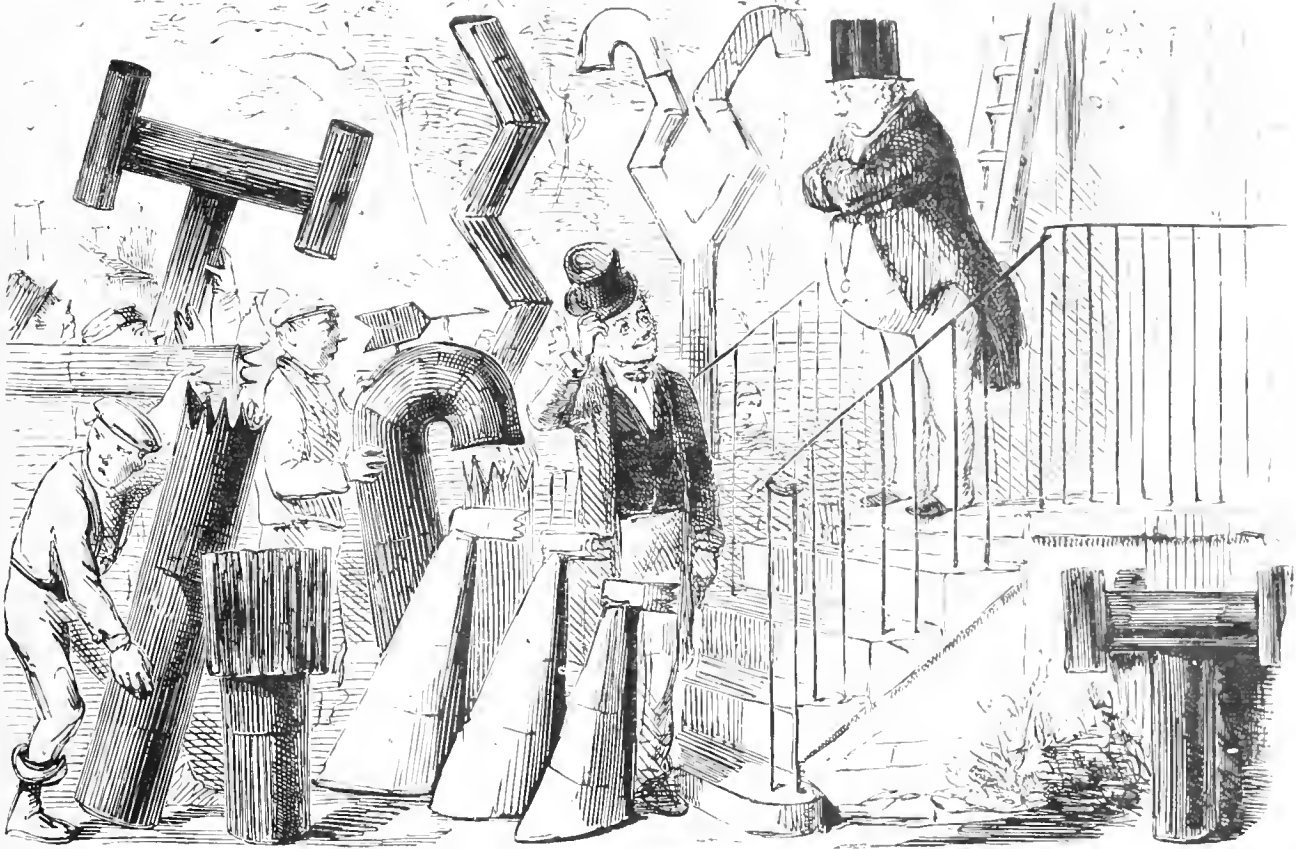
"HA'PENNY CANDLE, PLEASE, AND BE QUICK, FOR MOTHER WANTS HER TEA."
"OH, YES, OF COURSE, MISS. COULD WE SEND IT ANYWHERE FOR YER?"



ALARMING INTELLIGENCE.

Swell Mobman (reads). "ARRANGEMENTS ARE MAKING TO CONNECT ALL
THE POLICE OFFICES WITH THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH" WELL, I HAM
GLOWED!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.



No. VIII.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER, EVER SINCE THE ALTERATIONS, THE CHIMNEYS HAVE TAKEN TO SMOKE INTOLERABLY. THE BUILDER IS ASSURING MR. BRIGGS THAT BY SOME VERY SIMPLE CONTRIVANCE THEY CAN BE EFFECTUALLY CURED.



TAKING CHANGE.

Conductor, "ALL RIGHT, JIM. PUSH ALONG, I'VE SERVED THE OLD GAL OUT THIS TIME."

Old Lady, "HERE, STOP! CONDUCTOR! I WON'T TAKE CHANGE FOR A FIVE-SHILLING PIECE IN HALF-PENCE— THAT I WON'T! HERE, POLICE! CONDUCTOR!" &c.



THE INTERESTING STORY.

First Ticket Porter, AND SO YOU KNOW, THAT'S ALL I KNOWS ABOUT IT.

Second Ticket Porter, WELL, I DON'T KNOW AS EVER I KNOWED A MAN AS KNOWS AS MUCH AS YOU KNOWS."



MUCH TOO CONSIDERATE.

Robinson. "THERE, BROWN, MY BOY, THAT'S AS FINE A GLASS OF WINE AS YOU CAN GET ANYWHERE."

Mrs. Brown. "A-HEM! AUGUSTUS, MY DE-AR YOU ARE SURELY NEVER GOING TO TAKE PORT WINE? YOU KNOW IT NEVER AGREES WITH YOU, MY LOVE!"



GALLANTRY.



LA MODE.

Gus. (who is always so full of his nonsense). "DASH MY BUTTONS, ELLEN! THAT'S A STUNNING WAISTCOAT. I WISH YOU'D GIVE US YOUR TAILOR'S ADDRESS."

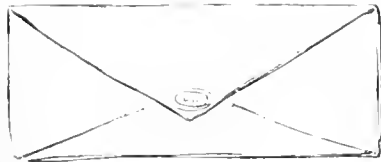
Ellen. "DON'T YOU BE RUDE, SIR—AND TAKE YOUR ARMS OFF THE PIANO."



A FASHION IN PINS.

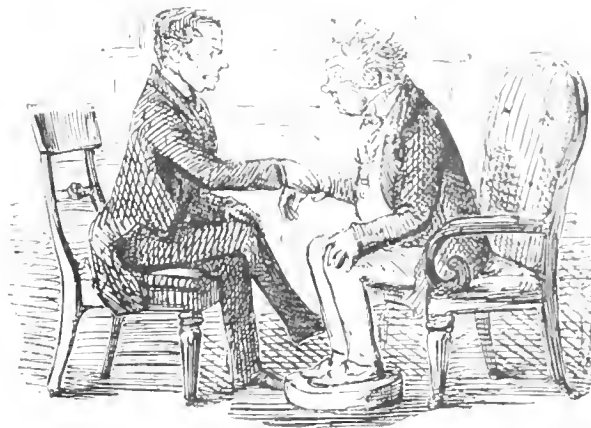
"A PIN FOR YOUR SCARF, SIR? HERE'S AN ARTICLE WE HAVE SOLD A GREAT MANY OF."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.



No. IX.

ENVELOPE CONTAINING THE BUILDOR'S LITTLE
ACCOUNT AGAINST MR. BRIGGS—MUCH
TOO SERIOUS TO JEST UPON.



No. X.

THE UNSETTLED STATE OF THE HOUSE FOR THE LAST TWO MONTHS
HAS SO DISORDERED BRIGGS, THAT HIS MEDICAL ADVISER RECOMMENDS
A LITTLE HORSE EXERCISE BY WAY OF A CHANGE, AND HIS EQUES-
TRIAN PLEASURES BEGIN



SOMETHING LIKE A BROTHER.

Flopp. "THAT'S A VERY PRETTY WAISTCOAT, EMILY!"
Emily. "YES, DEAR. IT BELONGS TO MY BROTHER CHARLES WHEN HE GOES OUT OF
TOWN HE PUTS ME ON THE FREE-LIST, AS HE CALLS IT, OF HIS WARDROBE ISN'T IT
KIND?"



A DUMB WAITER.

Old Gentleman. WHAT THE DEUCE IS THE REASON FOR YOU DONT ANSWER
WHEN YOU ARE CALLED?
(The reason is obvious. The poor child has his mouth full of green peas
and jam tart.)



THE LOST ONE.

Boy. "IF YOU PLEASE, M', WAS YOU A LOOKING FOR A LITTLE DOG?"

Young Ladies. "YES! OH, YES!"

Boy. "WAS IT A SPANIEL, MUM?"

Young Ladies. "OH, YES! A MOST BEAUTIFUL LITTLE SPANIEL, WITH VERY LONG EARS."

Boy. "AH, THEN, MUM, IT'S THE SAME AS FLEW AT MASTER'S BIG DOG HERE, WOT'S BIN AND SWALLERED OF IT."



REAL ENJOYMENT.

Annie. "GOOD-BYE, DEAR. YOU MUST COME AGAIN SOON, AND SPEND A GOOD LONG DAY. AND THEN I CAN SHOW YOU ALL MY NEW THINGS."

Clara. "OH! THAT WILL BE NICE! GOOD-BYE, DEAR" (Kiss and exit.)



POP.

APPALLING RESULT OF INCAUTIOUSLY
TAKING TOO MUCH SODA TO CORRECT
ACIDITY



FROM A BEAUTIFUL MINIATURE.

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.



No. I.

Dealer. "I SHOULD SAY IT WAS JUST THE HOSS YOU WANT, SIR; ONLY YOU MUST DECIDE AT ONCE, BECAUSE THERE'S SEVERAL PARTIES VERY SWEET UPON HIM. HE'S A GENTLEMAN'S HOSS, SIR, AND CARRIES HIS OWN HEAD, SIR!"

Mr. Briggs. "BLESS MY HEART!" (Buys him.)



THE RISING GENERATION.

Clever Juvenile (loq.). "SHAKSPEARE? POOH! FOR MY PART I CONSIDER SHAKSPEARE A MUCH OVER-RATED MAN."



AN EXCELLENT WINE.

THE BEST OF CLARET IS, THAT YOU MAY DRINK ANY (P.C.) QUANTITY YOU LIKE, WITHOUT FEELING ILL."



WHAT IS THIS?

QUITE A NEW SENSATION FOR THE LUXURIOUS, ON COLD MORNINGS.
"USE HOT WATER, AND LOOK AT YOUR SHOWER-BATH!"



DOMESTIC BLISS.

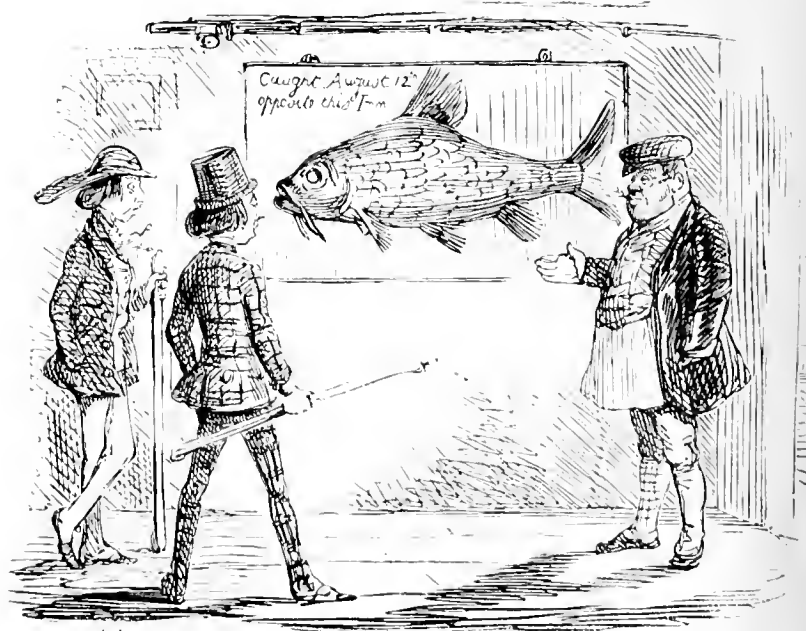
Time, half-past three; thermometer 30°.

William. "WHAT A VIOLENT RINGING THERE IS AT THE STREET-DOOR BELL!"
Maria. "OH! I KNOW WHAT IT IS, DEAR. IT'S THE SWEEPS; AND I DARE SAY THE GIRLS DON'T HEAR. JUST RUN UP AND KNOCK AT THEIR ROOM DOOR."



MEN OF BUSINESS.

MONEY—WANTED FROM £300 TO £400 TO BRING FORWARD AN ARTICLE THAT MUST IN A FEW YEARS REALISE A HANDSOME FORTUNE TO THE PROPRIETORS TO ANY YOUNG MAN WHO IS NOT OF BUSINESS HABITS, WITH THE ABOVE SUM AT COMMAND, THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR INVESTMENT SELDOM MET WITH REFERENCES EXCHANGED—NO PROFESSED MONEY-LENDER NEED APPLY



ANGLERS HEAR STRANGE THINGS.

Piscator. "ARE THERE ANY BARDEL ABOUT HERE, GOV'NOR?"
Host. "ANY BARDEL ABOUT HERE!! I SHOULD RAYTHER THINK THERE WAS A FEW, HERE'S THE PICTUR O' WUN MY LITTLE UDY KETCHED JUST HOPPOSIT."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.



No. II.

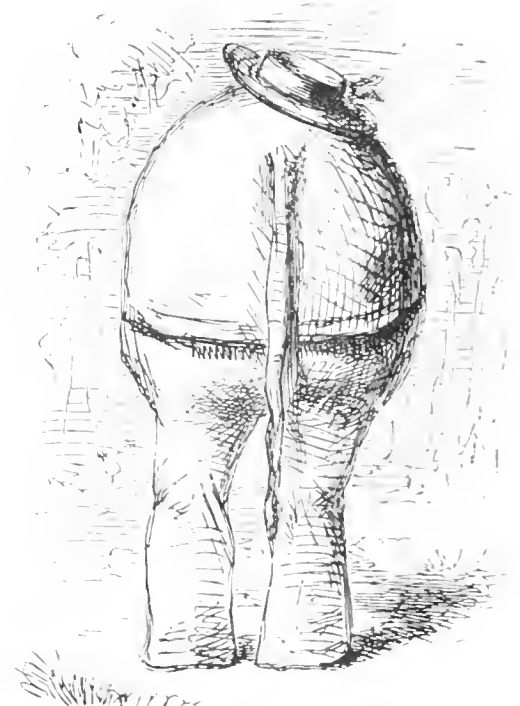
MR. BRIGGS TRIES HIS HORSE.

STRIKING EFFECT ON MEETING ONE OF THOSE NASTY OMNIBUSSES.



THE ALDERMAN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Mr. Gobble. "YOU SEE, SAM, YOU ARE A WERRY YOUNG MAN AND WHEN I AM TOOK AWAY (WHICH, IN THE COMMON COURSE OF EWENTS, CAN'T BE WERRY LONG FUST), YOU WILL HAVE A GREAT DEAL OF PROPERTY. NOW, I'VE ONLY ONE PIECE OF ADVICE TO GIVE YOU. IT'S THIS—AND BY ALL MEANS ACT UPON IT.—LAY DOWN PLENTY OF PORT IN YOUR YOUTH THAT YOU MAY HAVE A GOOD BOTTLE OF WINE IN YOUR OLD AGE."



A JACK TAR.

BACK VIEW OF THE ELEPHANT AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS



MAY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION NEVER ALTER FRIENDSHIP.

Dumpy Young Lady "WELL, FOR MY PART, MATILDA I LIKE LONG WAISTS AND FLOUNCES"



THE PROGRESS OF SLANG.

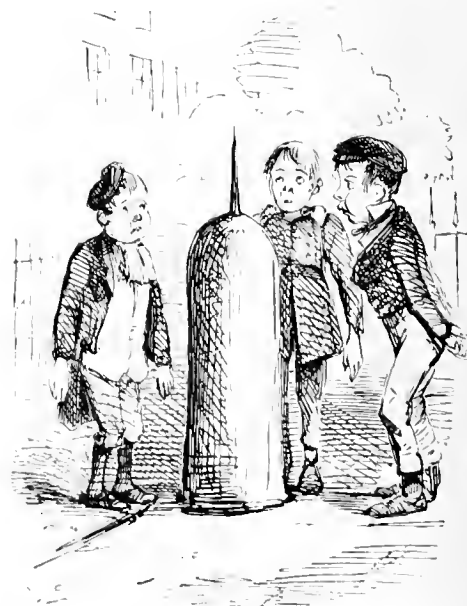
"WHY, WHAT A PRETTY NEW FROCK ALFRED HAS!"

Prodigy (who picks up everything so readily). "AH, AIN'T IT A STUNNER?"



AWFUL OCCURRENCE AT AN EVENING PARTY.

"MY GOODNESS, EM-LY! THEY'RE BEGINNING THE QUADRILLE, AND HERE'S ALL MY 'BACK HAIR' COMING DOWN!!
WHATEVER SHALL I DO?"



SKETCH NEAR BURTON CRESCENT.

"DH! WOT A SHAME! THEY'VE BEEN AND SPIKED ALL THE POSTES."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.



No. III.

MR. BRIGGS HAVING PARTED WITH HIS LAD FOR MISCONDUCT, SOME YOUNG MEN WITHOUT ENCUMBRANCE APPLY TO "LOOK AFTER" HIS HORSE



NEVER SATISFIED.

Old Gent "GOOD GRACIOUS ME! WHAT WITH ORANGE-PEEL AND SLIDES, THERE'S NO PEACE IN THIS LIFE."



A VERY OLD SOLDIER

"SPARE A COPPER FOR A POOR OLD SOLDIER. MY NOBLE CAPTAIN! SURE IT'S YER HONOUR'S FACE RECOLLECT IN THE PENINSULAR?"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.



No. IV.

MR. BRIGGS, PERSUADED THAT "A GOOD HORSE CAN'T BE A BAD COLOUR," HAS PURCHASED A SPOTTED AND HIGHLY TRAINED STEED FROM A CIRCUS; BUT THE WORST OF HIM IS, THAT AMONGST OTHER THINGS, HE HAS BEEN TRAINED TO SIT DOWN ON HIS HAUNCHES WHEN HE HEARS A BAND PLAY, AND YOU MAY IMAGINE HOW DISCONCERTED POOR OLD BRIGGS WAS THE FIRST TIME HE DID SO.



A PLEASANT STATE OF THINGS.

Fisher (at the top of his voice). "HI—TOM! BRING THE LANDING-NET; HE'S PULLED ME IN AND GOT ROUND A POST."

HORACE MAYHEW

RICH'D. DOYLE.

JOHN LEECH.

PERCIVAL LEIGH.

GILBERT A. ABECKETT.



PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.

DAN. O'CONNELL.

SHAW LEFEVRE.

JENNY LIND.

PRINCE ALBERT.

SIR R. PEEL.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

GEORGE HUDSON

(Speaker.)

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

RICH'D. CODDEN.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

GEN. TOM THUMB.

THE QUEEN

MR. PUNCH

EMON.

TOM TAYLOR.

W. M. THACKERAY.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.



LOUIS PHILIPPE.

COL. SIBTHORP.

LORD NORMANBY.

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

MEHEMET ALI.

LORD BROUGHAM.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

MR. PUNCH.

FANCY BALL.



SUBJECT FOR A PICTURE.—IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN DISTURBED BY A BLUEBOTTLE.



RAILWAY LITERATURE.

Book Stall Keeper. "BOOK, MA'AM? YES, MA'AM. HERE'S A POPULAR WORK BY AN EMINENT SURGEON, JUST PUBLISHED, 'BROKEN LEGS, AND HOW TO MEND THEM;' OR, WOULD YOU LIKE THE LAST NUMBER OF 'THE RAILWAY OPERATOR?'"



A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

Bootmaker (with great feeling) "OH, NO, SIR! DON'T HAVE NAPOLEONS; HAVE TOPS, SIR!—YOURS IS A BEAUTIFUL LEG FOR A TOP BOOT, SIR!—young Nimrod is immensely pleased)—BEAUTIFUL LEG, SIR! SAME SIZE ALL THE WAY DOWN, SIR!—young Nimrod is immensely disgusted!"



LITERAL.

Young Lady. "PRAY, CABMAN, ARE YOU ENGAGED?"

Cabman. "LOR BLESS YER, MISS, WHY, I'VE BEEN MARRIED THIS SEVEN YEARS."



HALL ALONG OF THEM BETTING OFFICES.

Betting Flunkey. "LOST? I BELIEVE YER! AND LOST A HATFULL OF MONEY ON THE HOAKS, TOO; AND HOW I'M TO SETTLE WITHOUT PARTING WITH MY JEWELLERY, I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW! AH, MR. BOTTLES, IT'S HARD LINES TO WAIT AT TABLE WITH SUCH CARES AND HANXIETIES."



A BRUTAL FELLOW.

Policeman. "NOW, MUM! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Injured Female. "IF YOU PLEASE, MISTER—I WANT TO GIVE MY WHETCH OF A 'USBAND IN CHARGE. HE'S ALLWAYS A KNOCKING OF ME DOWN AND A STAMPIN' ON ME!"



OF COURSE.

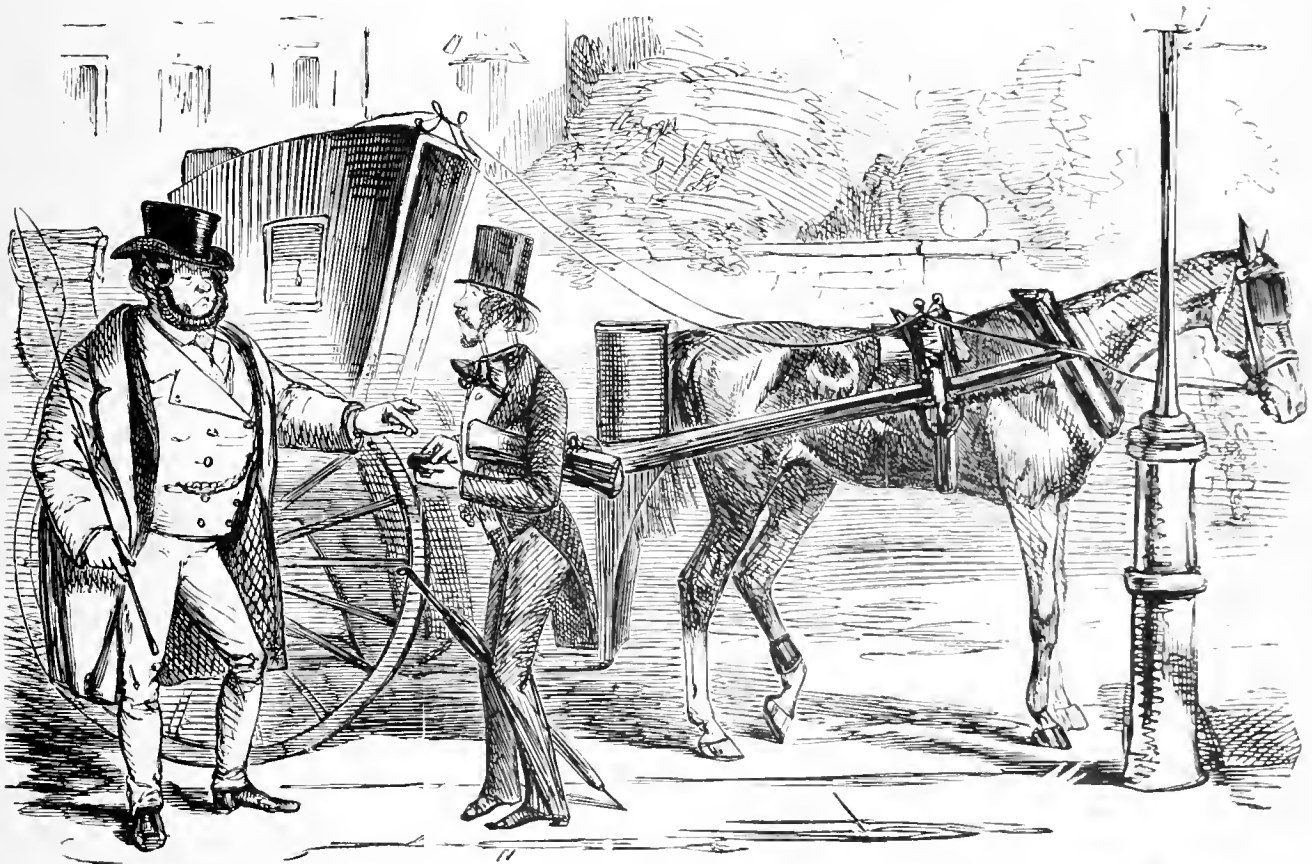
"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MASTER'S SENT DACK THE FIRST VOLUME, AND HE SAYS, WILL YOU BE SO GOOD AS TO LET HIM 'AVE THE SECOND?"



ENTER MR. BOTTLES, THE BUTLER.

Master Fred. "THERE! THAT'S CAPITAL! STANO STILL, BOTTLES, AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW THE CHINESE DO THE KNIFE TRICK AT THE PLAY."

[BOTTLES is much interested.]



THE NEW ACT.

Hansom Cabby. "H'M! SIXPENCE. YOU HAD BETTER KEEP IT. YOU MAY WANT IT FOR YOUR WASHING OR SOMETHINK!"



DISCERNMENT.

Clever Child. "OH! DO LOOK HERE, MAMMA DEAR, SUCH A FUNNY THING! MR. BOKER'S GOT ANOTHER FOREHEAD AT THE BACK OF HIS HEAD"
[BOKER is delighted.]



INNOCENT AND AMUSING LITTLE TRICK FOR LITTLE BOYS.

AN OLD LADY IS CROSSING THE STREET, WHEN A LITTLE BOY SHOUTS OUT--"HI!" AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE. THE OLD LADY (ALTHOUGH INDEED THERE IS NO REAL CAUSE FOR ALARM) STARTS, AND BECOMES GREATLY ACITATED, AND IMAGINES THAT SHE IS RUN OVER BY AN OMNIBUS. THIS IS AN EXCEEDINGLY PLEASANT TRICK.



SOLICITUDE.

Child (screams and without any stops). "HANNER MARIA YER TIRESOME HAGGERWATIN' LITTLE USSY COME OUT OF THE ROAD DO WITH YER LITTLE DROTHER DID YER WANT TO DE RUNNED OVER DY OMNIBUSTES AND KILLED DEAD OH DEAR OH DEAR WHO'D DE A NUSS?"



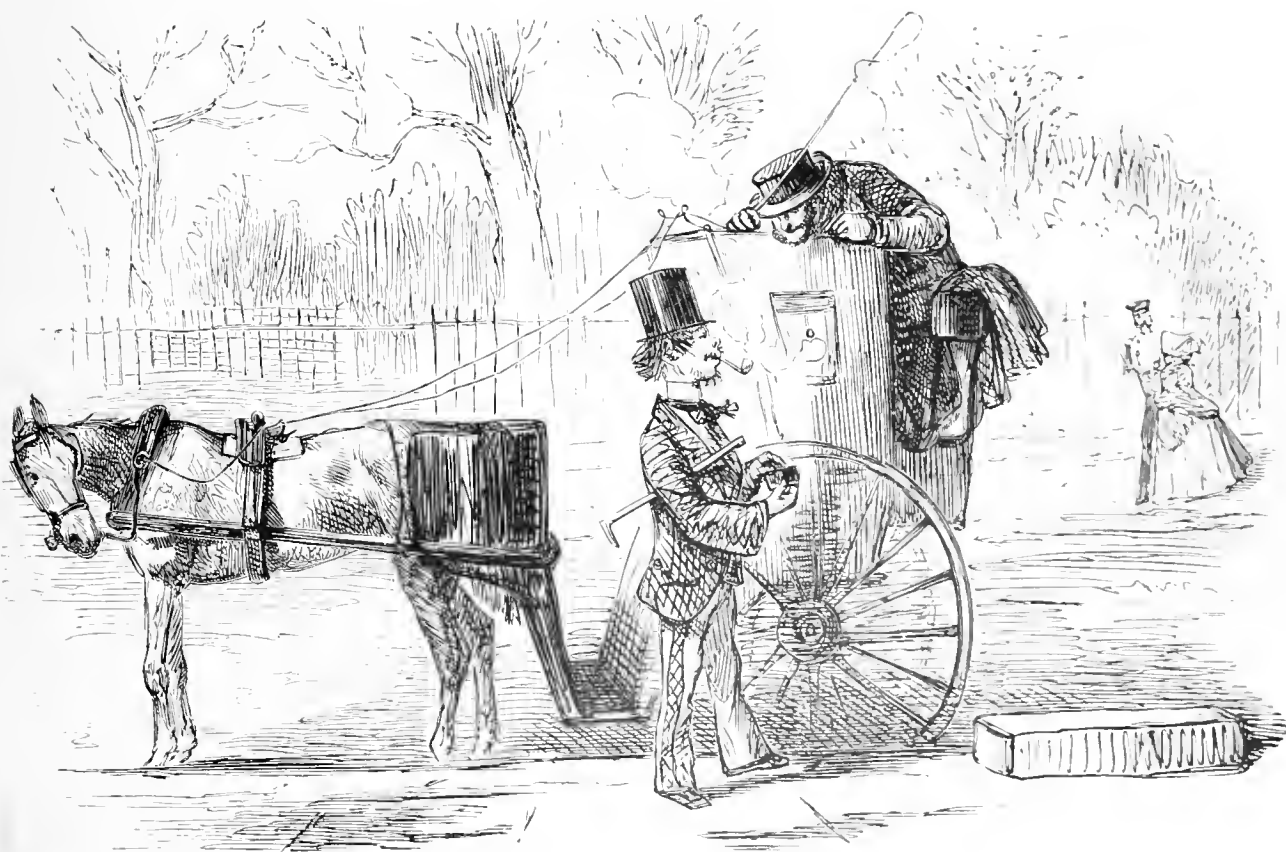
ANOTHER.

THIS IS EQUALLY DIVERTING. A LITTLE BOY RUSHES BY AN OLD GENTLEMAN AND "YOWLS" LIKE A DOG. THE OLD GENTLEMAN IS TERRIFIED BEYOND MEASURE. IF AT THE SAME TIME THE LITTLE BOY SHOULD ALSO PINCH THE LEG OF THE OLD GENTLEMAN, THE FORCE OF THE JOKE IS MUCH HEIGHTENED; BUT THEN INDEED HE MUST HAVE COURAGE, AND BE VERY ADROIT, OR HE MAY CHANCE TO GET A GREAT DANG FROM AN UMBRELLA OR STICK.



AWKWARD.

Railway Porter, "NOW THEN, SIR! BY YOUR LEAVE!"



THE BEARD MOVEMENT.—SAMMONING A GENT.

Little Gent. "OW MUCH?"

Cabby. "WELL, I'D RATHER LEAVE IT TO YOU, SIR! AND WHAT WE POOR HANSCMS IS TO DO WHEN ALL YOU OFFICERS IS GONE ABOARD. GOOD! ESS K'VEWS."



AWFUL SCENE ON THE CHAIN PIER, BRIGHTON.

Nursemaid, "LAWK! THERE GOES CHARLEY, AND HE'S TOOK HIS MAR'S PARASOL. WHAT WILL M'ISSUS SAY?"



A LUMPING PENN'ORTH.

"NOW, MY MAN, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY, IF I GAVE YOU A PENNY?"

"VY, THAT YOU VOS A JOLLY OLD BRICK!"



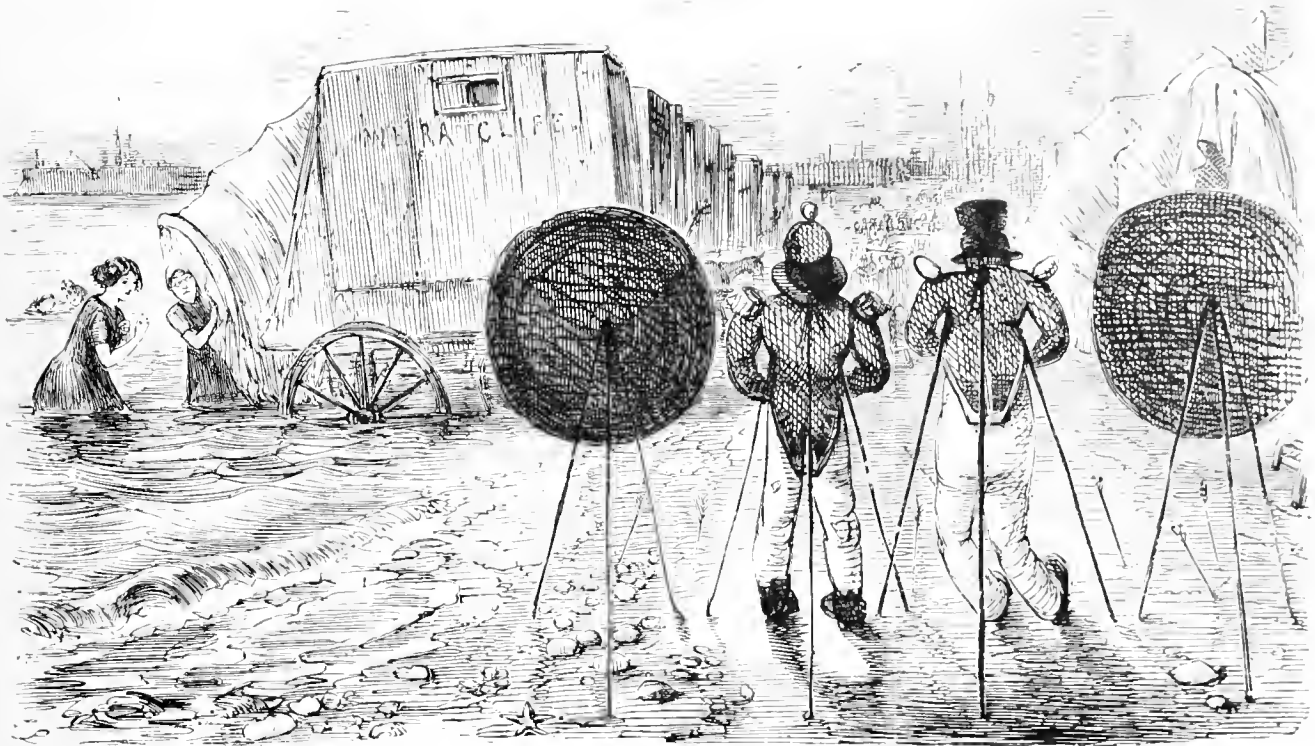
RATHER SUSPICIOUS!

Sentimental Young Lady "WILL YOU BE SO OBLIGING, MR TONGS, AS TO CUT OFF A LONG PIECE OF HAIR WHERE IT WILL NOT BE MISSED?"



ALARMING.

THE OLD LADY IS SUPPOSED (AFTER A GREAT EFFORT) TO HAVE MADE UP HER MIND TO TRAVEL, JUST FOR ONCE, BY ONE "OF THOSE NEW-FANGLED RAILWAYS," AND THE FIRST THING SHE GEHOLDS ON ARRIVING AT THE STATION, IS THE ABOVE MOST ALARMING PLACARD.



A SKETCH AT RAMSGATE.

Ellen (who loves a joke at AUNT FIDGET'S expense). "GOOD GRACIOUS, AUNT, THERE ARE TWO OFFICERS!"

Aunt Fidget (a short-sighted lady). "BLESS ME, SO THERE ARE! WELL; THEY MAY BE OFFICERS, BUT THEY ARE NOT GENTLEMEN, I'M SURE, OR THEY WOULDN'T STAND LOOKING AT US IN THAT IMPUDENT MANNER"



A PICTURE

SHOWING WHAT MASTER TOM DID AF-TER SEE-ING A PAN-TO-MIME—BUT YOU WOULD NOT DO SO—OH DEAR NO!—BECAUSE YOU ARE A GOOD BOY.



EASILY SATISFIED.

Fond Parent. "I DON'T CARE, MR. MEDIUM, ABOUT ITS BEING HIGHLY FINISHED; BUT I SHOULD LIKE THE DEAR CHILD'S EXPRESSION PRESERVED."



A GREAT LOSS.

Rapid Undergraduate. "WELL, JACKSON! YOU SEE THEY'VE PLUCKED ME AGAIN."

Porter of St. Boniface. "YE-ES, SIR, I WAS VERY SORRY WHEN I HEARD OF IT, SIR."

Undergraduate. "AH! I DID INTEND GOING INTO THE CHURCH, AND BEING AN ORNAMENT TO THE PROFESSION—BUT AS THEY WON'T LET ME THROUGH—I THINK—I SHALL CUT THE WHOLE CONCERN"



RATHER A BAD LOOK-OUT.

Young Sister. "I SHOULD SO LIKE TO GO TO A PARTY, MA."

Mamma. "MY DEAR, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. AS I HAVE TOLD YOU BEFORE (I AM SURE A HUNDRED AND FIFTY TIMES), THAT UNTIL FLORA IS MARRIED, IT IS UTTERLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO GO OUT; SO DO NOT ALLUDE TO THE SUBJECT AGAIN, I BEG."



A DREADFUL SHOCK TO THE NERVES.

"PLEASE, MEM, LET'S COME UNDER YOUR RUMBERELLER!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.



No. V.

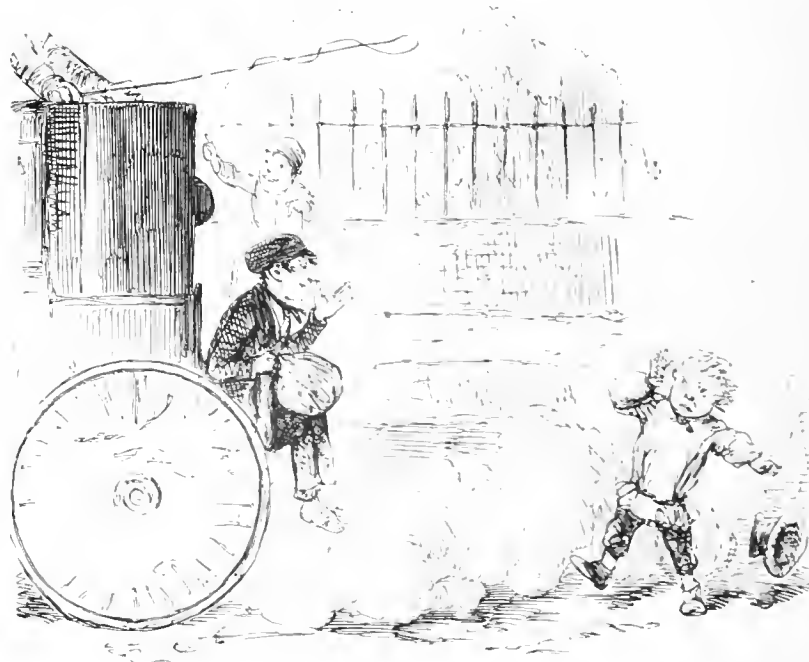
MR. BRIGGS, DETERMINED TO HAVE NO MORE INFERIOR HORSES, GIVES A GOOD ROUND SUM FOR "A GLEVER COB—UP TO GREAT WEIGHT—AND THAT A CHILD MIGHT RIDE." HE HAS SOME FRIENDS (WHO REALLY KNOW WHAT A HORSE IS) TO DINE WITH HIM, WHOSE OPINIONS HE WISHES TO HAVE.

First Friend. "AH—VERY NICE—VERY NICE—BUT NOT MY SORT—BEEN KNOCKED ABOUT A GOOD DEAL, I SHOULD SAY—DRIVEN IN A BUTCHER'S CART, PERHAPS, AND SOLD BECAUSE HE WASN'T FAST ENOUGH."—*Second Ditto.* "HE HASN'T BEEN DOWN, BRIGGS, HAS HE? IS THAT A SCRATCH, OR IS IT ONLY THE LIGHT?"—*Third Ditto.* "DOES HE SHY AT ALL? HIS EYES DON'T LOOK QUITE THE THING"—*Fourth Ditto.* "I TELL YOU WHAT, BRIGGS, YOU MUST HAVE HIM LOOKED AFTER A LITTLE EETTER, OR HE'LL VERY SOON HAVE A CRACKED HEEL."—*Fifth Ditto.* "THAT HOCK SEEMS RATHER QUEER," &c., &c., &c.

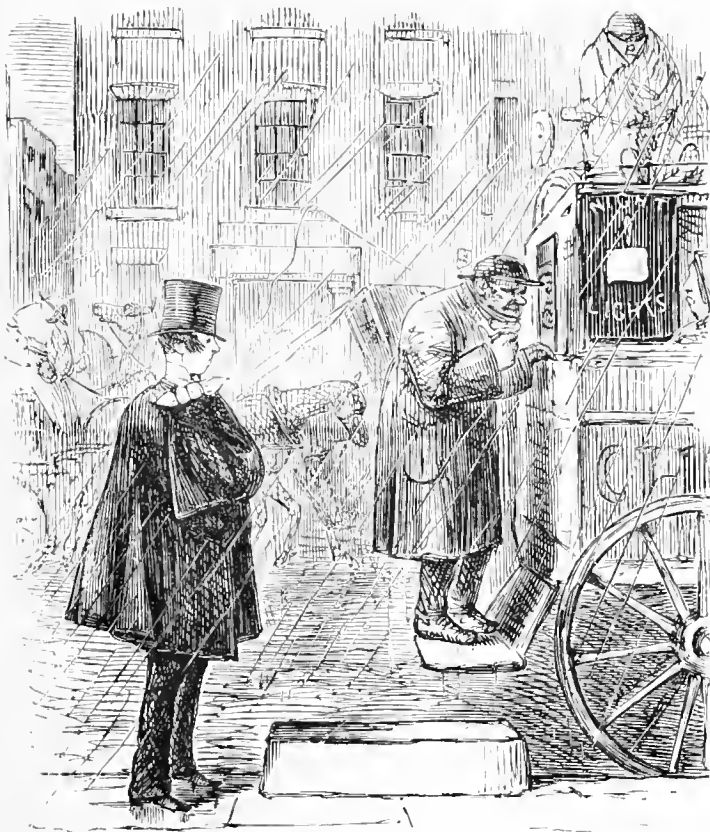


A STARTLING REQUEST.

"PLEASE, SIR, WILL YOU PUMP FOR ME?"



CUT HIM DOWN BEHIND!



DELICATE.

'Bus Conductor. "WOULD ANY LADY BE SO KIND AS TO RIDE OUTSIDE TO OBLIGE A GENTLEMAN?"



CONFOUND THE SHOPS!

Mrs. — "OH! DO LOOK HERE, DEAR! HOW EXTREMELY PRETTY THE AUTUMN FASHIONS ARE, TO BE SURE. WHAT A PERFECTLY LOVELY LITTLE CLOAK!"

Mr. — (rapidly changing the subject). "YES. YES! BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! BUT SEE, LOVE, WHAT A MAGNIFICENT BROWN HORSE, AND HOW SPLENDIDLY THAT FELLOW SITS HIM!"



VERY LOW PEOPLE.

Purveyor of Poultry. "WHAT SORT O' PEOPLE ARE THEY AT NUMBER TWELVE, JACK?"

Purveyor of Meat. "OH! A RUBBISHIN LOT — LEG O' MUTTON A MONDAYS, AND 'ASH AN' COLO MEAT THE REST O' THE WEEK."



POOR TOMMY.

"WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH TOMMY?"

"BOO! HOO! I'VE CUT MY FINGER WITH AUNT'S SCISSORS."

"THAT'S A GOOD BOY! ALWAYS SPEAK THE TRUTH!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.



No. VI.

MR. BRIGGS (at an alarming sacrifice) GETS RID OF HORSE NO. I., AND GOES OUT FOR A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY UPON NO. II.

Carman. "FELL DOWN, HAS HE, SIR? AH, HE LOOKS AS IF HE COULD BE WERRY CLEVER AT THAT—WERRY ORKED THING, SIR, FOR A OSS TO FALL DOWN, SIR, OSSES COSTES A GOOD BIT O' MONEY—LEASTWAYS, GENTLEMEN'S OSSES DOES—NOW, JIST LOOK AT MY LITTLE OSS, SIR, AND HE'S A POOR MAN'S OSS, HE IS. HE OON'T GO FALLIN' ABOUT." (Exit.)



No. VII.

MR. BRIGGS RIDES (?) HOME, AND WONDERS WHAT MRS. BRIGGS WILL SAY



AWFUL INSTANCE OF PERCEPTION OF CHARACTER IN AN INFANT PRODIGY.

Prodigy. "MAMMA LOOK DERE' DERE PAPA!"



EASILY PLEASED.

Disciple of Old Isaac. "THIS WOULDN'T BE A BAD PLACE, IF THE FISH WOULD ONLY BITE, AND IF IT WASN'T FOR THIS CONFOUNDED WASPS' NEST."



DELICACY OF THE SEASON.

Testy Old Uncle (unable to control his passion). "REALLY, SIR, THIS IS QUITE INTOLERABLE! YOU MUST INTEND TO INSULT ME FOR THE LAST FOURTEEN DAYS, WHEREVER I HAVE DINED, I HAVE HAD NOTHING BUT SADDLE OF MUTTON AND BOILED TURKEY—BOILED TURKEY AND SADDLE OF MUTTON I'LL ENDURE IT NO LONGER!"

[Exit Old Gent, who alters his Will.

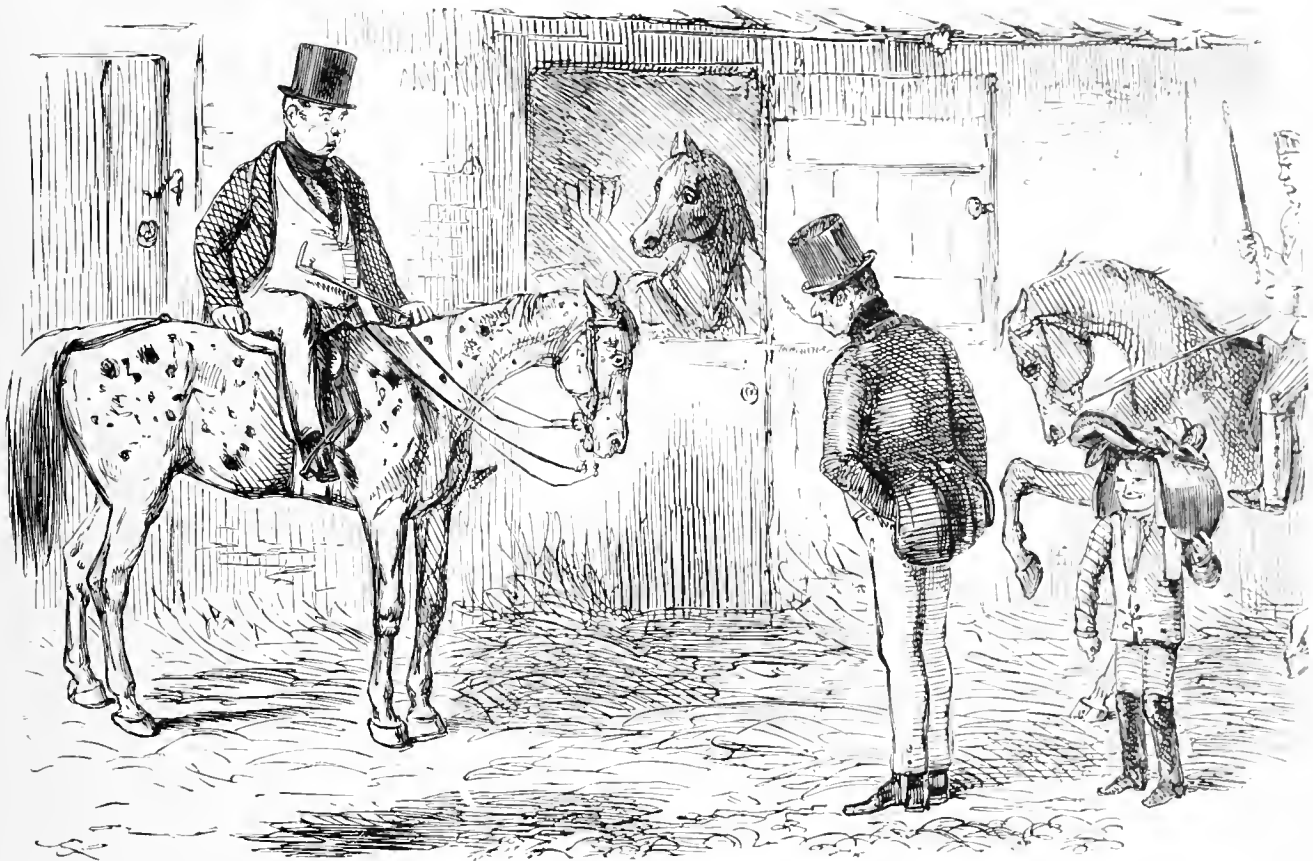


THE BANDS OF HOPE; OR, THE CHILDISH TEETOTAL MOVEMENT.

Grandpapa. "BUT FOR SEVENTY YEARS, MY CHILD, I HAVE FOUND THAT THE MODERATE USE OF THE GOOD THINGS OF THIS LIFE HAS DONE ME GOOD"

Young Hopeful Teetotaler. "ALL A MISTAKE, GRANDPA! TOTAL ABSTINENCE IS THE THING. LOOK AT ME! I'VE NOT TASTED WINE OR DEER FOR YEARS!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.



No. VIII.

MR. BRIGGS'S PRESENT HORSE DOESN'T QUITE SUIT HIM, FOR, SOMEHOW, WHENEVER HE JUMPS, MR. B. IS SURE TO FALL OFF. HE TAKES HIM TO AN EMINENT DEALER, AND REMARKS CONFIDENTLY THAT HE IS FOR SALE, UPON WHICH THE DEALER SAYS: "HOW MUCH A POUND IF HE BUYS THE WHOLE OF HIM?"



A LITTLE BIT OF HUMBUG.

Shoemaker, "I THINK, MUM, WE HAD BETTER MAKE A PAIR. YOU SEE, MUM, YOURS IS SUCH A REMARKABLY LONG AND NARRER FOOT!"



CHURCH AND STATE.



NOT TO BE PLAYED WITH.

Groom. "THAT'S ANOTHER FAVOURITE OGS OF MASTER'S, SIR, AND A GOOD UN HE IS TOO, SIR, ONLY HE AIN'T VERY QUIET."

Mr. Green. "OH, HOW DO YOU MEAN?—NOT VERY QUIET?"

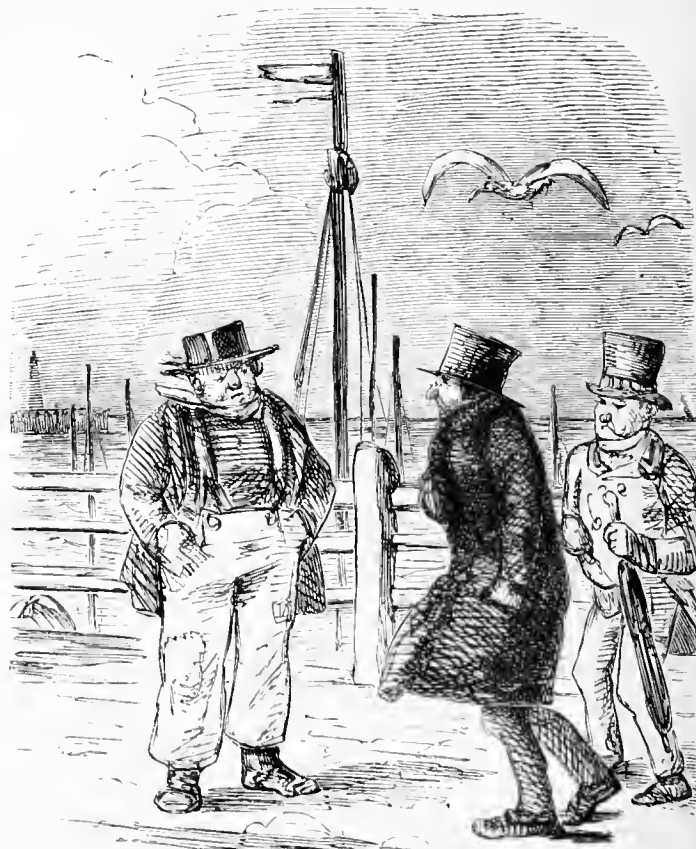
Groom. "WHY, SIR, HE'D GET YOU UP IN A CORNER, AND KICK YER BRA'NS OUT IN NO TIME. HE'S A'MOST KILLED TWO MEN ALREADY!"



BARRACK LIFE.

First Heavy Svell (lately absent). "WELL, 'OUS, MY BOY—HOW DID YOU KEEP IT UP HERE ON CHRISTMAS DAY?"

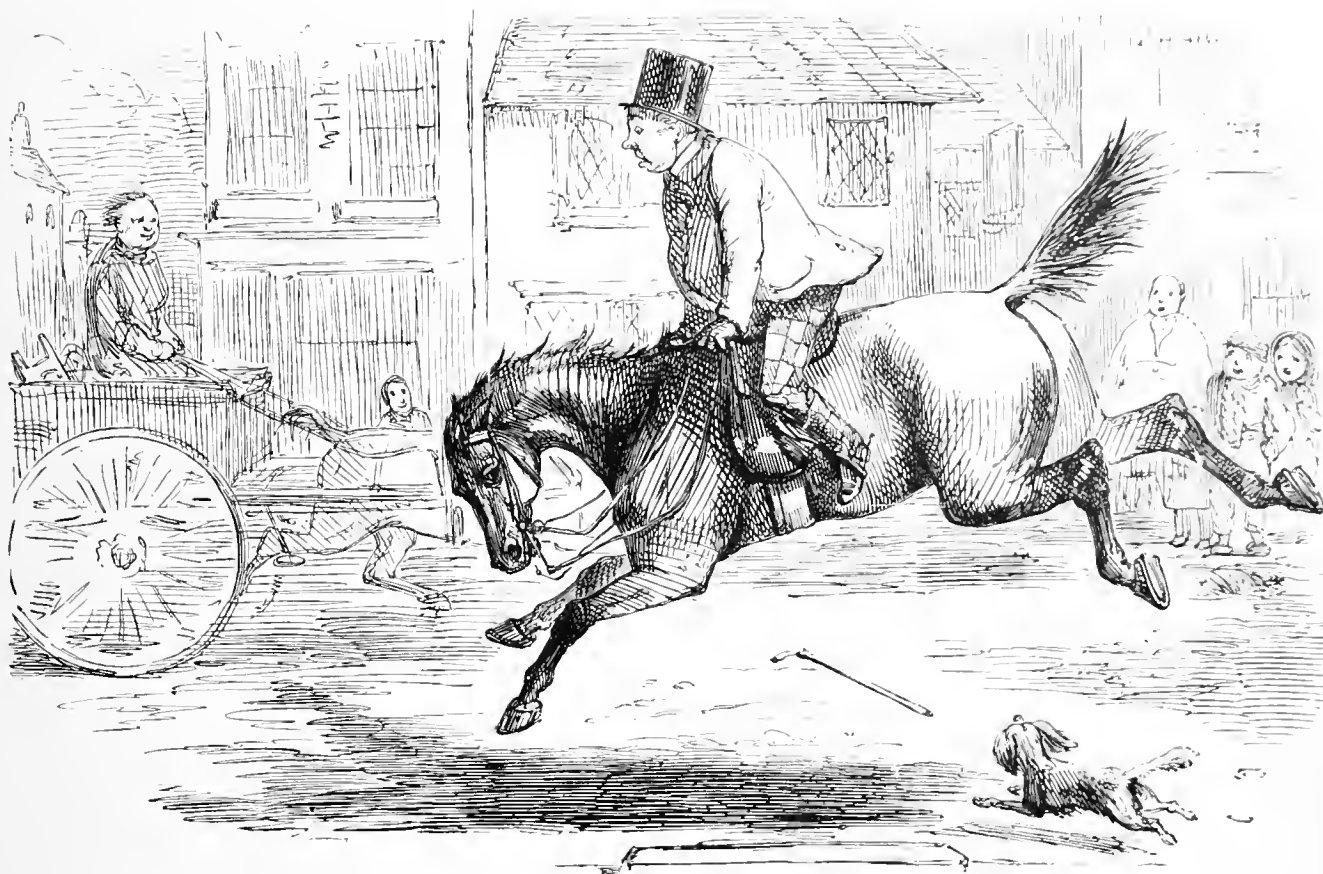
Second Do. "OH! IT WAS TERRIBLY SLOW—FOR ALL THE WORL'D LIKE A SUNDAY WITHOUT 'GELL'S LIFE!"



NORTH-EAST WIND, THERMOMETER SEVERAL INCHES BELOW FREEZING.

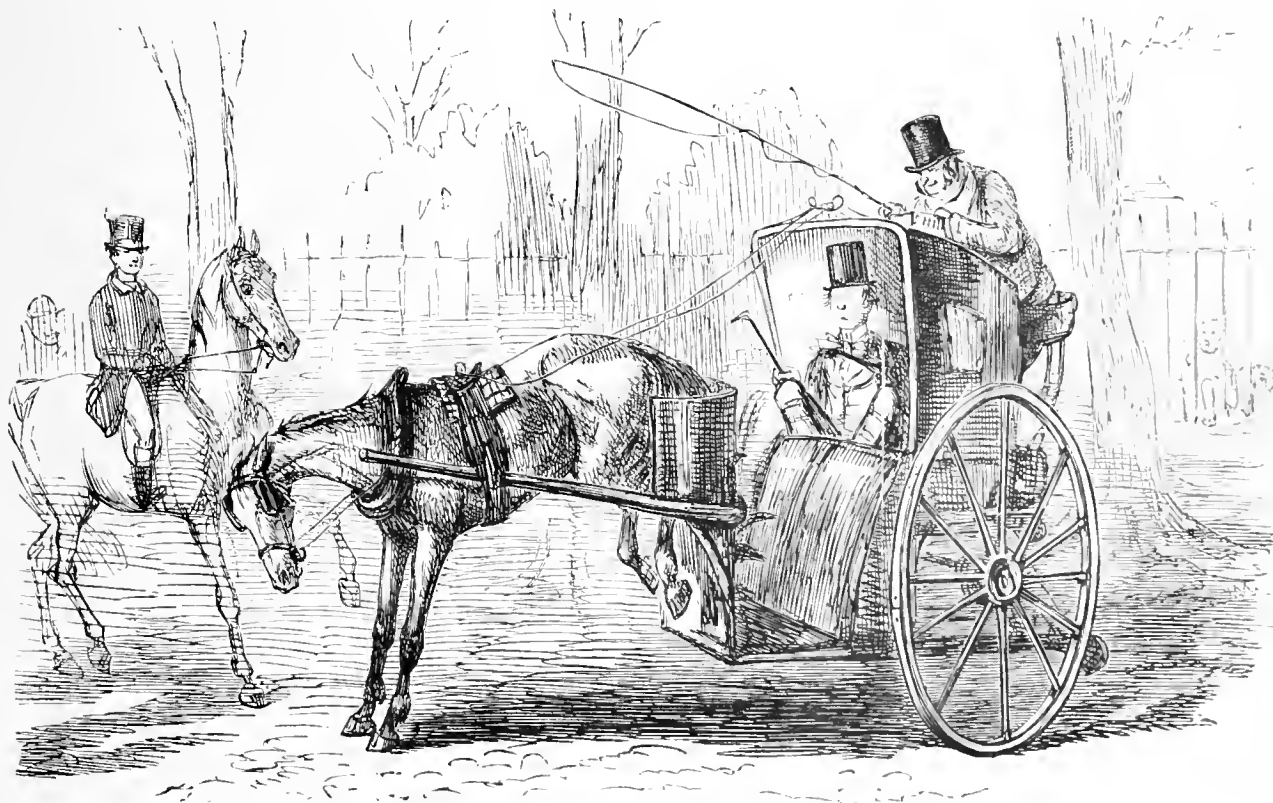
Brighton Boatman. 'DID YOU WANT A PLEASURE BOAT THIS MORNING, SIR? NICE DAY FOR A ROW!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.



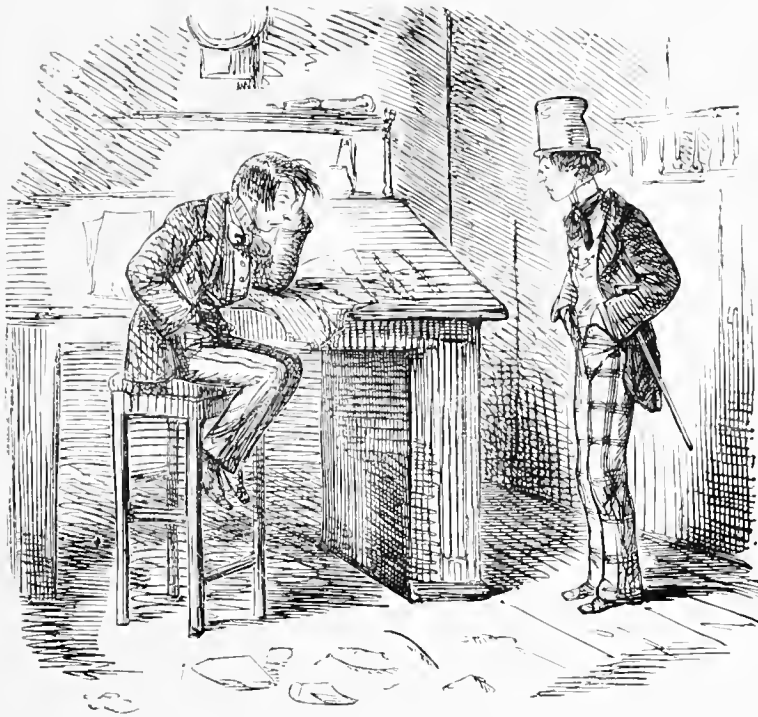
No. IX.

THE FROST GOES, AND MR. BRIGGS'S HORSE IS DISAGREEABLY FRESH AFTER HIS LONG RECT. HE SETS UP HIS BACK AND SQUEAKS AND PLUNGES AT EVERYTHING HE MEETS.



A PLAYFUL CREATURE.

Cabby. "DON'T BE ALARMED, SIR, IT'S ONLY HIS PLAY."



THE MORNING AFTER THE DERBY.

First Gent. "WELL, NED, HOW DID WE GET HOME LAST NIGHT?"

Second Gent. "OH, I DON'T KNOW! DIDN'T I GO HOME WITH YOU?"



A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

"WHERE SHALL I SAY YOU'RE GONE TO, JIM, IF ANYONE CALLS?"

"OH, THE OLD SHOP—KENSINGTON GARDENS, TO HEAR THE BAND PLAY!"



TASTE.

"THAT'S A STUNNING P-IN, FRANK!"

"YA-AS.—I'VE GOT A SET OF WAISTCOAT BUTTONS TO MATCH—LOOK JOLLY AT NIGHT—I ASSURE YA!"



MR. VERDANT'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT BOOK-MAKING.

Verdant's Friend. "WELL—AS NEAR AS I CAN MAKE IT OUT—YOU MUST LOSE £150, AND MAY LOSE £300." [VERDANT subsides into his Book.]

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.



No. I.

PREMONITORY SYMPTOMS OF MR. BRIGGS'S HUNTING FEVER.

Maid. "IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, THERE'S A YOUTH IN THE PASSAGE AS WANTS TO KNOW IF THESE TOP BOOTS IS ALL RIGHT."



PLAIN SPEAKING.

Amiable Young Lady No. 1. "PRETTY! OH, DEAR NO—DO YOU?"

Amiable Young Lady No. 2. "LAW! NOT AT ALL. BESIDES, HOW AROMINABLY AFFECTED SHE IS!"



FANCY DRESS BALL.

"SIR!—PLEASE, MR.!—SIR! YOU'VE FORGOT THE DOOR-KEY!"



HOW TO DRESS A LOBSTER.

Rude Boy. "OH, LOOK 'ERE, JIM!—IF 'ERE AINT A LOBSTER BIN AND OUTGROWN HIS CLOAK!"



ADVICE GRATIS.

Ellen. "OH, DON'T TEASE ME TO-DAY, CHARLEY; I'M NOT AT ALL WELL!"

Charley (a Man of the World). "I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, COUSIN—THE FACT IS, YOU ARE IN LOVE! NOW, YOU TAKE THE ADVICE OF A FELLOW WHO HAS SEEN A GOOD DEAL OF THAT SORT OF THING, AND DON'T GIVE WAY TO IT."



VERY PROPER DIET FOR HOT WEATHER.

Mrs. Turtledove. "DEAREST ALFRED! WILL YOU DECIDE NOW WHAT WE SHALL HAVE FOR DINNER?"

Mr. Turtledove. "LET ME SEE, POPPET WE HAD A WAFER YESTERDAY—SUPPOSE WE HAVE A ROAST BUTTERFLY TO-DAY?"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.



No. II.

PREPARATIONS FOR HUNTING.

MR. BRIGGS'S HUNTING CAP COMES HOME, BUT THAT IS REALLY A THING MRS. BRIGGS CAN NOT AND WILL NOT PUT UP WITH



A FINE DISPOSITION.

Affectionate Husband. 'COME, POLLY, IF I AM A LITTLE IRRITABLE, IT'S OVER IN A MINUTE!!!'



THE PROBABLE EFFECT OF CHEAP FURNITURE HUMBUG.

"OH! IF YOU PLEASE, MISTER, ME AND THIS YOUNG AW-AW-INDIVIDUAL IS ABOUT TO MARRY;
AND WE WANT TO LOOK OVER YOUR CHEAP FURNITURE MART"



A JOLLY DOG.

"LOOK HERE, JAMES!—OLD MISSUS IS GONE OUT OF TOWN, AND I'VE GOT HER
DEAST OF A DOG WOT'S FED UPON CHICKINGS TO TAKE CARE OF.—WON'T I TEACH
HIM TO SWIM, NEETHER!"



AN IMPUDENT MINX.

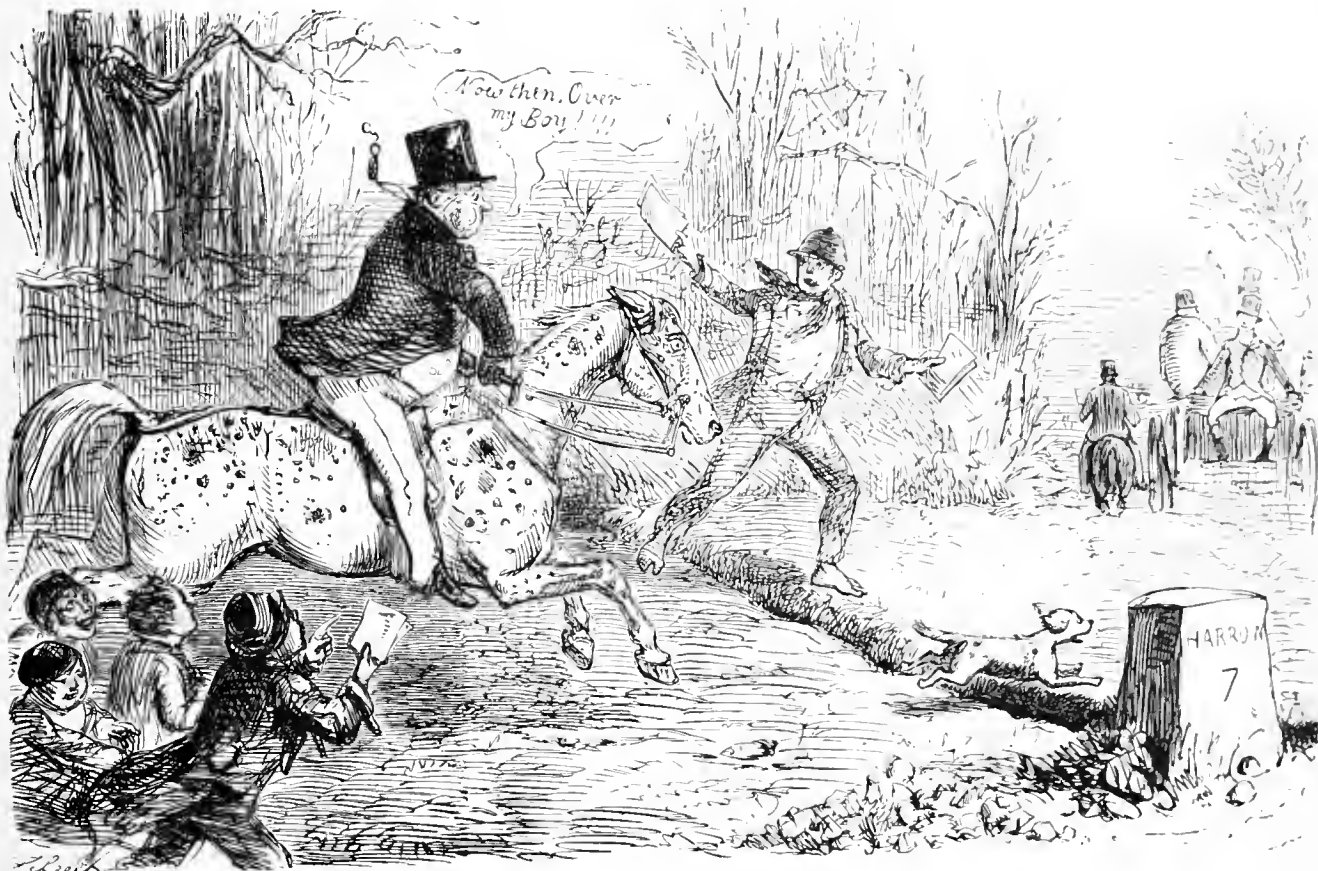
Lady of the House "HOITY TOITY, INDEED! GO AND PUT UP THOSE CURLS DIRECTLY.
IF YOU PLEASE HOW DARE YOU IMITATE ME IN THAT MANNER?" IMPERTINENCE!"



THE CHATELAINE; A REALLY USEFUL PRESENT.

Laura "OH, LOOK, MA' DEAR; SEE WHAT A LOVE OF A CHATELAINE EDWARD HAS
GIVEN ME."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.



No. III.

MR BRIGGS, ON HIS WAY TO THE "METROPOLITAN STEEPLE CHASE," TRIES WHETHER HIS HORSE IS A GOOD ONE ACROSS COUNTRY HE IS REPRESENTED RIDING AT A BROOK (!)

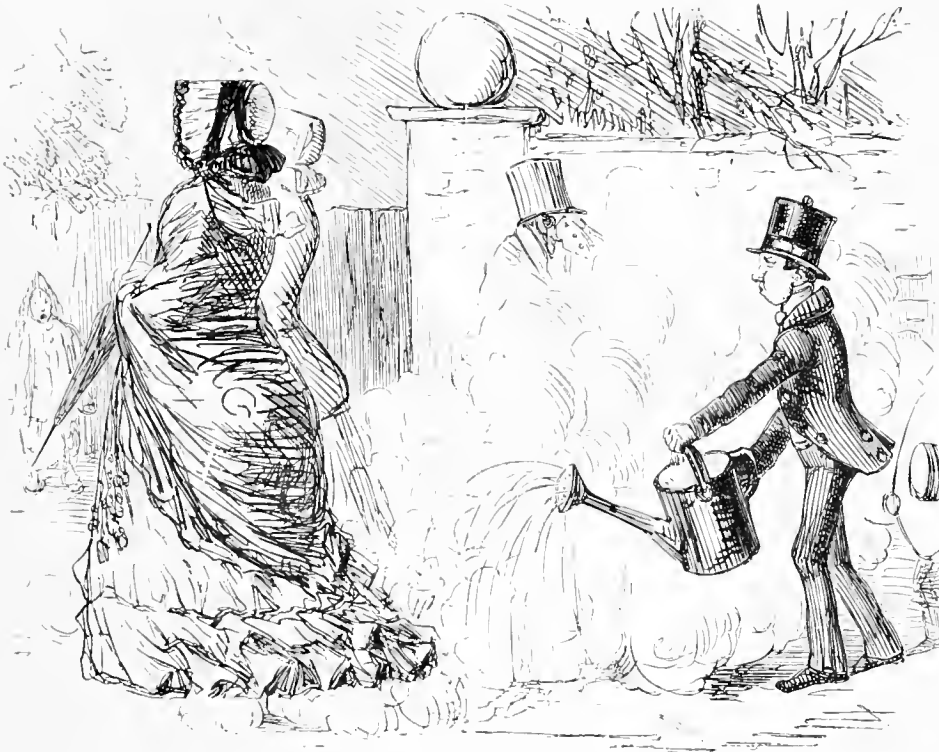


COMPLIMENTARY.

"OLO 'ARD, BILL! HERE'S ANOTHER HIPPERPOTAMUS."



THE GOLD FISH AT HAMPTON COURT.



LAYING THE DUST.



A SKETCH FROM NATURE, TAKEN NEAR THE FREEMASONS' TAVERN.

Old Gentleman. "GOOD GRACIOUS! IT'S STRIKING, AND THEY'LL HAVE BEGUN DINNER."



THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile Oxford Man (who does not think *Vin Ordinaire* of himself). "A—WERE YOU AT EITHER UNIVERSITY?"

Awful Swell, "YA-AS—WHEN I WAS A—DOY!" [OXFORD MAN departs in a *Hansom*.]



DISTWESSING—VEWY.

X 42. "DID YOU CALL THE POLICE, SIR?"

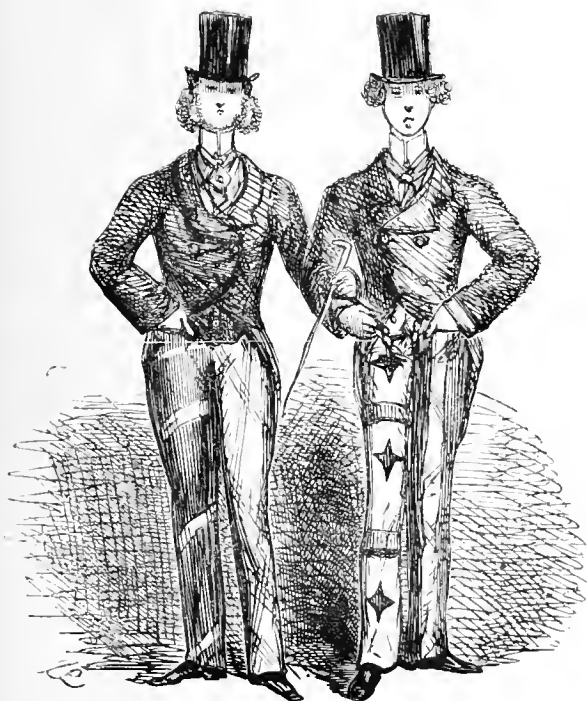
Swell (who would perish rather than disturb his shirt-collar). "YA-AS. A—I'VE HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO DWOP MY UMBRELLAW, AND THERE ISN'T A BOY WITHIN A MILE TO PICK IT UP—A—WILL YOU HAVE THE GOODNESS?"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.



No. IV.

MR. BRIGGS GOES OUT FOR A DAY'S HUNTING, AND HAS A GLORIOUS RUN OVER A SPLENDID COUNTRY.



INGENIOUS IDEA

ELEGANT MATERIAL FOR TROUSERS—ONLY TAKES TWO MEN
TO SHOW THE PATTERN.



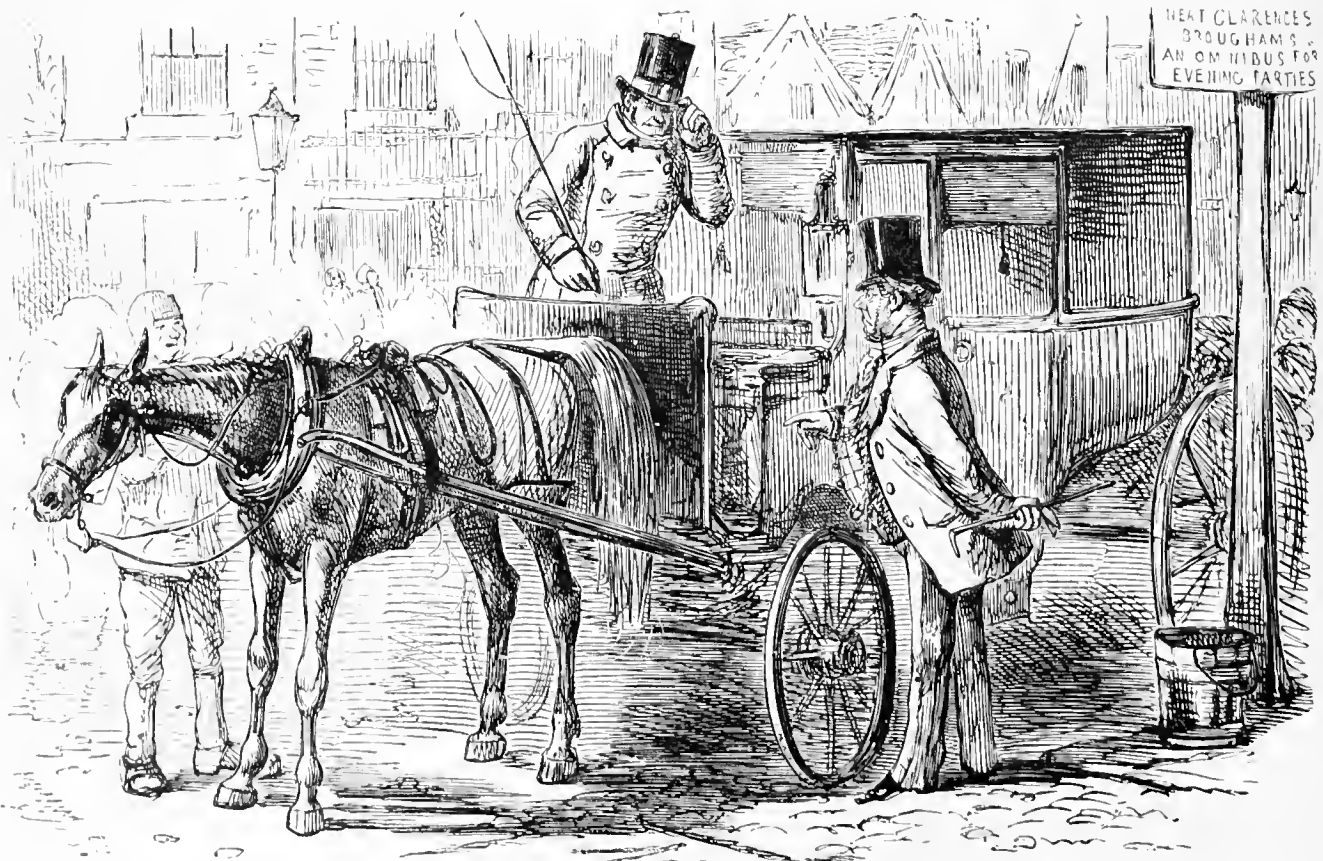
NO DOUBT.

"NOW I DARE SAY, BILL, THAT AIR BEAST OF A DOG IS A GOOD DEAL MORE PETTED THAN YOU
OR I SHOULD BE."



EXCESSIVELY POLITE.

Well-bred Man. "YOUR HORSE SEEMS A LITTLE IMPATIENT, SIR! PRAY GO FIRST!"

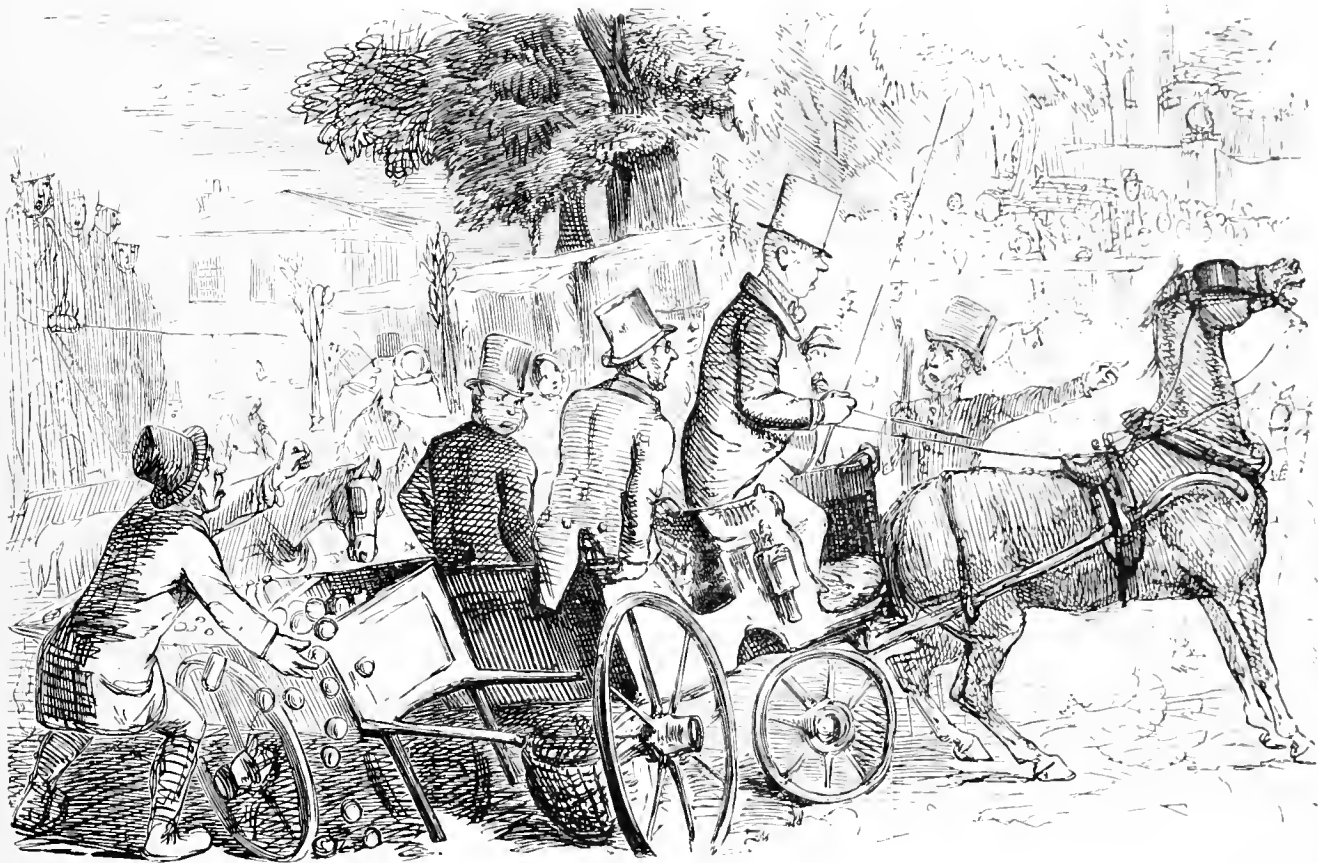


THE CONSCIENTIOUS STABLE-KEEPER.

Gent (who meditates a ride). "HALLO! WHY, CONFOUND IT, THAT'S MY SADDLE HORSE, ISN'T IT?"

Fly Man. "YES, SIR! IT'S ALL RIGHT; MASTER SAYS YOU'RE WERRY PARTICULAR ABOUT 'AVIN OF 'IM EXERCISED REGULAR—SO WE PUTS 'IM INTO THE BROOM WHEN YOU AINT OUT A RIDIN'!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.



No. V.

MR. BRIGGS PUTS HIS HORSE IN HARNESS, AND DRIVES A FEW FRIENDS QUIETLY DOWN TO THE DERBY



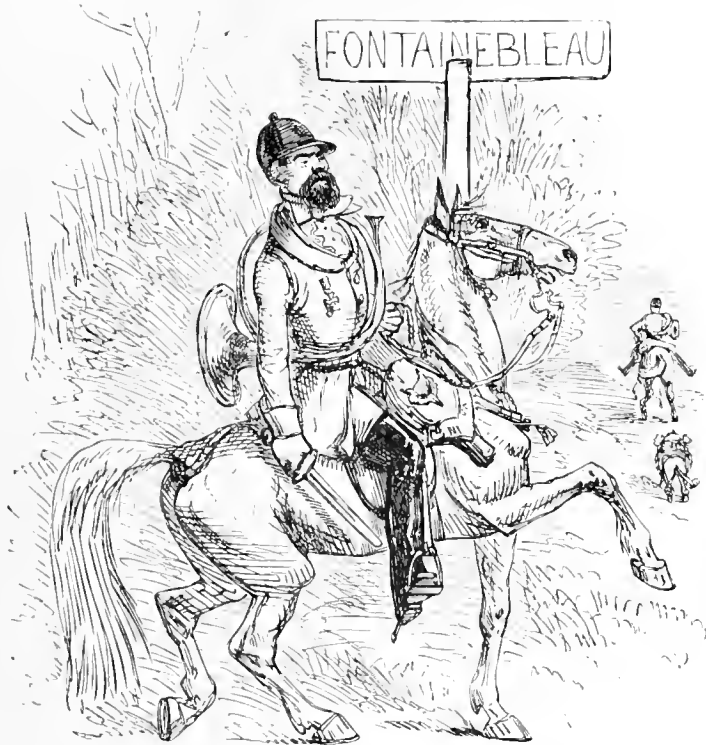
DIFFERENT OPINIONS.

Housebreaker. "WOT A SHAME FOR PEOPLE TO GO LEAVING COAL SCUTTLES ABOUT FOR PEOPLE TO GO STUMBLING OVER!"



SCENE—WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.—TIME, TWO ON A FOGGY MORNING.

Reduced Tradesman (to a little party returning home). DID YOU WANT TO BUY A GOOD RAZOR?"



FOREIGNER OF DISTINCTION GOING TO ENJOY "LE SPORT."



THE NEW HUNTER.

"WELL, CHARLEY! HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW PONY?"

"OH! PRETTY WELL, THANK YOU, UNCLE; ONLY I'M AFRAID HE'S HARDLY UP TO MY WEIGHT, AND HE RUSHES SO AT HIS FENCES."



AFTER THE PANTOMIME.

Mary. "OH! HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO BE A BEAUTIFUL COLUMDINE, AND RIDE ABOUT IN A GOLD CAR DRAWN BY WHITE DOVES!"

Augustus. "AND HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO BE A HARLEQUIN, AND CHANGE WHOLE STREETS INTO REALMS OF DAZZLING DELIGHT!"

Tom (a rude Boy). "AND HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO BE THE OLD CLOWN, AND MAKE BUTTER SLIDES ON THE PAVEMENT TO UPSET OLD LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!"



TOO CIVIL BY HALF!

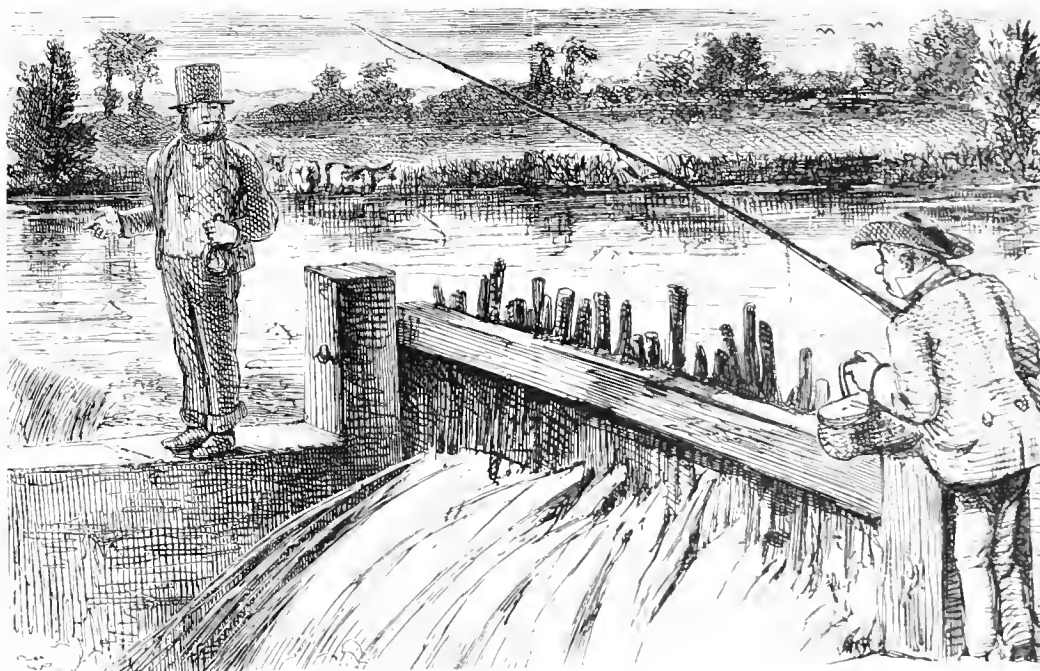
English Cook. "OH, DEAR! HERE, JAMES, COME, AND TAKE THIS ROAST BEEF AND PLUM-PUDDING OUT OF THE WINDOW. IT HURTS THE FEELINGS OF THE FOREIGN GENTS AS THEY WALK BY!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.



No. VI.

ON HIS RETURN FROM THE RACES, HE ASSURES HIS MAN THAT HE'S A MOST "EKSELLENT SERVANT"—THAT THE MARE NEVER CARRIED HIM BETTER. HE ALSO TELLS HIM TO MAKE THE MARE QUITE "COMF-ABLE," AND TO BE "VERY CAREF-L OF HISH CANDLE," BECAUSE THERE'S SO MUCH STRAW ABOUT!



THAMES FISHING.

Fisherman (to Old Gentleman). "THEY'RE A' BITIN' AWAY OVER 'ERE, SIR! JUST STEP ACROSS THAT THERE BIT O' WOOD, SIR, AND YOU'LL HAVE A CAPITAL PITCH, SIR!"

Old Gentleman. "ACROSS THAT BIT OF WOOD! DOES THE MAN THINK I'M A ROPE-DANCER?"



GOING TO COVER.

Voice in the distance "NOW, THEN SMITH—COME ALONG!"

Smith. "OH, IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO SAY, COME ALONG! WHEN HE WON'T MOVE A STEP, AND I'M AFRAID HE'S GOING TO LIE DOWN."



A SON AND HEIR.

Son and Heir "HOW MANY OF US ARE THERE? WHY IF YOU COUNT THE GIRLS, THERE ARE SIX—BUT SOME PEOPLE DON'T COUNT THE GIRLS—I'M ONE!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.



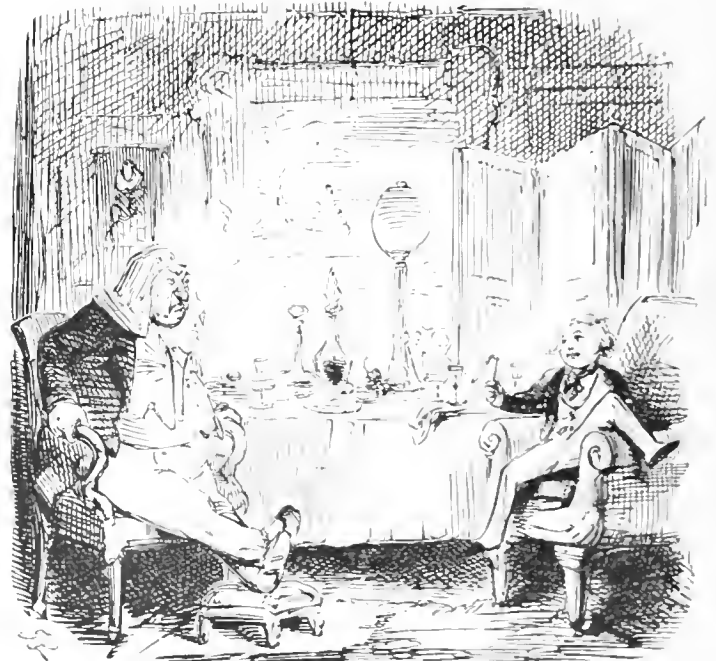
No. VII.

MR. BRIGGS, NOT BEING GOOD AT HIS "FENCES," GOES THROUGH THE PERFORMANCE OF OPENING A GATE



LOVE ON THE OCEAN.

"OH! IS THERE NOT SOMETHING, DEAR AUGUSTUS, TRULY SUBLIME IN THIS WARRING OF THE ELEMENTS?" BUT AUGUSTUS'S HEART WAS TOO FULL TO SPEAK.—MS. Novel by Lady *.



THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "UNCLE!"

Uncle. "NOW THEN, WHAT IS IT? THIS IS THE FOURTH TIME YOU'VE WOKE ME UP, SIR!"

Juvenile. "OH! JUST PUT A FEW COALS ON THE FIRE, AND PASS THE WINE, THAT'S A GOOD OLD CHAP."



RELIGION À LA MODE.

Housemaid. "I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, PARKER, I SHALL BE VERY GLAD WHEN MISSUS HAS GOT TIRED OF THIS PUSEY-USM. IT MAY BE THE FASHION; BUT WHAT WITH HER COMIN' HOME LATE FROM PARTIES, AND GETTING UP FOR EARLY SERVICE, AND THEN GOIN' TO BED AGAIN, WE POOR SARVINTS HAS DOUBLE WORK A'MOST."



STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

Lady. "BY THE WAY, MR TONGS, I HAVE USED THAT BOTTLE OF D'ALM OF CALIFORNIA, BUT I FIND MY HAIR STILL COMES OFF."



VERY ACUTE.

Mr. —. "SO YOUR NAME IS CHARLEY, IS IT? NOW, CHARLEY DOESN'T KNOW WHO I AM?"

Sharp Little Boy. "OH, YES! BUT I DO, THOUGH"

Mr. —. "WELL, WHO AM I?"

Sharp Little Boy. "WHY, YOU'RE THE GENTLEMAN THAT KISSED SISTER SOPHY IN THE LIBRARY, ON TWELFTH NIGHT, WHEN YOU THOUGHT NO ONE WAS THERE."



GLORIOUS NEWS.

"WELL, RUGGLES, IT'S ALL RIGHT!"

"WHAT'S ALL RIGHT?"

"WHY! WE ARE TO HAVE MARIO AGAIN."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.



No. VIII.

MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER DAY WITH THE HOUNDS.

MR. BRIGGS CAN'T BEAR FLYING LEAPS, SO HE MAKES FOR A GAP—WHICH IS IMMEDIATELY FILLED BY A FRANTIC PROTECTIONIST, WHO IS VOWING THAT HE WILL PITCHFORK MR. B. IF HE COMES "GALLOPERRAVERING" OVER HIS FENCE—DANG'D IF HE DOANT.



AN EYE TO BUSINESS.



NOT A DIFFICULT THING TO FORETELL.

"LET THE POOR GIPSY TELL YOUR FORTUNE. MY PRETTY GENTLEMAN."



FLOWERS OF THE FRENCH ARMY—PIGKED AT PARIS.



NOT YET!



HIGHLY INTERESTING.

"SEEN THAT PARTY LATELY?"
 "WHAT? THE PARTY WITH THE WOODEN LEG, AS COME WITH—"
 "NO, NO—NOT THAT PARTY. THE PARTY, YOU KNOW, AS—"
 "OH! AH! I KNOW THE PARTY YOU MEAN NOW."
 'WELL, A PARTY TOLD ME AS HE CAN'T AGREE WITH THAT OTHER PARTY, AND HE SAYS THAT IF ANOTHER PARTY CAN'T BE FOUND TO MAKE IT ALL SQUARE, HE SHALL LOOK FOR A PARTY AS WILL." (And so on for half an hour.)



SOUND ADVICE.

Master Tom. "HAVE A WEED, GRAN'PA?"
 Gran'pa. "A WHAT! SIR?"
 Master Tom. "A WEED!—A CIGAR, YOU KNOW"
 Gran'pa. "CERTAINLY NOT, SIR I NEVER SMOKED IN MY LIFE."
 Master Tom. "AH! THEN I WOULDN'T ADVISE YOU TO BEGIN."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.



No. IX.

MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER GLORIOUS DAY WITH THE HOUNDS, AND GETS THE BRUSH (FOR WHICH HE PAYS HALF-A-SOVEREIGN—ONLY DON'T TELL ANYBODY!)



AWFUL POSITION DURING A STORM.



DOG-DAYS! PLEASANT FOR JOHN THOMAS.

Old Lady. "JOHN THOMAS!"

John Thomas. "YES, MY LADY!"

Old Lady. "CARRY ESMERALDA—SHE'S GETTING TIRED, POOR DARLING!"



ALARMING.

Hairdresser. "THEY SAY, SIR, THE CHOLERA'S IN THE HAIR, SIR!"

Gent. (very uneasy). "INDEED! AH! THEN I HOPE YOU ARE VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT THE BRUSHES YOU USE."

Hairdresser. "OH! I SEE YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ME, SIR. I DON'T MEAN THE 'AIR OF THE 'ED, BUT THE HAIR HOF THE HATMOSPHERE!"



TEMPUS EDAX RERUM.

"GOOD GRACIOUS! IS IT POSSIBLE?—NO! YES! NO!—YES! YES, BY JUPITER, IT'S A GREY HAIR IN MY FAVOURITE WHISKER!"



A ROMANCE OF ROAST DUCKS.

"MY DARLING, WILL YOU TAKE A LITTLE OF THE—A—THE STUFFING?"

"I WILL, DEAR, IF YOU DO; BUT IF YOU DON'T, I WON'T."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.



No. X.

IN ANSWER TO NUMERDUS INQUIRIES, WE ARE HAPPY TO SAY, THAT MR. BRIGGS IS QUITE WELL, AND AT BRIGHTON. HE IS TAKING THE OPPORTUNITY TO GIVE HIS FAMILY A FEW RIDING LESSONS. WE SHOULDN'T WONDER IF HE WENT OUT WITH THE HARRIERS IN A DAY OR TWO.



THE HONEYMOON.

AUGUSTUS MAKES THE TEA FOR THE FIRST MONTH OF HIS MARRIAGE.

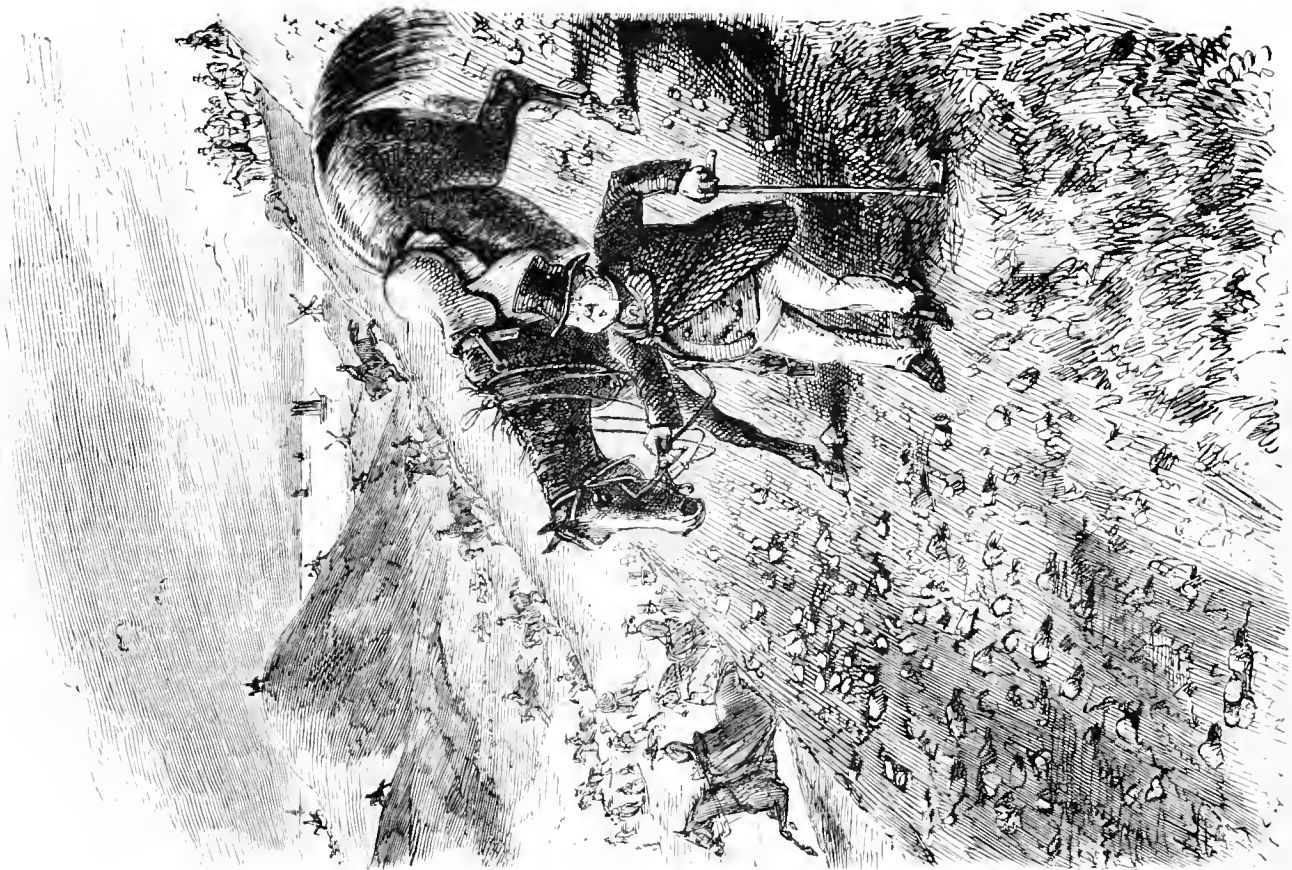
MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.



No. XI.

MR. BRIGGS GOES OUT WITH THE BRIGHTON HARRIERS.

HE HAS A CAPITAL DAY THE ONLY DRAWBACK IS, THAT HE IS OBLIGED TO LEAD HIS HORSE UP HILL TO EASE HIM, AND DOWN HILL BECAUSE HE IS AFRAID OF GOING OVER HIS HEAD—SO THAT HE DOESN'T GET QUITE SO MUCH HORSE EXERCISE AS HE COULD WISH!





PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

DISMAY OF MR. JAMES JESSAMMY ON BEING TOLD THAT HE WILL SPOIL THE WHOLE THING IF HE DOESN'T SHAVE OFF HIS WHISKERS.



TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Country Footman meekly inquires of London Footman. "PRAY, SIR, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR TOWN? A NICE PLACE ANT 'T?"
 London Footman (condescendingly). "VELL, JOSEPH, I LIKES YOUR TOWN WELL ENOUGH. ITS CLEAN YOUR STREETS ARE HAIRY AND YOUVE LOTS OF
 REWINS. BUT I DONT LIKE YOUR CHAMPAGNE; ITS ALL OEWSBERRY."



AN IMPENDING DISASTER.

Boy. "OH! IF YOU PLEASE 'M—COOK'S VERY SORRY 'M—BUT COULD SHE SPEAK TO YOU A MOMENT?"



Scene—The Kitchen.

Cook. "WHO WAS THAT AT THE DOOR, MARY?"

Mary. "OH! SUCH A NICE-SPOKEN GENTLEMAN WITH MOUSTARCHERS. HE'S A WRITIN' A LETTER IN THE DRAWING-ROOM. HE SAYS HE'S A OLD SCHOOL-TEACHER OF MASTER'S, JUST COME FROM INDIA."



Scene—The Hall.

THE NICE-SPOKEN GENTLEMAN IS SEEN DEPARTING WITH WHAT GREAT-COATS AND OTHER TRIFLES HE MAY HAVE LAID HIS HANDS UPON.



WALTONIANS.

Scene.—Room in Country House.—Breakfast-Table.

Master Tom. "OH, ROBERT!"

Robert. "YES, SIR!"

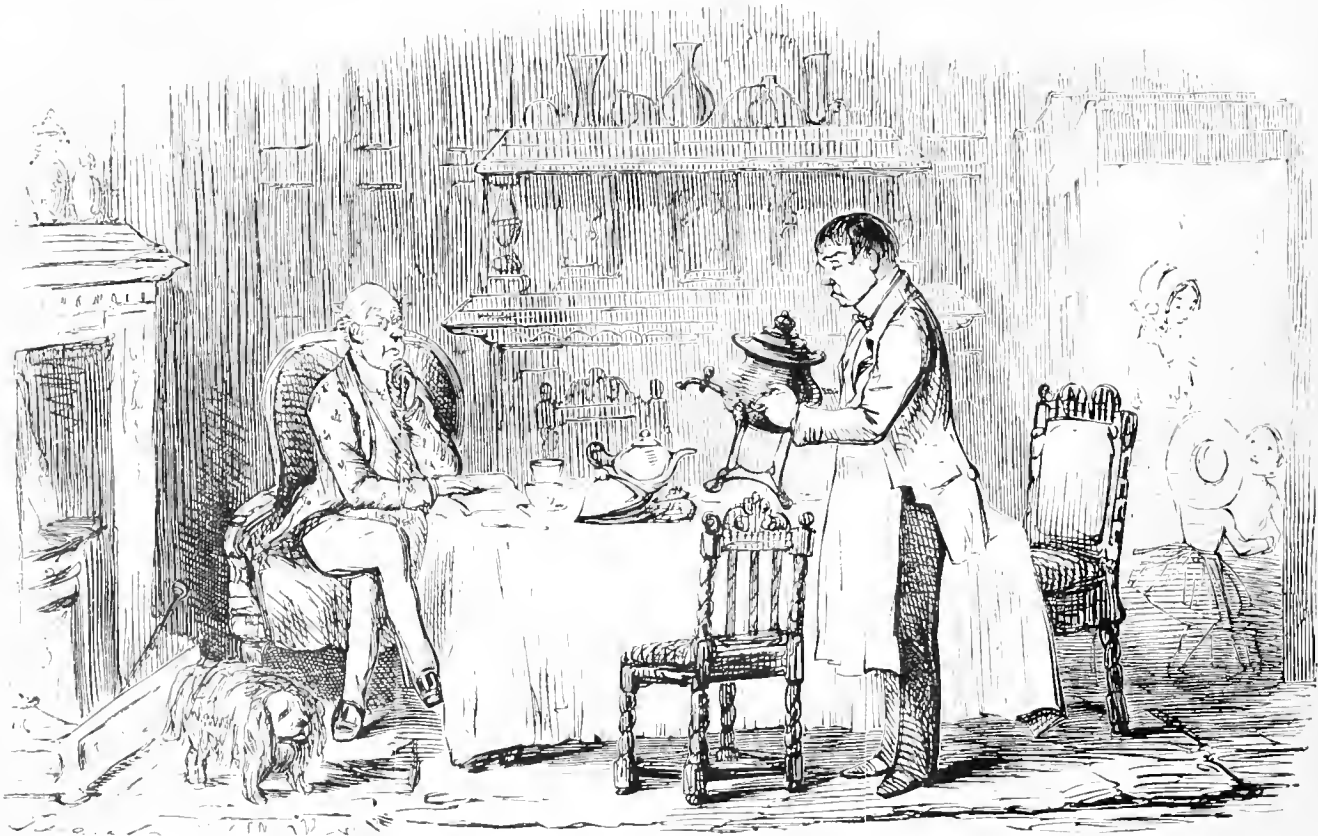
Master Tom. "OH, I SAY, ROBERT! THE LADIES WANT ME TO TAKE EM OUT FISHING TO-DAY SO JUST TELL YOUNG EVANS I SHALL WANT HIM TO GO WITH ME TO GET SOME WASP GRUBS; AND—LOOK HERE! TELL THE GARDENER HE MUST GET ME SOME LARGE LOBWORMS DIRECTLY AND A FEW SMALL FROGS, AS PERHAPS WE SHALL TRY FOR A JACK. AND—HI! ROBERT, TELL HIM TO SEND EM IN HERE, THAT I MAY SEE WHETHER THEYRE THE RIGHT SORT!"

[General Exclamation of "Nasty Monkey!" from the Ladies. Old Gentleman being rather deaf, & says MASTER TOM'S remarks repeated.]



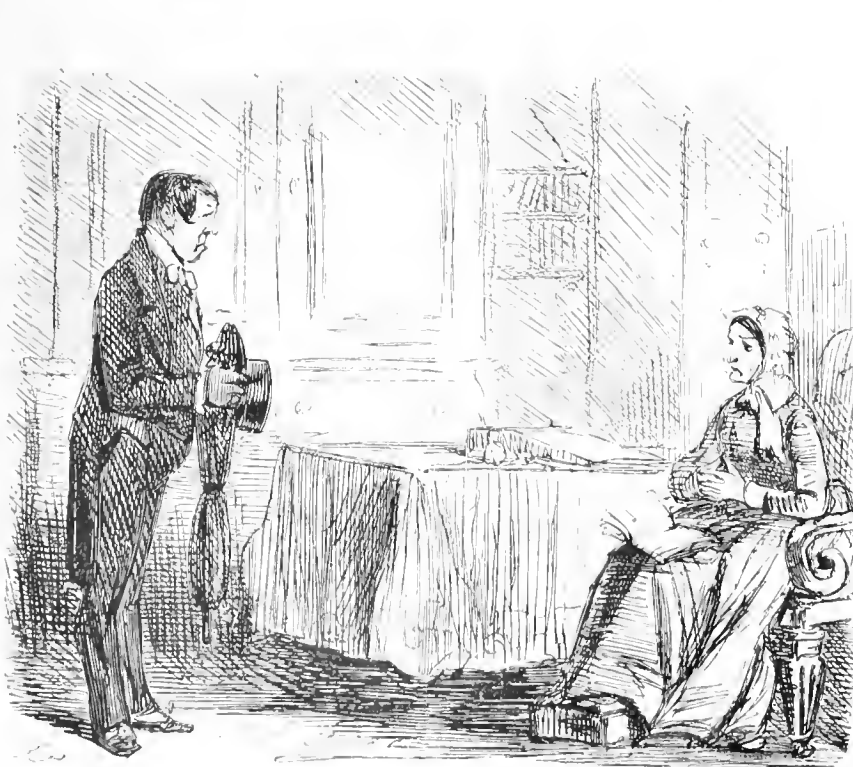
FISHING OFF A WATERING PLACE.

PERHAPS THE JOLLIEST THING IN THE WORLD.



A MAN OF FEELING.

Gentleman. "OH, CERTAINLY! YOU CAN GO, OF COURSE; BUT, AS YOU HAVE BEEN WITH ME FOR NINE YEARS, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW THE REASON."
 Thomas. "WHY, SIR, IT'S MY FEELINGS YOU USED ALWAYS TO READ PRAYERS, SIR, YOURSELF—AND SINCE MISS WILKINS HAS BEEN HERE, SHE'S BIN A-READING OF EM. NOW, I CAN'T BE MEAN MYSELF BY SAYIN' 'AMEN' TO A GUV'NESS."



THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS.

Serious Frankie. "I SHOULD REQUIRE, MADAM, FORTY POUNDS A YEAR, TWO SUITS OF CLOTHES, TWO 'ATS, MEAT AND HALE THREE TIMES A DAY, AND PIETY HINDISPENSABLE."



A FRAGMENT.

"AND WILL YOU ALWAYS—ALWAYS, DEAREST ALDERIC, LOVE ME THUS?" SAID CONSTANCE.

"EVER, WHILE THIS HEART BEATS WITH LIFE!" PASSIONATELY EXCLAIMED ALDERIC.

"THEN COULD YOU LEND ME FIVE POUNDS?" MURMURED THE LADY; "FOR REALLY THINGS ARE SO BAD IN THE CITY, THAT I," &C., &C., &C.



A FALSE POSITION.

Individual (who is not over strong in his head, or firm on his legs). "D-O-D-D-ID WALTZING—EVER—MAKE—YOU—GIDDY? BECAUSE, I—SHALL—BE—HAPPY—TO—SIT—DOWN—WHENEVER—YOU'RE—TIRED!"

Girl (who is in high dancing condition). "OH, DEAR NO—I COULD WALTZ ALL NIGHT!"



THE NEW BONNET.

Frederick. "THERE NOW, HOW VERY PROVOKING! I'VE LEFT THE PRAYER-BOOKS AT HOME!"

Maria. "WELL, DEAR, NEVER MIND; BUT DO TELL ME, IS MY BONNET STRAIGHT?"



IN CAMP.—HOSPITALITY.

Officer. "WELL, BUT LOOK HERE, OLD FELLOW; WHY NOT STOP ALL NIGHT?"



A GREAT MENTAL EFFORT.

First Cock Sparrow. "WHAT A MIWACKULOUS TIE, FWANK! HOW THE DOOSE DO YOU MANAGE IT?"

Second Cock Sparrow. "YAS. I FANCY IT IS RATHER GRAND; BUT THEN, YOU SEE, I GIVE THE WHOLE OF MY MIND TO IT."



COMING HOME.

Old Party (who is taking care of the house). "OH, YES, SIR. YOU'LL FIND THE ROOM NICE AN' CLEAN—AN' I'M SURE THE BED'S HAIRD—FOR I'VE BIN AN' SLEP IN IT MY OWN SELF HEVERY NIGHT."



OH! THE CURTAINS.

Objectionable Child. "LOR, PA! ARE YOU GOING TO SMOKE? MY EYE! WON'T YOU CATCH IT WHEN MA COMES HDME, FOR MAKING THE CURTAINS SMELL!"



DISTRACTION.

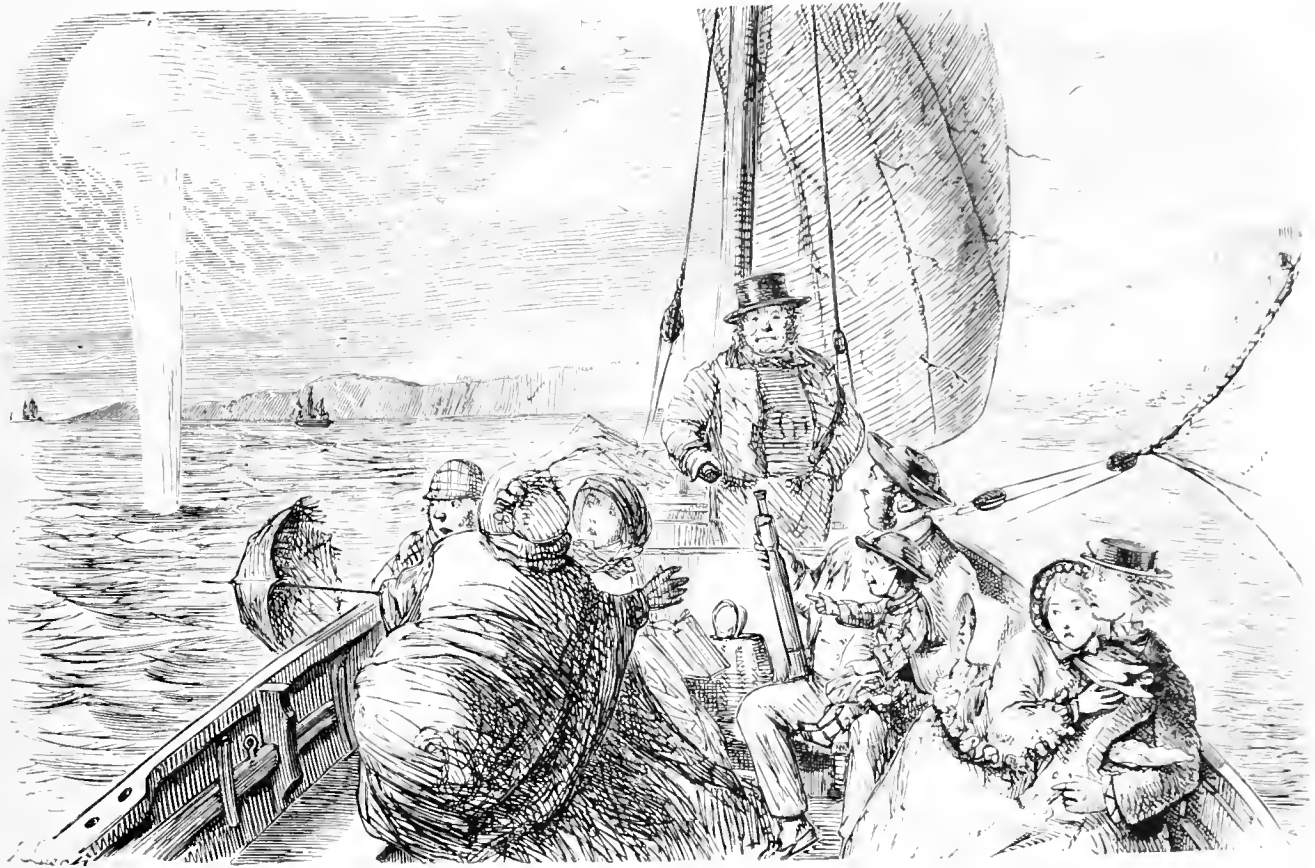
Wife of your Bussum. "OH, I DONT WANT TO INTERRUPT YOU, DEAR. I ONLY WANT SOME MONEY FOR UADY'S SOCKS—AND TO KNOW WHETHER YOU WILL HAVE THE MUTTON COLD OR HASHED."



A VERY VULGAR SUBJECT.

William. "HERE'S WISHIN YOU GOOD EALTH JIM AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

James. "THANKYE, BILL. THANKYE I HAD OUGHT TO BE A HAPPY COVE—FOR I'VE GOT A WIFE AS CAN THRASH ANY MAN OF HER WEIGHT —AND I'VE GOT A CHILD OF TWO YEARS AND A ARF AS CAN EAT TWO POUNDS O' BEEFSTEAK AT A SITTING—LET ALONE OWNIN' THE SMALLEST BLACK AND TAN TERRIER IN THE WORLD!"



A DELICIOUS SAIL—OFF DOVER.

Old Lady. "GOODNESS GRACIOUS, MR. BOATMAN! WHAT'S THAT?"

Stolid Boatman. "THAT, MUM! NUTHUN, MUM ONLY THE ARTILLERY A PRAC-TI-SIN', AND THAT'S ONE O' THE CANNON-BALLS WHAT'S JUST STRUCK THE WATER!!"



THE ROUND HAT, LADEN WITH NOVELS. IN A STORM.

Ancient Mariner. "HOLD ON A BIT, MISS—I'LL TOW YOU OFF—YOU SHOULD NEVER CARRY SO MUCH SAIL IN A SOU-WESTER!"

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



SNOW-FLAKES.—No. 1.

Street Boy (to his natural enemy, the Policeman). "SNOWBALLS, SIR! NO, SIR! I HAVEN'T SEEN NO ONE THROW NO SNOWDALLS, SIR!"



SNOW-FLAKES.—No. 2.

Street Boy "HOH! SOOSANNER! DON'T YER CRY FOR ME! FOL DE ROL DE RIDDLE LOL! HERE'S A JOLLY SLIDE! CUT AWAY, YOUNG 'UN! IT'S ALL SERENE!"



SNOW-FLAKES.—No. 3.

Playful Youth. "PLEASE, SIR, I WASN'T A HEAVIN' AT YOU—I WAS HEAVIN' AT BILLY JONKS!"



THE BIRTHDAY.

Cousin Emily. "AND SO IT'S LITTLE ALFRED'S BIRTHDAY TO-MORROW NOW. WHAT WOULD HE LIKE BEST FOR A PRESENT?"

Alfred (after much reflection). "WHY, I THINK I SHOULD LIKE A—I SHOULD LIKE A TESTAMENT—AND—A—A—AND—OH, I KNOW! I SHOULD LIKE A SQUIRT!!!"



SECTION OF 1850, P

Footman: "Starting again: WHERE TO NOW JACK?"

JACK: "WELL, LET'S SEE. SHOULD JUST GO UP THE DEANS AGAIN AND ACROSS THE TOP END BEAT DOWN THE OTHER LOT AND POINT BY THE BOTTOM. WHILE YOU'RE THERE GET OVER AND TRY OLD HAYDOCK'S STANDING DATE—WE HUNT MIND—LL STOP HERE AND MARRY."



1850, P 100

Man on the Street: "What's the matter?"

Man on the Street: "What's the matter?"

Man on the Street: "What's the matter?"



BON-BON FROM A JUVENILE PARTY.

Doctor. "AHEM! WELL! AND WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY YOUNG FRIEND ADOLPHUS?"

Fond Mother. "WHY, HE'S NOT AT ALL THE THING, DOCTOR. HE WAS AT A JUVENILE PARTY LAST NIGHT, WHERE THERE WAS A TWELFTH CAKE; AND IT PAINS ME TO SAY, THAT BESIDES EATING A GREAT DEAL TOO MUCH OF THE CAKE, HE WAS IMPRUDENT ENOUGH TO EAT A HARLEQUIN AND A MAN ON HORSEBACK, AND, I AM SORRY TO ADD, A CUPID AND A LIROGAGE FROM THE TOP OF IT!"



KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

Tom. "JACK! WHEREABOUTS IS AMSTID-AM?"

Jack. "WELL, I CAN'T SAY EXACKERLY, BUT I KNOW IT'S SOMEWHERE NEAR AMSTID-EATH!"

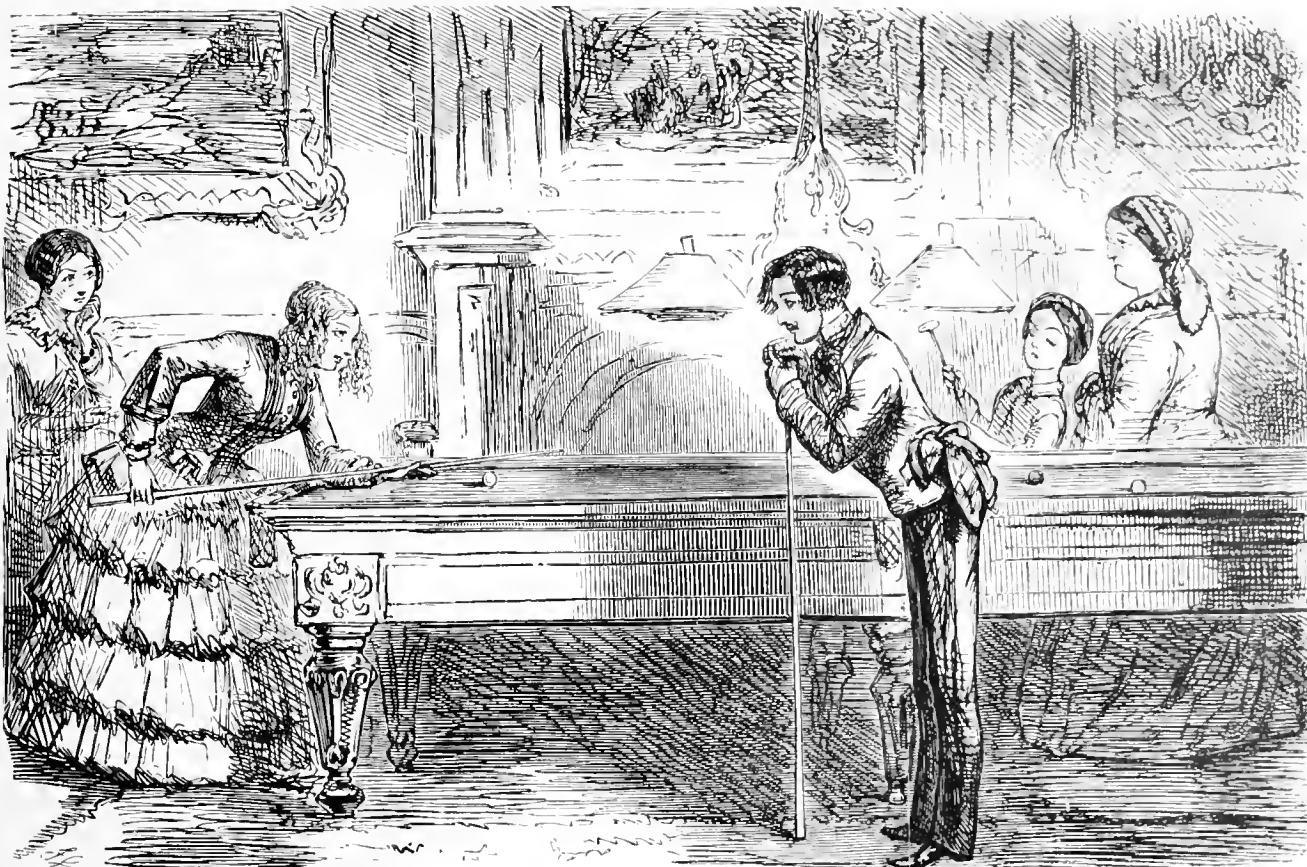


HOW TO MAKE A CHATELAINE A REAL BLESSING TO MOTHERS.



THE PIKE IS A VORACIOUS FISH, AND BITES VERY READILY IN THE WINTER MONTHS.

OLD GENTLEMAN IS VERY FOND OF FISHING!!

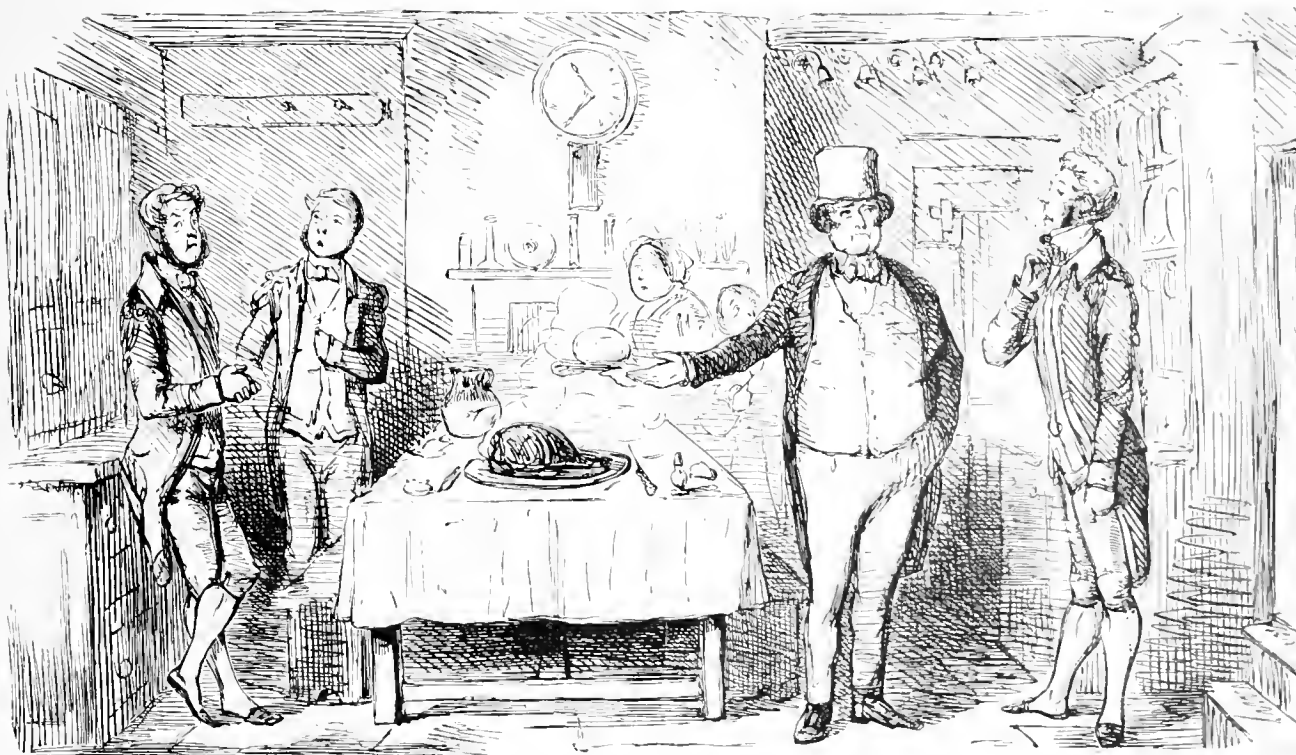


A NICE GAME AT BILLIARDS.

Pretty Cousin. "LET ME SEE, FREDERICK, I'M JUST EIGHTEEN TO YOUR LOVE?"

Frederick (who is always so ridiculous). "THAT IS PRECISELY THE STATE OF THE CASE, MY DEAREST GEORGINA."

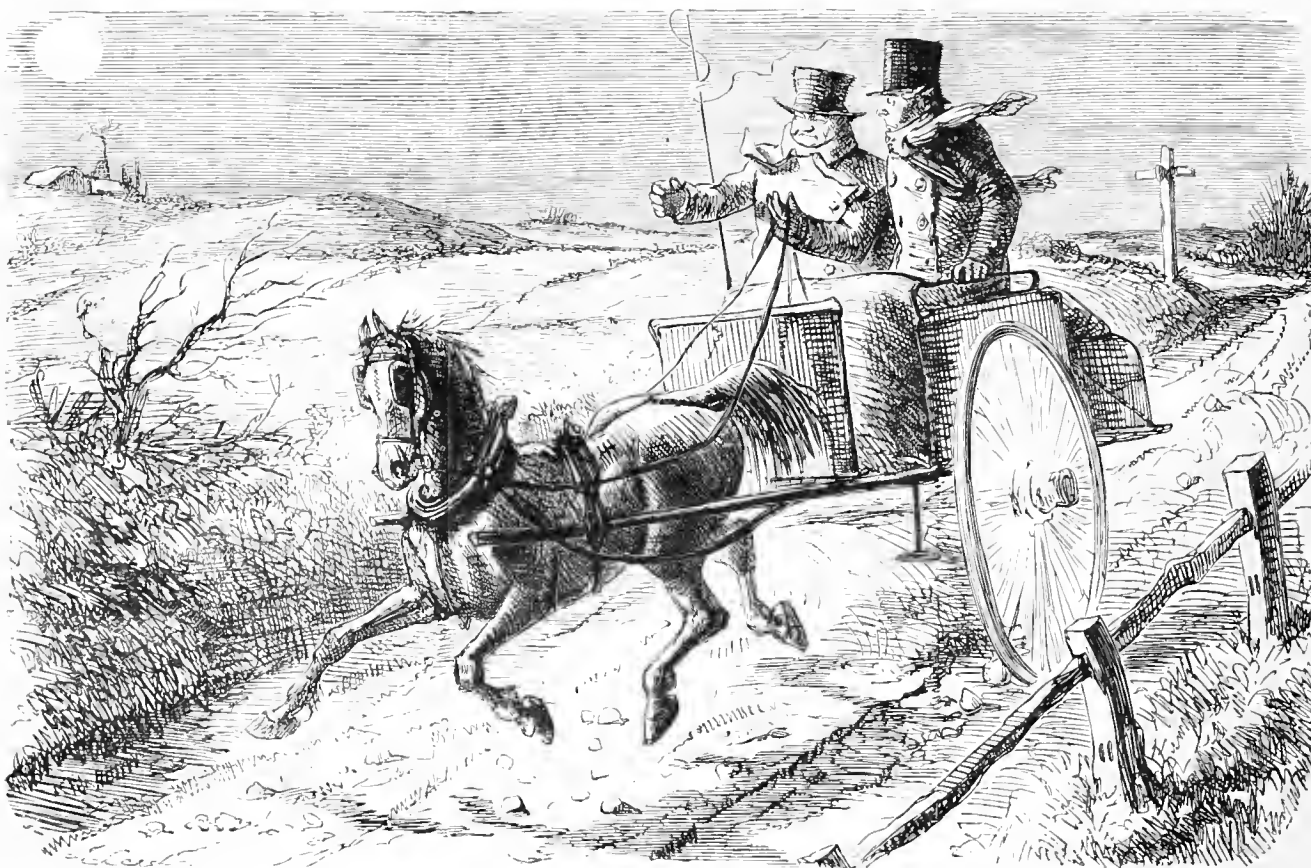
Mamma (with severity). "COME, LUNCHEON IS QUITE READY."



VERY FINE GENTLEMEN.

Master of the House. "NOW, PRAY WHAT IS IT YOU COMPLAIN OF? IS NOT A ROAST LEG OF MUTTON, WITH PLENTY OF PUDDING, VEGETABLES, AND BEER, A SUBSTANTIAL DINNER ENOUGH FOR YOU?"

Flunkey. "OH! SUBSTANTIAL ENOUGH, NO DOUBT, SIR; BUT IT REALLY IS A QUIZEEN THAT—AW—ME AND THE OTHER GENTLEMEN HAS NOT BIN ACCUSTOMED TO. IT'S VERY CORSE—VERY CORSE, INDEED, SIR!!"



PLEASANT!

Nervous Gentleman. "DON'T YOU THINK, ROBERT, GOING SO FAST DOWN HILL IS VERY LIKELY TO MAKE THE HORSE FALL?"

Robert. "LOR BLESS YER—NO, S'R! I NEVER THROWE A OSS DOWN IN MY LIFE, 'XCEPT ONCE AND THAT WAS ONE FROSTY MOONLIGHT NICT (JUST SUCH A NICT AS THIS IT WAS), AS I WAS A-DRIVIN' A CENT (AS MIGHT BE YOU) FROM THE STATION, WHEN I THROWE DOWN THIS WERRY OSS IN THIS WERRY IDENTICAL PLACE."



A TIGHI FIT.

"YOUR BATH IS QUITE READY, MA'AM."

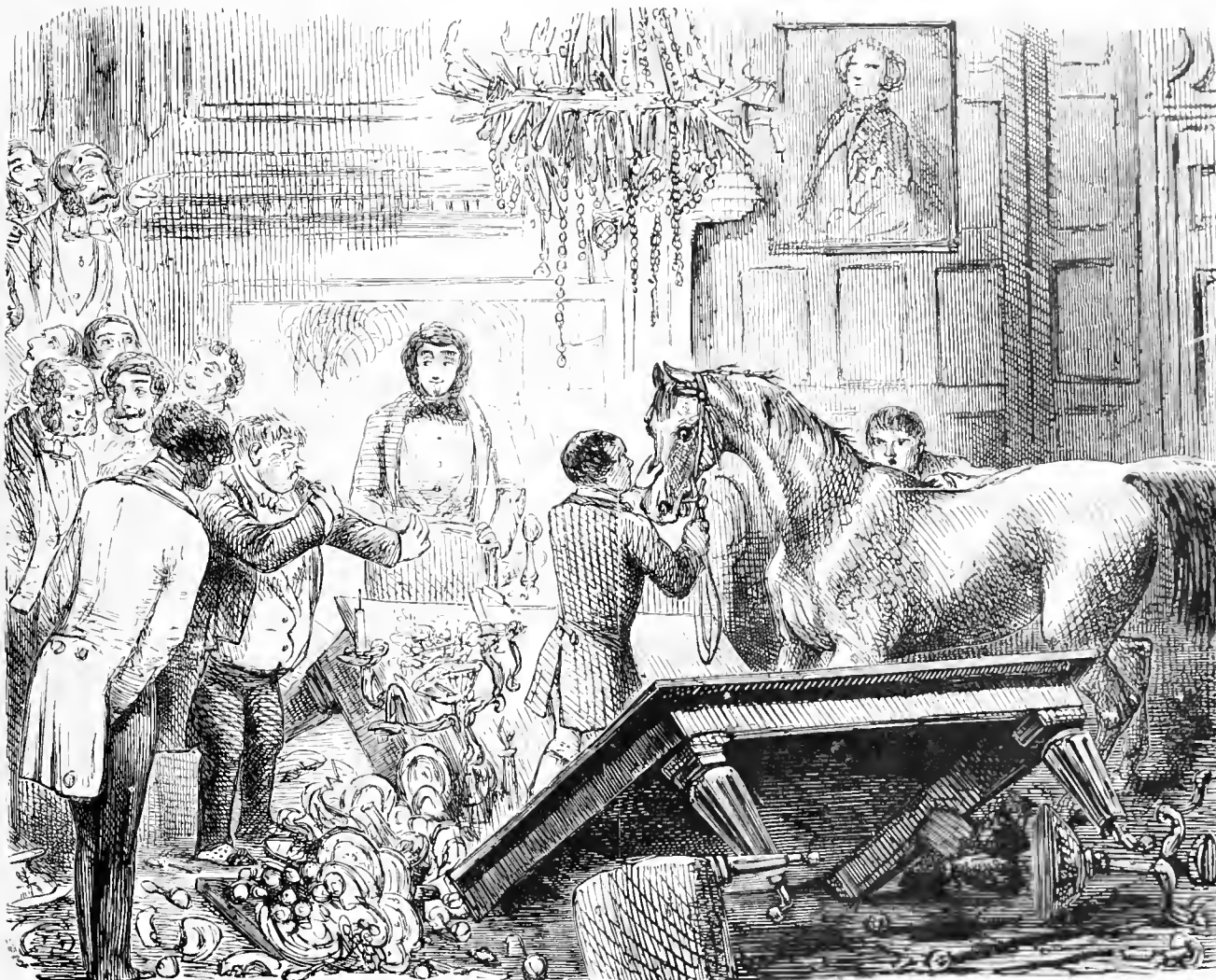
"WELL BU. MY COOD GIRL, I CAN'T GET INTO SUCH A BIT OF A THING AS THAT!"



A PUZZLING ORDER.

"I'LL TROUBLE YOU TO MEASURE ME FOR A NEW PAIR OF BOOTS."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.



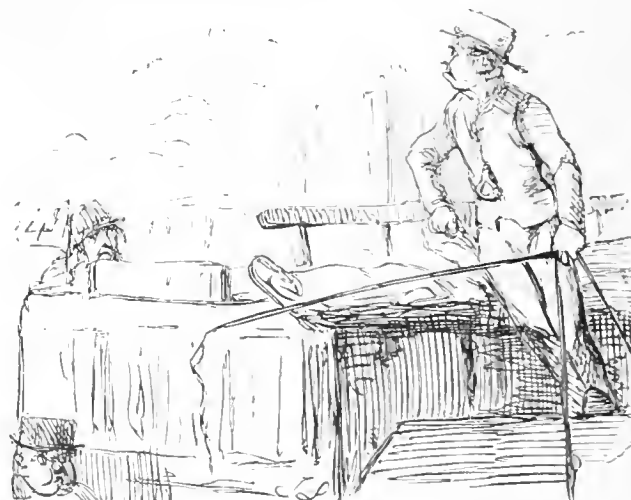
No. XII.

MR. BRIGGS, STIMULATED BY THE ACCOUNTS IN THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE DARING FEAT OF HORSEMANSHIP AT AYLESBURY, AND EXCITED BY MR. HAYCOCK'S CLARET, TRIES WHETHER HE ALSO CAN RIDE OVER A DINING-ROOM TABLE.



NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS (?)

First Old Fozzle. "WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE PAPER, SIR? THERE'S NOTHING IN IT."
Second Old Fozzle. "THEN WHAT THE DEVIL D'D YOU KEEP IT SO LONG FOR?"



A SUGGESTION.

Driver. "WHERE DID THE OLD GENT WANT TO GO TO, BILL?"
Conductor. "VY, HE WANTED TO GO TO BLACKWALL IN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR."
Driver. "OH! DID HE? THEN HED BETTER ORDER A BALLOON!!!"



VALUABLE HINT.

ALWAYS BOLT THE DOOR OF YOUR MACHINE AFTER BATHING, OR YOU MAY BE SERVED AS POOR MR. BRIGGS WAS ONE DAY HIS DISASTER IS REPRESENTED ABOVE.



AN ARTFUL EXCUSE.

Servant Maid, "IF YOU PLEASE, MEM, COULD I GO OUT FOR HALF-AN-HOUR TO BUY A BIT OF RIBBIN, MEM?"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.



No. XIII.

MR. BRIGGS HAS GONE TO THE EXHIBITION.—A BOY HOLDS HIS HORSE IN THE MEANTIME.



A SKETCH OF CHARACTER BY PROFESSOR MILKANSOP, THE CELEBRATED GRAPHIOLOGIST.

Gentleman (reads). "INTELLIGENT; STRONG RELIGIOUS FEELINGS! FOND OF LITTLE CHILDREN; LOVES, MUSIC, POETRY, AND THE FINE ARTS; IS RELUCTANT TO TAKE OFFENCE, GENEROUS AND FORGIVING"—WELL, I'M BLOWED, IF THAT AIN'T WONDERFUL! WHY, IT'S MY KARACTER TO A T!"



AN INGENIOUS FELLOW.

"LOOK HERE, MY BODY! THE BOX MAKES A CAPITAL TABLE, AND THE BOOT IS JUST THE THING FOR YOUR LEGS"

[Pocket-book disappears.]



A WEIGHTY MATTER.

Cavalry Officer (who rides about five stone). "I'M DOOCEED GLAD WE'RE IN THE HEAVIES; AIN'T YOU, CHARLEY? IT WOULD BE A HORRID BORE TO BE SENT OUT TO THE CAPE LIKE THOSE POOR LIGHT BOSS."



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Juvenile. "I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, GOVERNOR, THE SOONER WE COME TO SOME UNDERSTANDING THE BETTER. YOU CAN'T EXPECT A YOUNG FELLER TO BE ALWAYS AT HOME; AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE WAY I GO ON, WHY I MUST HAVE CHAMBERS, AND SO MUCH A-WEEK?"



A PERSONAL OPINION.

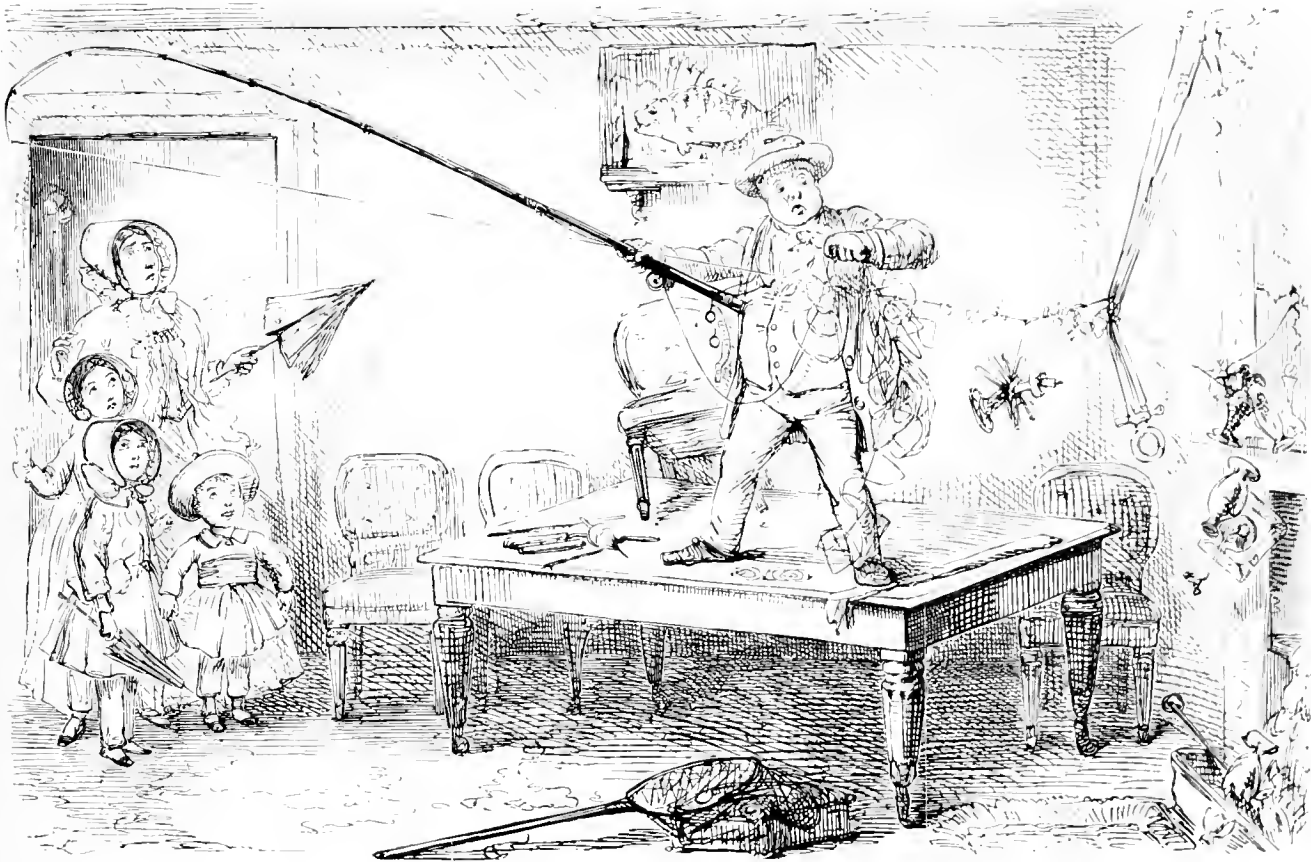
Elderly Spinster. "SO, YOU'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED, DEAR, ARE YOU? WELL, FOR MY PART, I THINK NINE-HUNDRED-AND-NINETY-NINE MARRIAGES OUT OF A THOUSAND TURN OUT MISERABLY, BUT OF COURSE EVERY ONE IS THE BEST JUDGE OF THEIR OWN FEELINGS."



LITTLE WOMEN.

First Matron. "HAS YOUR DOLL HAD THE MEASLES, AMELIA? MINE HAS—"
Second Matron. "NO, DEAR, BUT IT'S BEEN VERY FRACTIOUS ABOUT ITS TEETH, AND I'M GOING TO GIVE IT A LITTLE GREY POWDER."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF FISHING.



No. 1.

OUR FRIEND BRIGGS CONTEMPLATES A DAY'S FISHING.



A GROSS OFFENCE.

Flunkey. "HOW DARE YOU BRING ME A STEEL FORK, SIR!"

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



CAUGHT.

Domestic (soliloquising). "WELL! I'M SURE MISSUS HAD BETTER GIVE THIS NEW BONNET TO ME, INSTEAD OF STICKING SUCH A YOUNG-LOOKING THING UPON HER OLD SHOULDERS"

(The impudent minx has immediate warning)



STREET DIALOGUE.

First Boy. "I'LL PUNCH YER ED, IF YER SAY MUCH."

Second Boy. "WHO'LL PUNCH MY ED?"—First Boy. "I WILL."

Second Boy. "YOU WILL?"—First Boy. "YES, I WILL."

Second Boy. "WELL!—DO IT."—First Boy. "AH!"

Second Boy. "YES!"—First Boy. "OH!" [Boys evaporate.]



A PRUDENT RESOLVE.

'Ousemaid, "WELL, MR. ROBERT, I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE OFF TO THE DIGGINGS ALONG WITH THE REST OF THE GENTLEMEN?"

Flunkey "NOT IF I KNOWS IT, MARY, MY DEAR. I AINT BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO FIZZICAL EXERTION, AND I DON'T INTEND TO BEGIN HARD WORK AT MY TIME OF LIFE."



USED UP.

Grandmamma. "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY PET?"

Child. "WHY, GRANOMA, AFTER GIVING THE SUBJECT EVERY CONSIDERATION, I HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT—THE WORLD IS HOLLOW, AND MY DOLL IS STUFFED WITH SAWDOUST. SO—I—SHOULD—LIKE—IF YOU PLEASE, TO BE A NUN!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF FISHING.



No. II.

MR. BRIGGS STARTS ON HIS FISHING EXCURSION.



No. III.

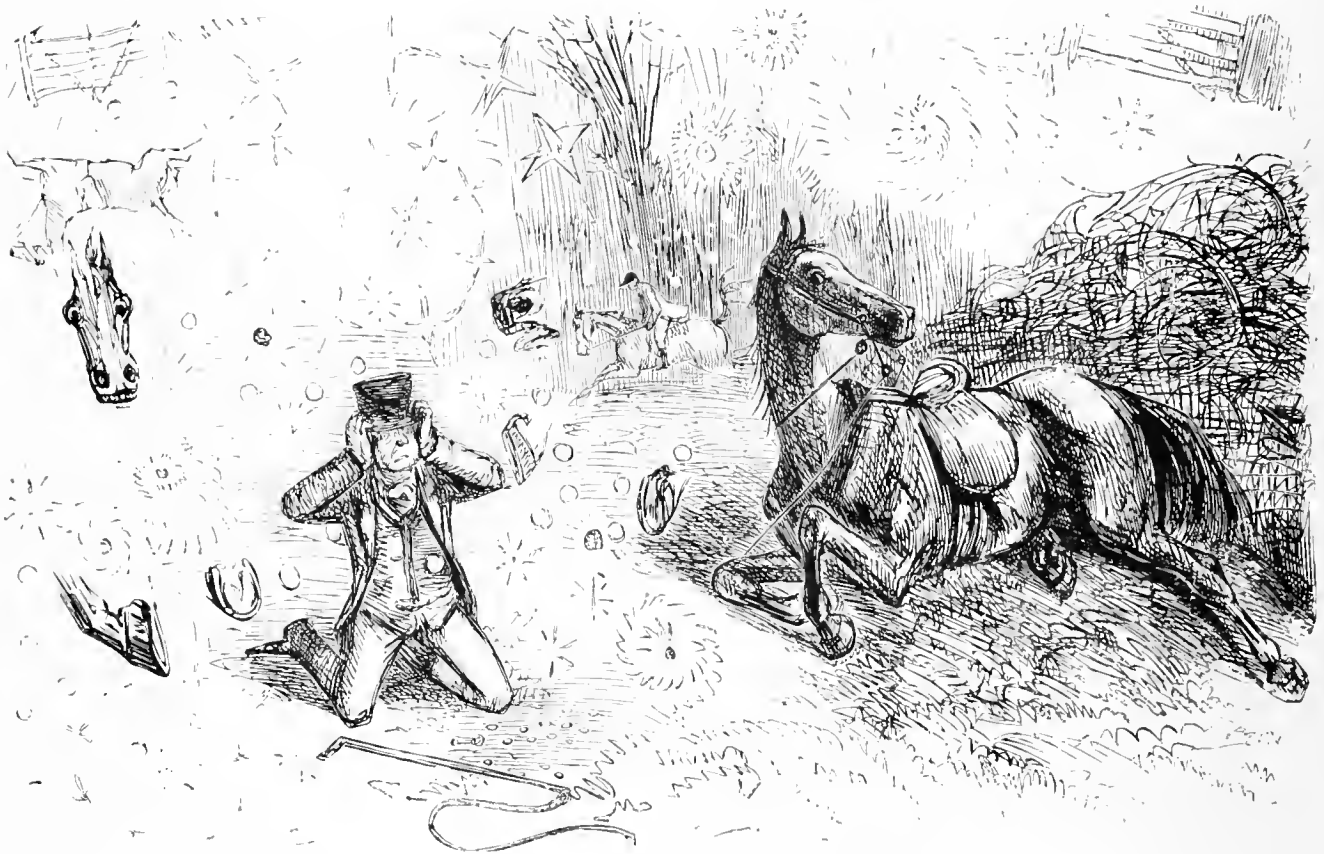
MR. B. WON'T HAVE A MAN WITH HIM, AS HE THINKS HE CAN MANAGE A PUNT BY HIMSELF; AND THE CONSEQUENCE IS, HE IS OBLIGED TO GO TO BED WHILE HIS THINGS ARE DRIED, HAVING UPSET HIMSELF, AS A MATTER OF COURSE.



ENERGETIC

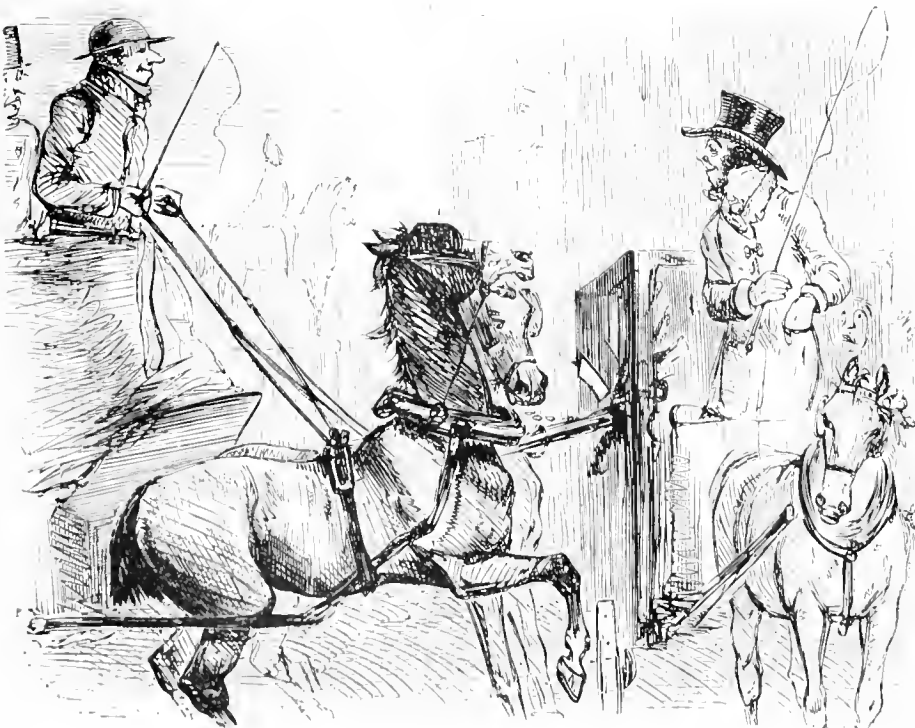
HEY—THERE!—STOP!

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character



HUNTING MEMORANDUM—APPEARANCE OF THINGS IN GENERAL TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS JUST TURNED A COMPLETE SOMERSAULT!!

* & C. & C. REPRESENT SPARKS OF DIVERS BEAUTIFUL COLOURS.



MANNERS MAKE THE MAN.

Omnibus Driver. "I BEG YOU A THOUSAND PARDONS, I AM SURE."

Customer. "OH, PRAY DON'T MENTION IT, IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE, BELIEVE ME!"



MUCH TOO CLEVER.

Sharp (but vulgar) Little Boy. "HALLO, MISSUS, WOT ARE THOSE?"

Old Woman. "TWO PENCE."

Boy. "WHAT A LIE! THEY'RE APPLES."

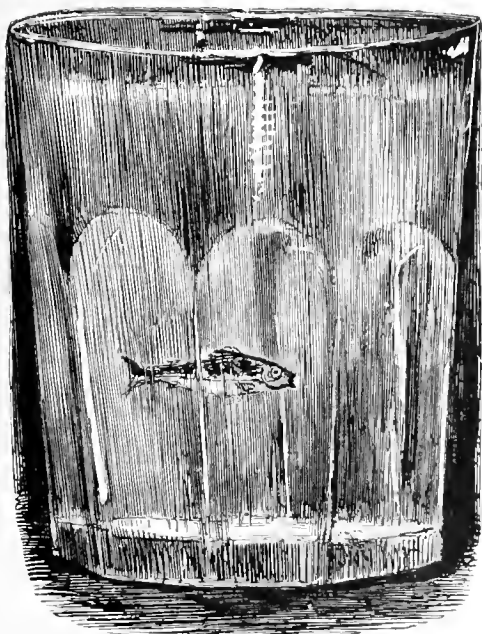
[Exit, whistling popular air.]

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF FISHING.



No. IV.

MR. BRIGGS TRIES (FOR MANY HOURS) A LIKELY PLACE FOR A PERCH; BUT UPON THIS OCCASION THE WIND IS NOT IN A FAVOURABLE QUARTER.



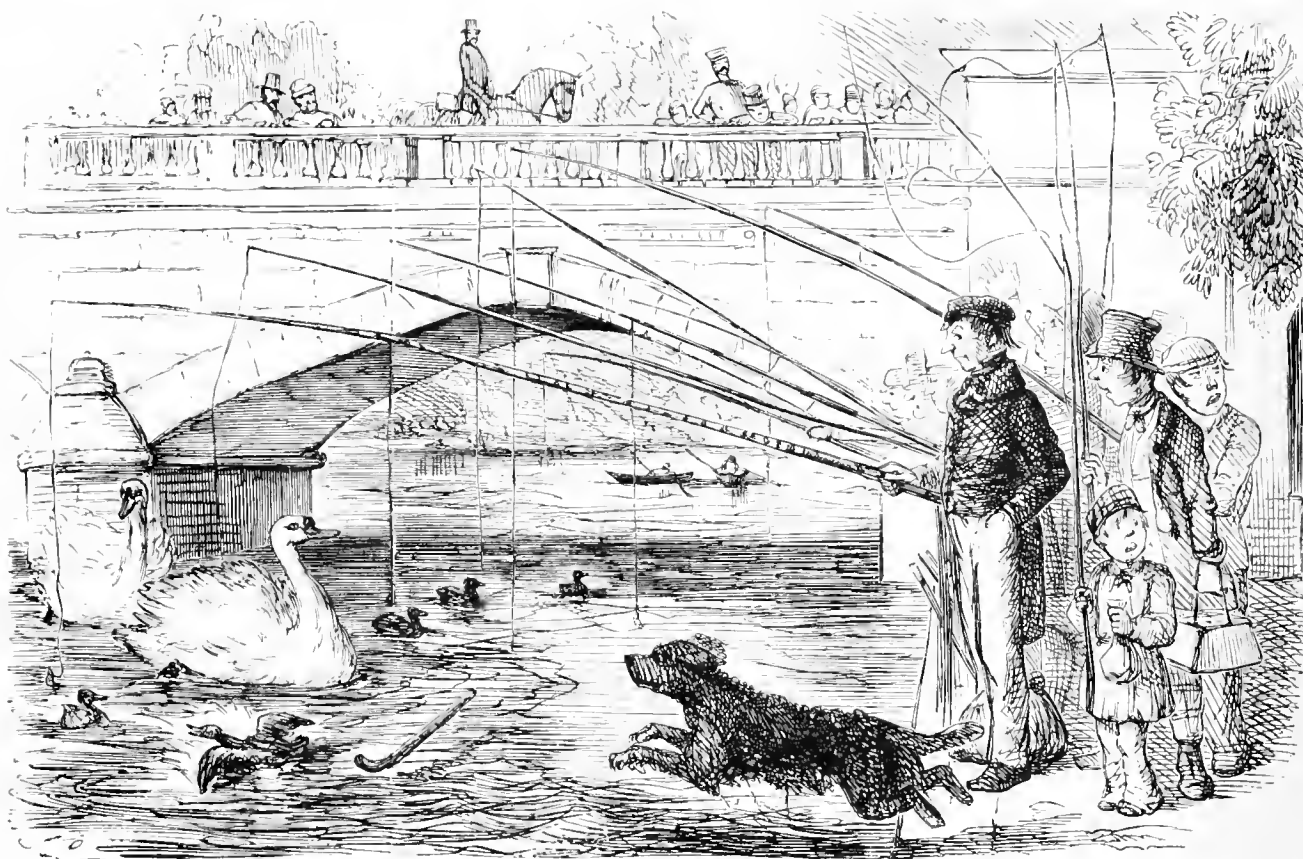
No. V.

MINNOW CAUGHT BY MR BRIGGS; EXACT SIZE OF LIFE



RETURNING FROM THE SEA-SIDE.—A LITTLE COMMISSION.

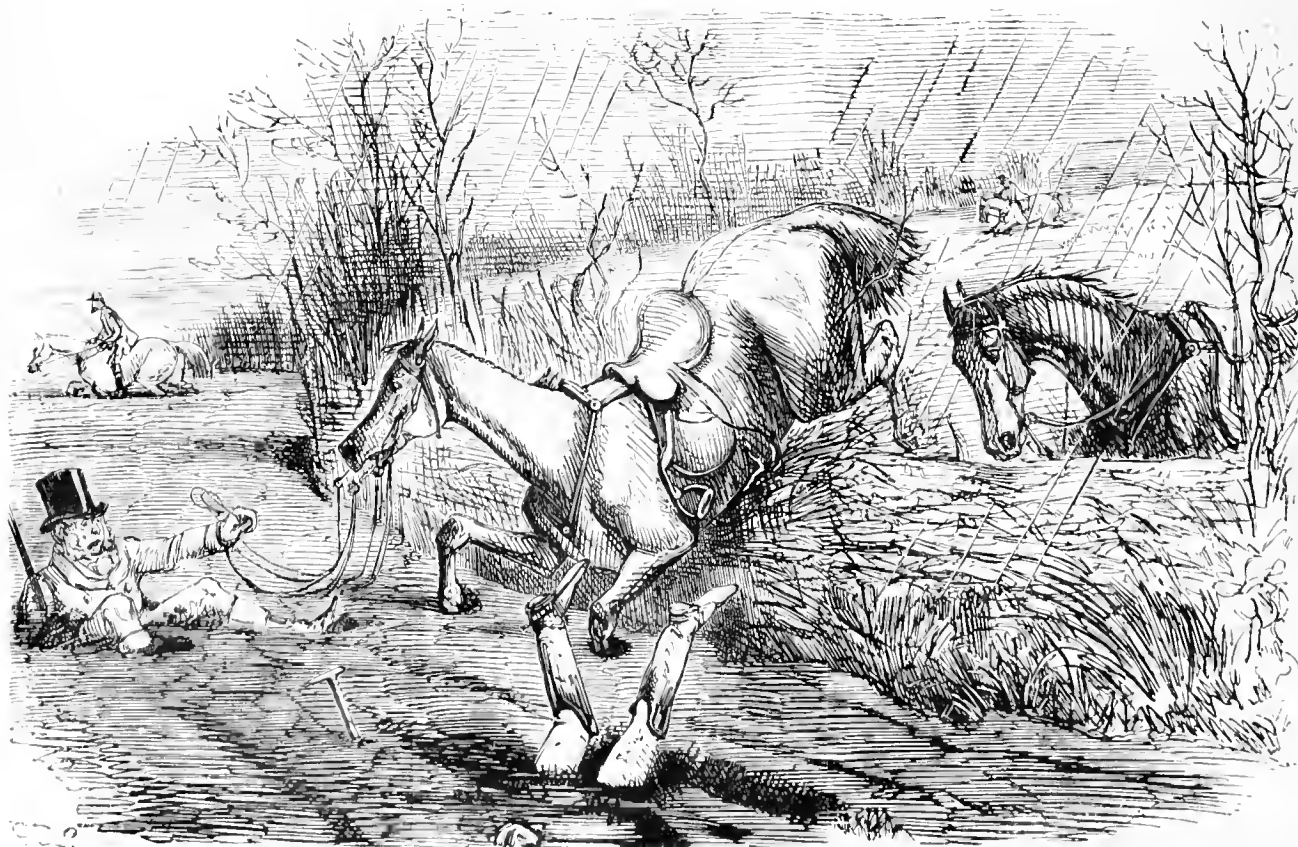
IF YOU PLEASE, SIR.—MRS. GENERAL SLOWCOACH'S COMPLIMENTS. AND SHE SAYS IF YOU'RE GOING BY THE TRAIN THIS MORNING, SHE WOULD FEEL PERTICKLER OBLIGED BY YOUR TAKING CHARGE OF THIS LITTLE CASK OF SEA-WATER AS FAR AS HER HOUSE.



ANGLING IN THE SERPENTINE.—SATURDAY, P.M.

Piscator No. 1. "HAD EVER A BITE, JIM?"

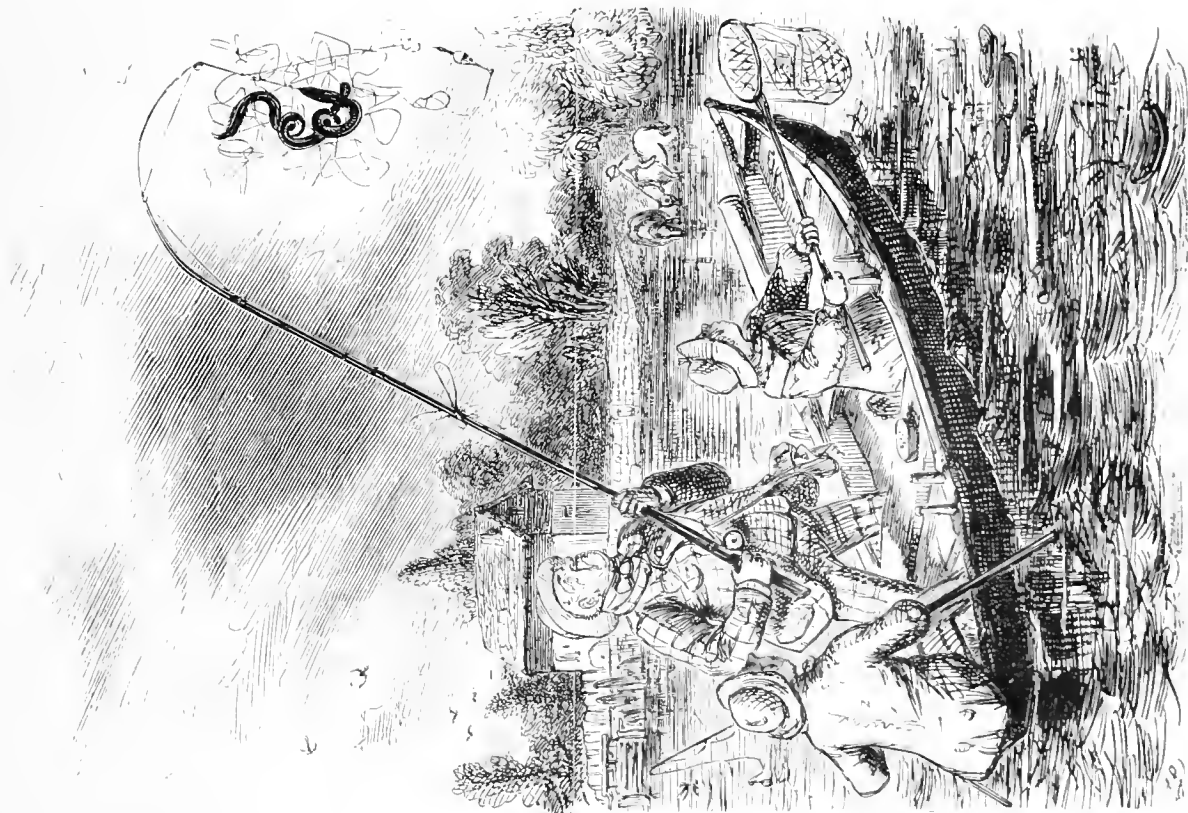
Piscator No. 2. "NOT YET—I ONLY COME HERE LAST WEDNESDAY."



SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

"THE COUNTRY IS AWFULLY DEEP, BUT THE FALLING IS DELIGHTFULLY SOFT AND SAFE."

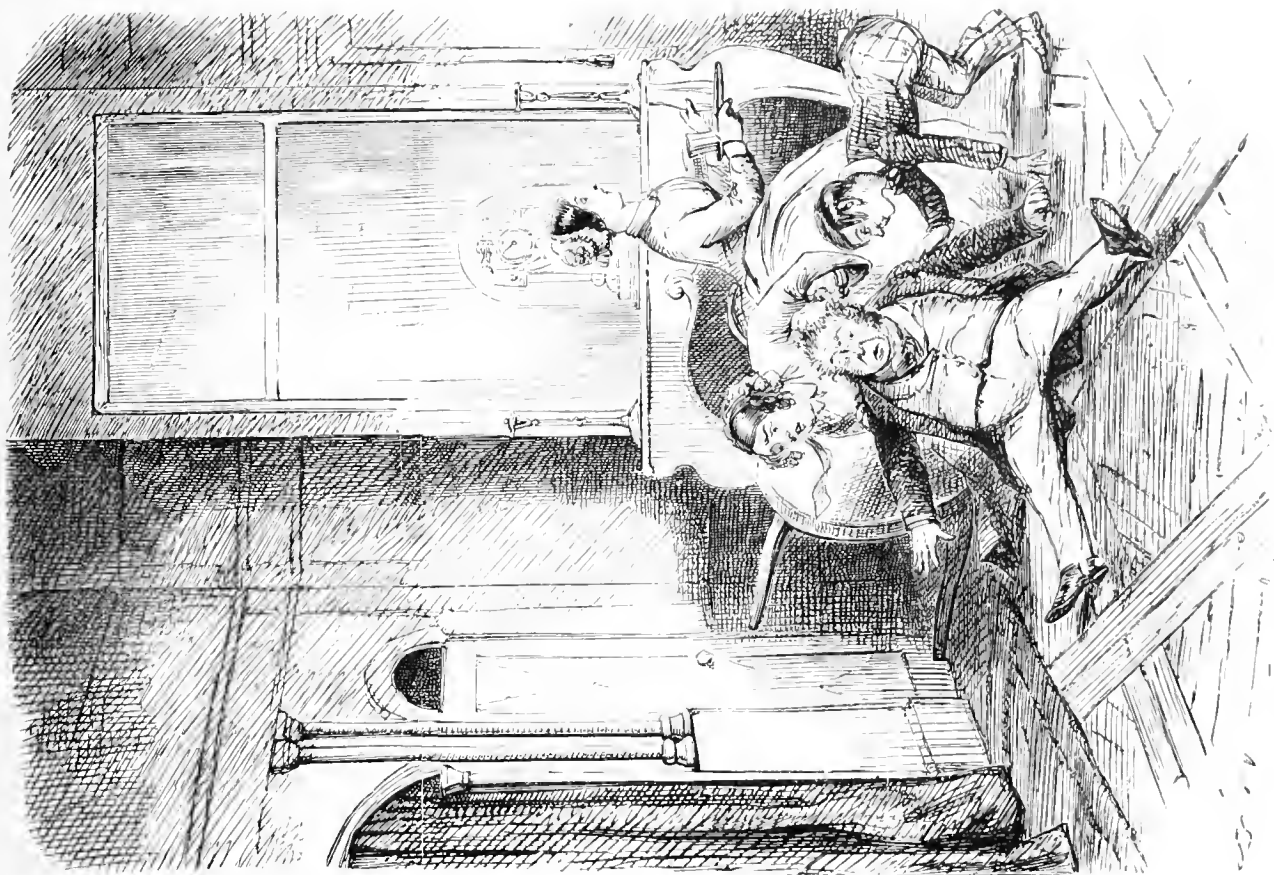
MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF FISHING.



No. VI.

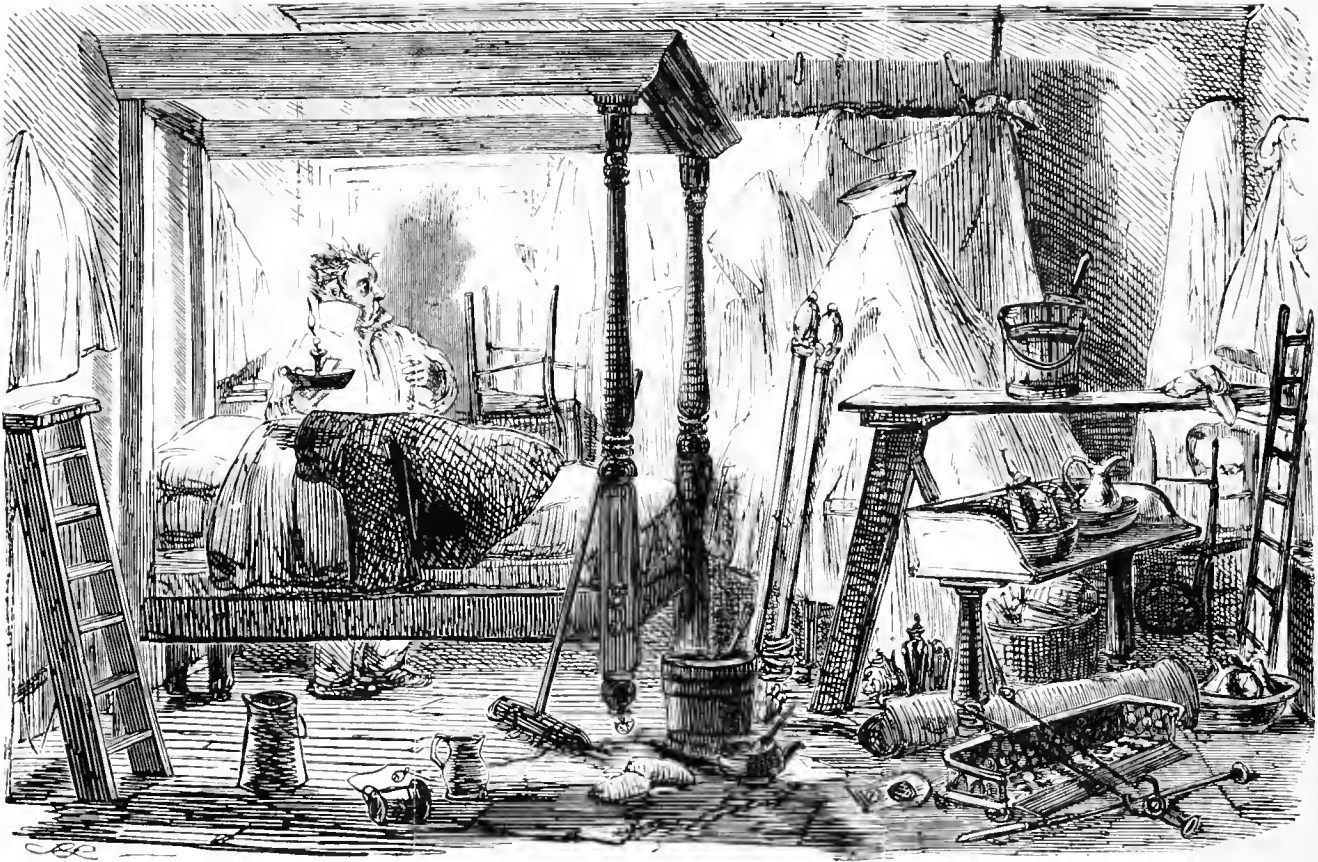
MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER DAY'S FISHING.

HE IS SO FORTUNATE AS TO CATCH A LARGE EEL.



AN UNDESIGNED INCIDENT.

"HOW COOL AND NICE THE FRENCH-POLISHED FLOORS ARE.—BUT—UGH!—OH DEAR!—HOW HARD!"



NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

PATERFAMILIAS PREFERS HIS OWN BEDROOM (WHICH THE WHITEWASHERS HAVE JUST LEFT) TO THE DISCOMFORT OF AN HOTEL.



THE GENTLE CRAFT.

Contemplative Man (in punt). "I DON'T SO MUCH CARE ABOUT THE SPORT, IT'S THE DELICIOUS REPOSE I ENJOY SO."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF FISHING.



No. VII.

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF MR. BRIGGS.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER (ASSISTED BY HIS LITTLE BOY WALTER), HE CATCHES A JACK, WHICH, TO USE MR. B.'S OWN WORDS, FLIES AT HIM, AND BARKS LIKE A DOG



SPLENDID DAY WITH THE "QUEEN'S."

First Sporting Snob. "WELL, BILL, WHAT SORT OF A DAY HAVE YER HAD?"

Second Ditto. "OH, MAGNIFICENT, MY BOY! I SEE THE 'OUNDS SEVERAL TIMES; AND NONE OF YER NASTY 'EDGES AN' DITCHES, EITHER; BUT A PRIME TURNPIKE ROAD ALL THE WAY."



DREADFUL CRISIS.

Victim. "HOPE YOU WILL NOT BE OFFENDED, SIR; BUT I SHOULD BE VERY GLAD IF YOU COULD SETTLE MY LITTLE BILL UP TO CHRISTMAS."

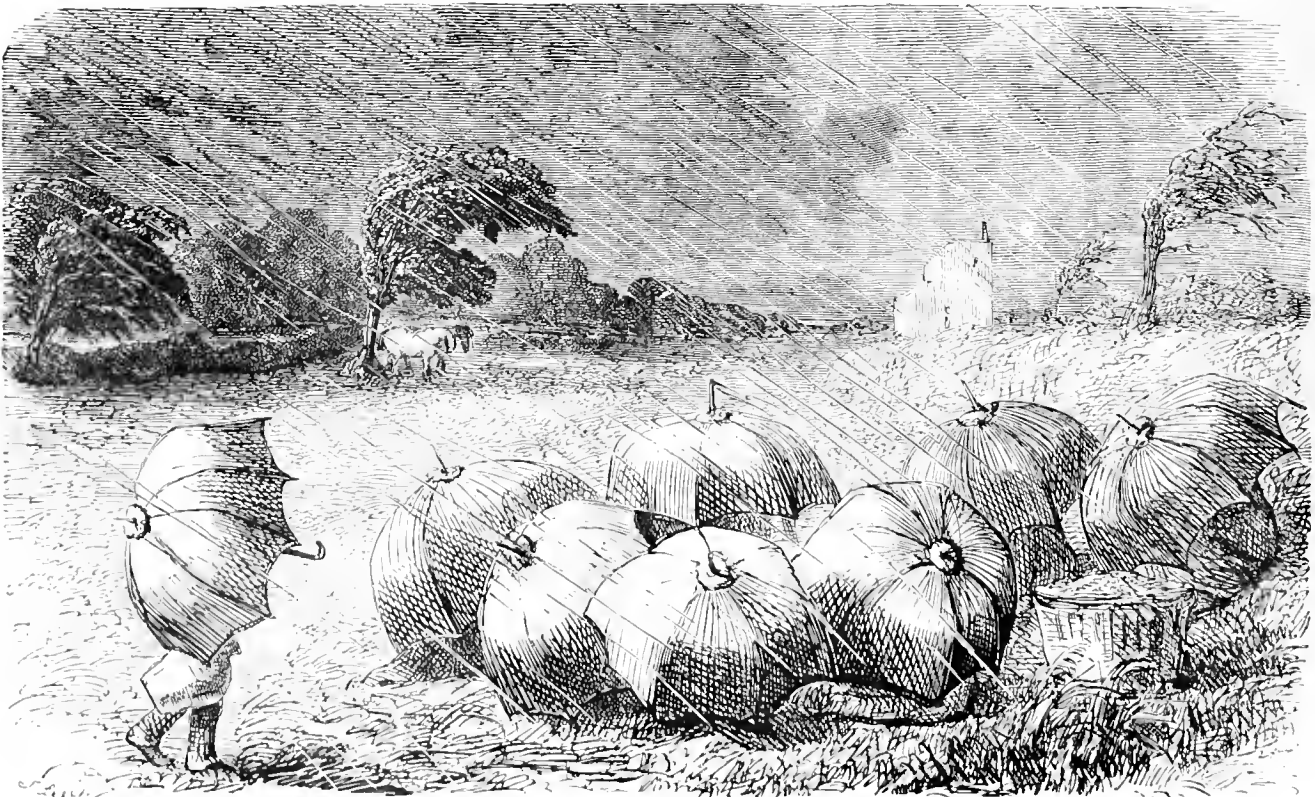
Mr. Dunp. "OFFENDED, MY DEAR BOY! NOT IN THE LEAST BUT THE FACT IS, I HAVE 'SUSPENDED CASH PAYMENTS' FOR SOME TIME"



FOX STEALS AWAY FROM THE COVER; BEARDED FOREIGNER OF DISTINCTION IMMEDIATELY GIVES CHASE.

Whipper in (with excitement, loquiter). "'OLD 'ARD, THERE! 'OLD 'ARD! WHERE ARE YOU A-GALLOPING TO? DO YOU THINK YOU CAN CATCH A FOX?"

Foreigner of Distinction (with great glee). "I DO NOT KNOW, MON AMI; BUT I WILL TRAI—I WILL TRAI!"



THE PIC-NIC.

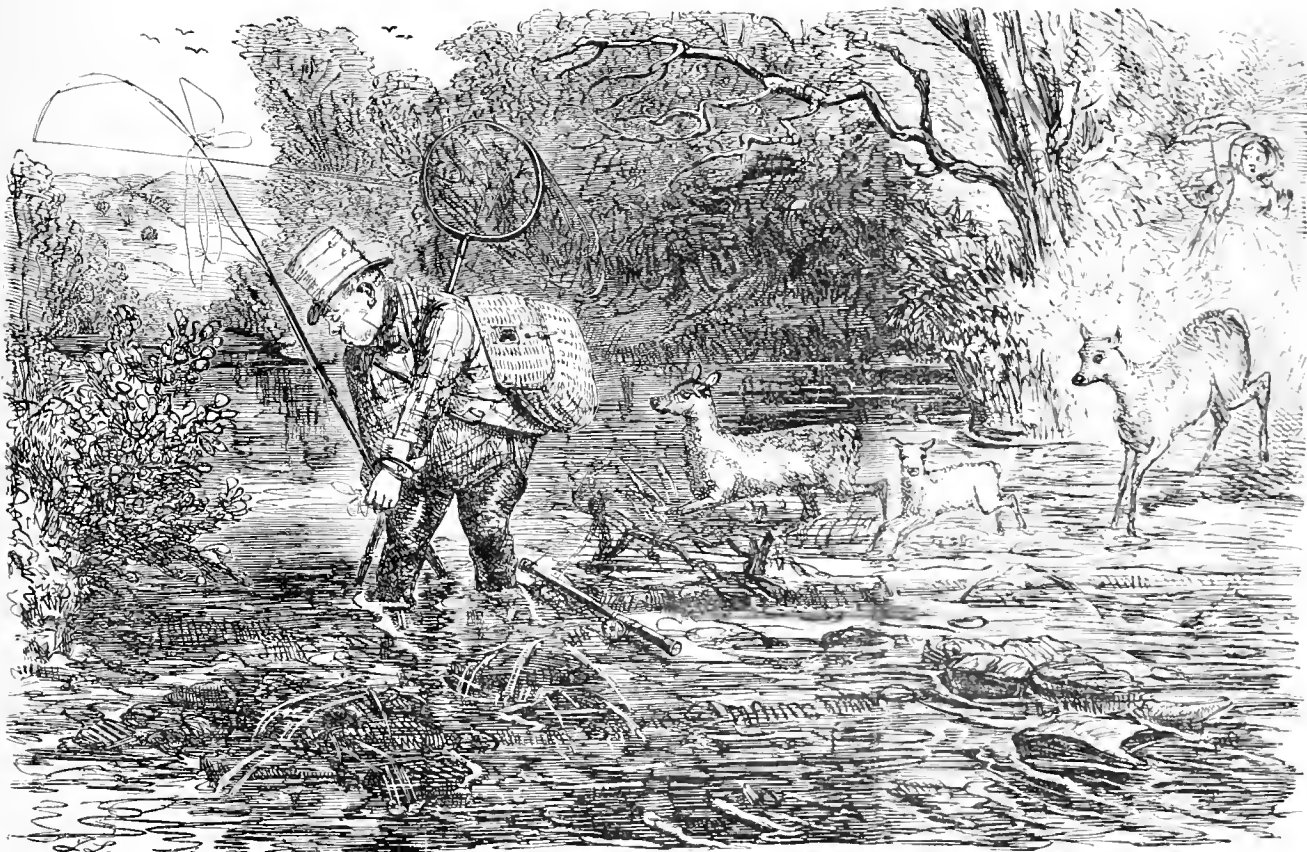
Contented Man (loq.) "WHAT A NICE DAMP PLACE WE HAVE SECURED; AND HOW VERY FORTUNATE WE ARE IN THE WEATHER; IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SO PROVOKING FOR US ALL TO HAVE BROUGHT OUR UMORELLAS AND THEN TO HAVE HAD A FINE DAY!! GLASS OF WINE, BRIGGS, EH?"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF FISHING.



No. VIII.

MR. BRIGGS, ANXIOUS TO BECOME A "COMPLETE ANGLER," STUDIES THE "GENTLE ART" OF FLY-FISHING.



No. IX.

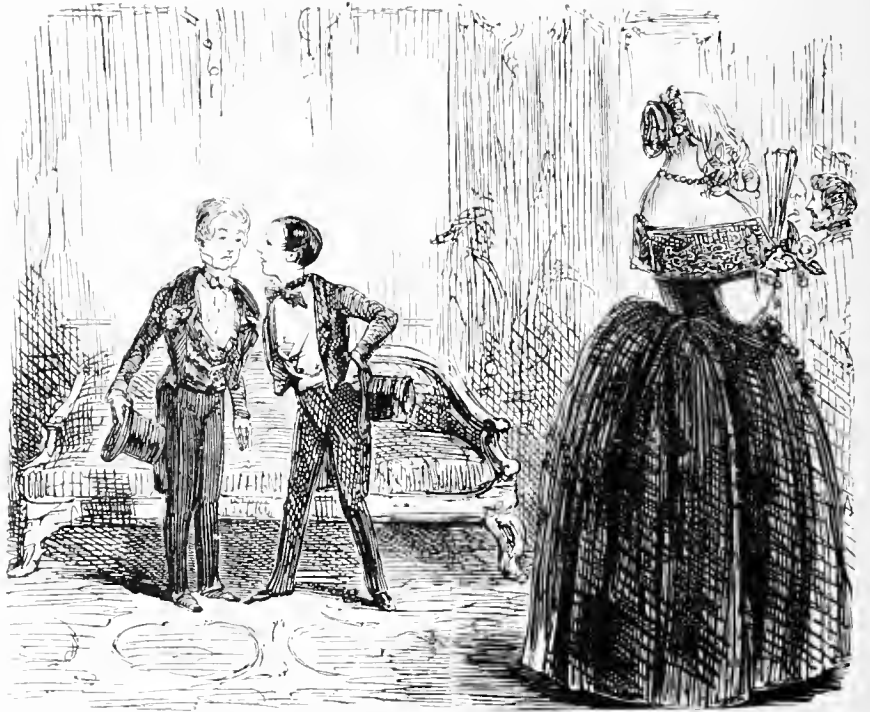
MR. B. GOES OUT. HIS CHIEF DIFFICULTY IS, THAT EVERY TIME HE THROWS HIS LINE—THE HOOKS (OF WHICH THERE ARE FIVE) WILL STICK BEHIND IN HIS JACKET AND TROUSERS.



MEN OF EXPERIENCE.

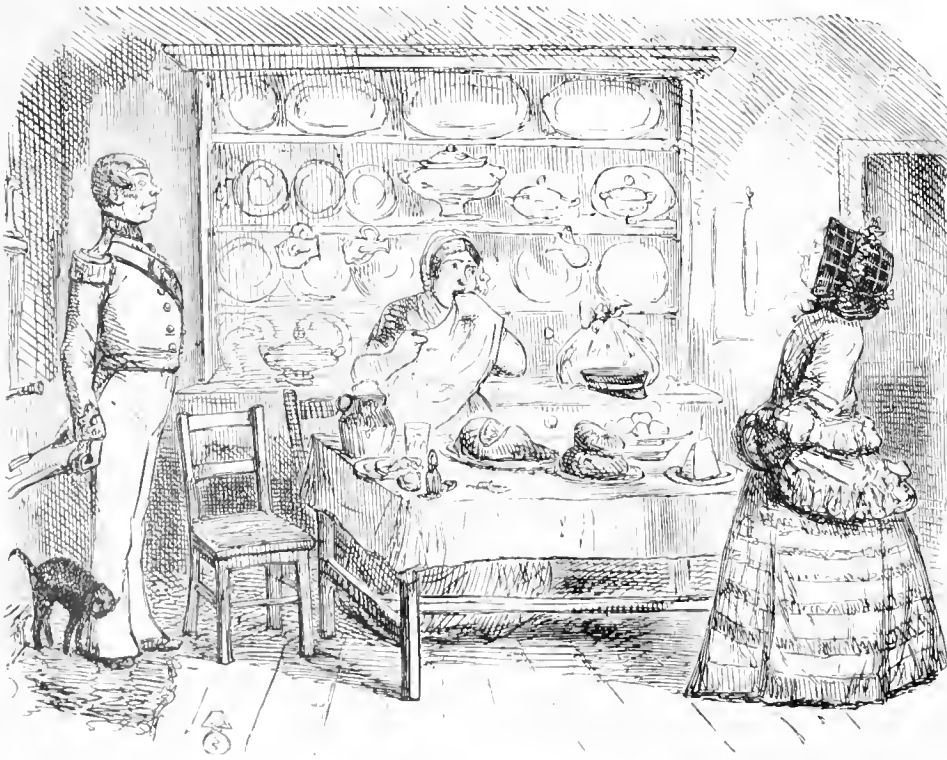
Tom. "AH, BILL! I'M QUITE TIRED OF THE DISSIPATION OF THE GAY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD. I THINK I SHALL MARRY AND SETTLE."

Bill. "WELL, I'M DEVILISH SICK OF A BACHELOR'S LIFE MYSELF, BUT I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF THROWING MYSELF AWAY IN A HURRY."



QUITE UNNECESSARY.

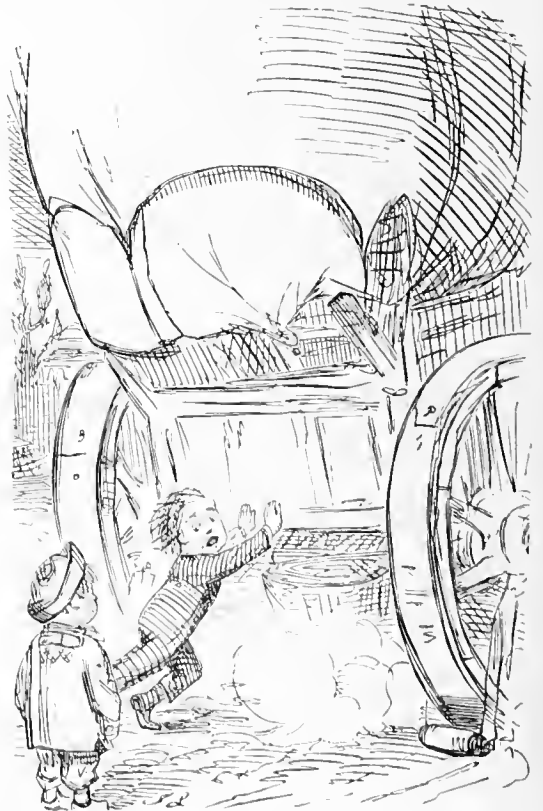
Juvenile. "OH, CHARLEY IF YOU HEAR A REPORT THAT I'M GOING TO BE MARRIED TO THAT GIRL IN BLACK, YOU CAN CONTRADICT IT. THERE'S NOTHING IN IT."



NOT VERY LIKELY.

Mistress. "WELL, I'M SURE! AND PRAY WHO IS THAT?"

Cook. "OH, IF YOU PLEASE'M, IT'S ONLY MY COUSIN WHO HAS CALLED JUST TO SHOW ME HOW TO BOIL A POTATO."



EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

I SAY, TOMMY, COME AND SHOVE. HERE'S THE POOR 'ORSE CAN'T GET THE WAGGIN UP!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF SHOOTING.



No. I.

MR. BRIGGS THINKS OF RUNNING DOWN THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW TO HIS FRIEND HAYCOCK FOR A DAY'S SHOOTING, AND HAS BORROWED A DOG TO GO WITH HIM. FOR THE NINTH TIME DURING THE NIGHT HE HAS BEEN DISTURBED BY THE HOWLING OF THE ANIMAL



No. II.

MR. BRIGGS NO SOONER RETURNS TO HIS BED, THAN MRS. BRIGGS SAYS, "MY DEAR! THERE'S THAT NASTY, TIREISOME DOG AGA'N!!"



THE RISING GENERATION.

Eton Boy (loq.). "COME, GOVERNOR! JUST ONE TOAST, 'THE LADIES!'"



WHEN IT IS DELIGHTFUL TO LOSE A BET.

Grace. "TEDDINGTON FIRST?—THEN THAT WILL MAKE FOUR DOZEN AND A HALF. REMEMBER, SIXES! TWO DOZEN WHITE, AND THE REST PALE DRAB AND LAVENDER."



REWARD OF MERIT.

Ragged Urchin. "PLEASE, GIVE DAD A SHORT PIPE"

Barman. "CAN'T DO IT. DON'T KNOW HIM"

Ragged Urchin. "WHY, HE GETS DRUNK HERE EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT"

Barman. "OH! DOES HE, MY LITTLE DEAR? THEN 'ERE'S A NICE LONG 'UN, WITH A DIT OF WAX AT THE END."



CRUEL.

"REMEMBER THE STEWARD, SIR, IF YOU PLEASE."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF SHOOTING.



No. III.

9 A.M., HIS ARRIVAL ON THE MOOR. MR. BRIGGS SAYS THAT THE FINE BRACING AIR MAKES HIM SO VICEROUS THAT HE SHALL NEVER BE BEAT. HE ALSO FACETIOUSLY REMARKS THAT HE IS ON "HIS NATIVE HEATH," AND THAT HIS "NAME IS MACGREGORI!"



No. IV.

11 A.M. MR. BRIGGS BEGINS TO SHOW SYMPTOMS OF DISTRESS. HE FINDS HIS "NATIVE HEATH" A VERY DIFFERENT THING TO HIS "NATIVE FLAGSTONES."



THE STARVED-OUT ALDERMAN.

DREADFUL CASE OF DESTITUTION



AN OCEAN SWELL.

THE DELIGHTFUL PROCESS OF DRESSING IN A BATHING-MACHINE.



AN EXCLUSIVE.

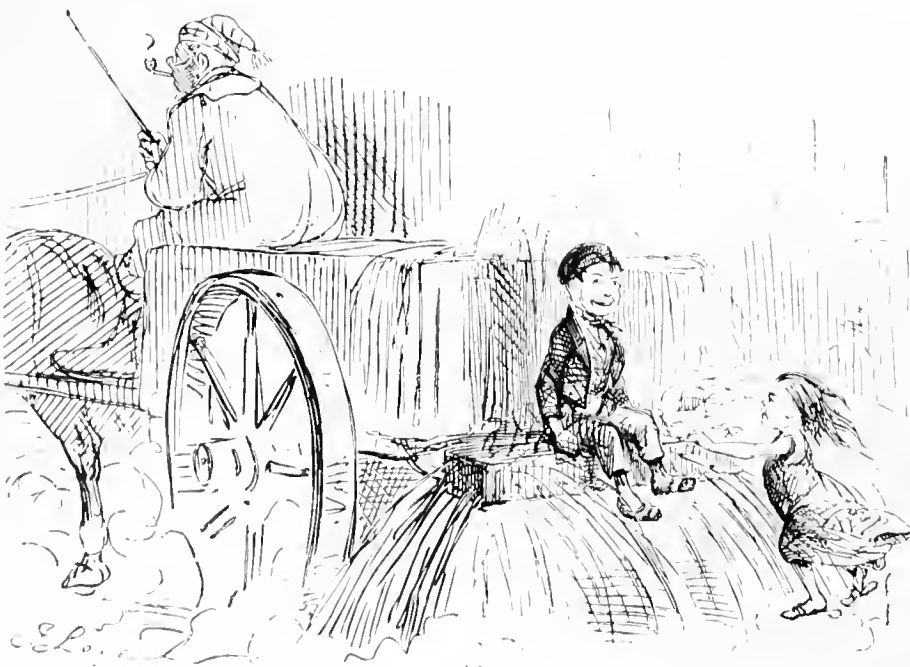
Enter Small Swell (who draws as follows). "A—BROWN, A—WANT SOME MORE COATS!"
 Snip. "YES, SIR. THANK YOU, SIR. HOW MANY WOULD YDU PLEASE TO WANT?"
 Small Swell. "A—LET ME SEE; A'LL HAVE EIGHT. A—NO, A'LL HAVE NINE; LOOK HERE! A—SHALL WANT SOME TROUSERS."
 Snip. "YES, SIR. THANK YOU, SIR. HOW MANY WOULD YOU LIKE?"
 Small Swell. "A—I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY. S'POSE WE SAY TWENTY-FOUR PAIRS; AND LOOK HERE! SHOW ME SOME PATTERNS THAT WON'T BE WORN BY ANY SNOBS!"



ELEGANT HABIT.

Mamma. "MY DEAR FREDERICK, DO PRAY TAKE YOUR HANDS OUT OF YOUR POCKETS!"

Frederick. "COULDN'T DO IT, MAMMA, DEAR; ALL OUR MEN AT CAMBRIDGE WEAR THEIR HANDS IN THEIR POCKETS, AND I COULDN'T DISCRACE MY COLLEGE BY TAKING MINE OUT!!!"



PITY IS AKIN TO LOVE.

Boy (loq.). "O DON'T I PITY THEM POOR NOBS IN CARRIDGES THIS HOT WEATHER!"



AN OMNIBUS INCIDENT.

Man (thrusting his hand into the window). "WILL YOU DUY A PENKNIFE WITH A HUNDRED BLADES, SIR?"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF SHOOTING.



No. V.

12 A.M. TOTAL PROSTRATION OF MR. BRIGGS.



ANALOGY.

Sporting Man (loquitor). "I SAY, CHARLES—THAT'S A PROMISING LITTLE FILLY ALONG O' THAT BAY-HAIRED WOMAN WHO'S TALKING TO THE BLACK-COB-LOOKING MAN!"



JOHN THOMAS MISPLACED.

Lady. "YOU WISH TO LEAVE—REALLY IT'S VERY INCONVENIENT. PRAY—HAVE YOU ANY REASON TO BE DISSATISFIED WITH YOUR PLACE?"

Flunkey. "OH, DEAR NO, MA'AM—NOT DISSATISFIED EXACTLY; BUT—A—THE FACT IS, MA'AM, YOU DON'T KEEP NO VEHICLE. AND I FIND I MISS MY GARRIAGE EXERCISE."



NOTHING LIKE PRUDENCE.

Maria (lorg.). "MY DEAR CHARLES, BEFORE WE THINK OF MARRYING, I MUST ASK YOU WHAT YOU HAVE?"

Charles. "MY DEAR MARIA, I WILL TELL YOU FRANKLY THAT ALL I HAVE IN THE WORLD IS A DRUM AND A CRICKET BAT; BUT PAPA HAS PROMISED ME A BOW AND ARROWS, AND A PONY. IF I'M A GOOD BOY."

Maria. "OH! MY DEAR CHARLES, WE COULD NEVER LIVE AND KEEP HOUSE UPON THAT!"

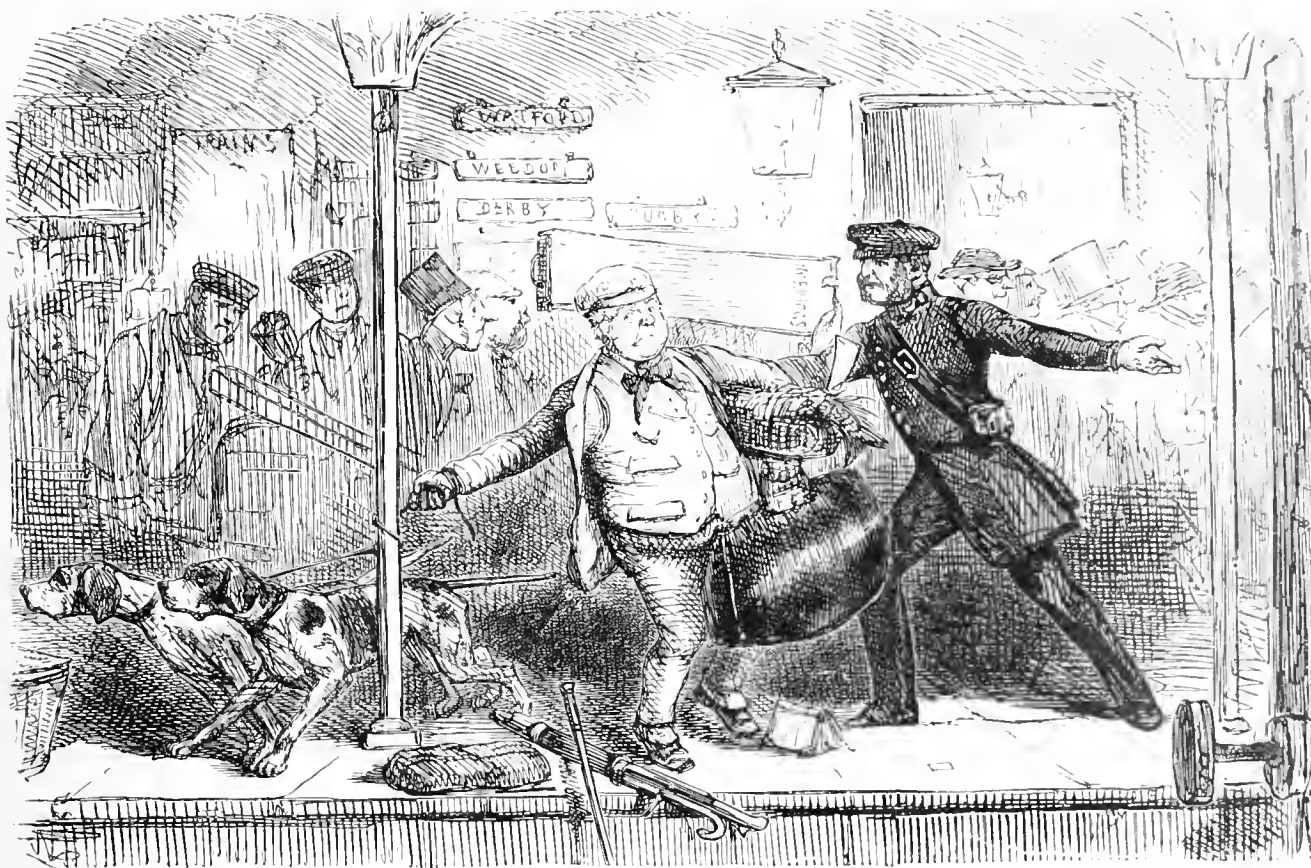


HOUSEMAIDS REFUSING SERVICE IN BELGRAVIA.

Lady Emily. "NOW DEAR, I WISH YOU WOULD BE QUICK, AND LIGHT THE FIRES, AND HELP ME TO MAKE THE BEDS."

[The Barracks being removed from Knightsbridge. Young Ladies do the Housework.]

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF SHOOTING.



No. VI.

MR. BRIGGS IS OFF AGAIN SHOOTING



GRANDMAMMA IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE GIVEN MASTER TOM SOME PLUMS.

Master Tom. "NOW, THEN, GRANNY, I'VE EATEN THE PLUMS, AND IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME SIXPENCE, I'LL SWALLOW THE STONES!"

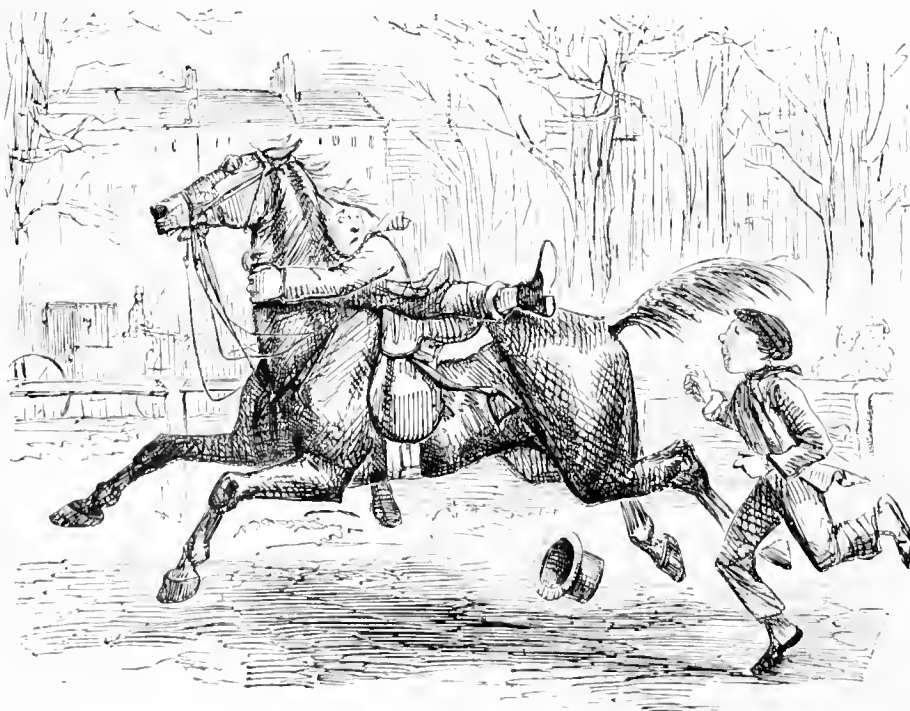


MAKING THE BEST OF IT.



HORRIBLE INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

AS THE SERVANTS ARE GONE TO BED, THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE ENDEAVOURS TO GET A LITTLE BIT OF SUPPER FOR HIMSELF. HE CAN'T CONCEIVE WHERE THE DEUCE THE THINGS ARE ALL KEPT; AND HE IS ALMOST TORN TO PIECES BY THE BLACK NATIVES OF THE KITCHEN.



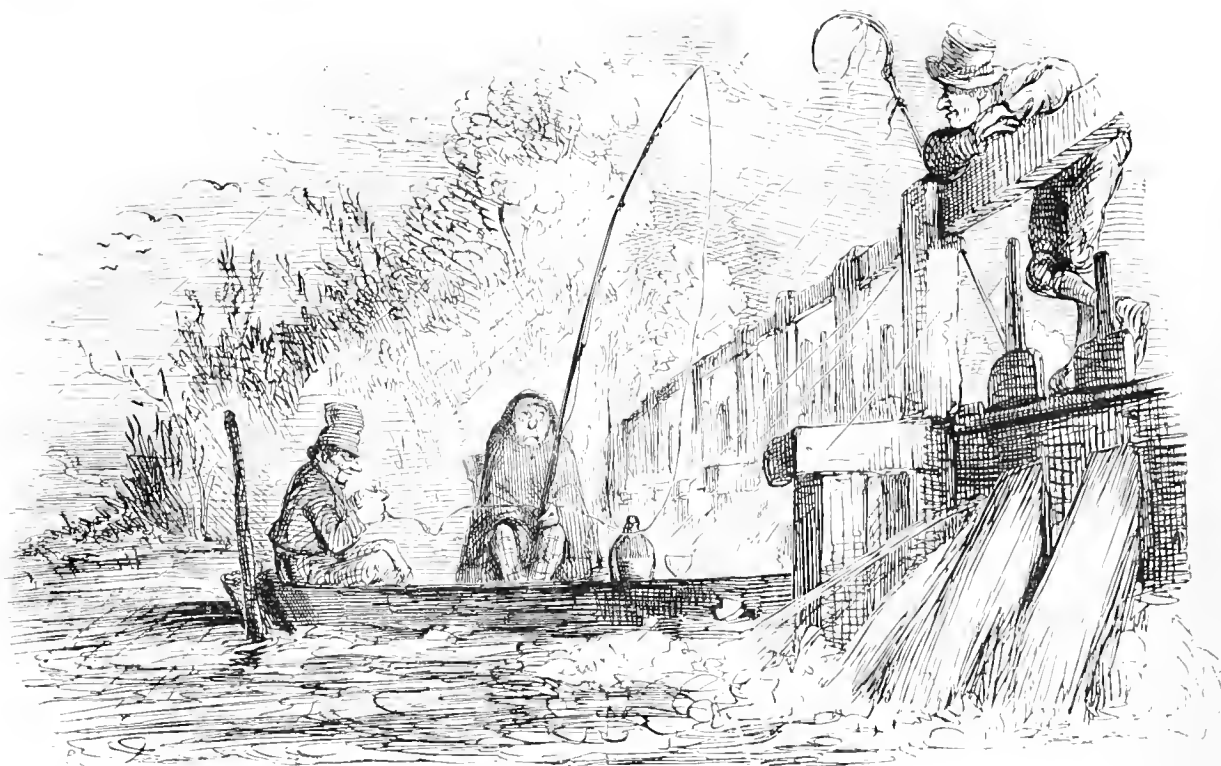
RATHER SEVERE.

"SHALL I 'OLD YOUR 'ORSE, SIR?"



A FAULTY MIRROR.

"LOR! WHAT A MOST ADDMINABLE GLASS.—
I DECLARE IT MAKES ONE LOOK A
PERFECT FRIGHT!"



CONSOLATION.

"NOT KITCHED NONE! AH! SIR, YOU SHOULD HA' BIN HERE LAST TOOSDAY; THERE WAS TOO GENTS KILLED A UNCOMMON SIGHT A FISH TO BE SURE, THEN."



BOTTOM FISHING.

Piscator No 1 (miserably). "NOW, TOM, DO LEAVE OFF. IT ISN'T OF ANY USE; AND IT'S GETTING QUITE DARK."

Piscator No. 2. "LEAVE OFF!! WHAT A PRECIOUS DISAGREEABLE GHAP YOU ARE. YOU COME OUT FOR A DAY'S PLEASURE AND YOU'RE ALWAYS A-WANTING TO GO HOME!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF SHOOTING.



No. VIII.

FEW THINGS ARE MORE ANNOYING THAN TO BE SHORT OF POWDER WHEN THERE IS A CHANCE OF GOOD SPORT. MR BRIGGS FEELING THIS, ORDERS A GOOD SUPPLY, TO BANG AWAY AT THE PHEASANTS TO-MORROW. HE SUGGESTS TO MRS. BRIGGS, THAT IT SHOULD BE KEPT UNDER THEIR BED, TO BE OUT OF THE WAY OF THE CHILDREN!!



A CAUTION TO LITTLE BOYS AT A FESTIVE SEASON.

Mamma. "WHY, MY DEAREST ALBERT, WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR?—SO GOOD, TOO, AS YOU HAVE BEEN ALL DAY!"

Spoiled Little Boy. "BOO-HOO! I'VE EATEN SO—MUCH BE-EF AND T-TURKEY, THAT I CAN'T EAT ANY P-PLUM & P-PUDDING!"



A PRIVATE OPINION.

"WELL, I THINK THIS IS THE NEATEST THING I HAVE SEEN FOR A LONG TIME."



A REAL DIFFICULTY.

Coachman. "WHY—WHAT'S THE MATTER, JOHN THOMAS?"
Footman. "MATTER ENUFF! HERE'S THE MARCHIONESS BIN AN GIV ME NOTICE BECAUSE I DON'T MATCH JOSEPH,—AND I MUST GO, UNLESS I CAN GET MY FAT DOWN IN A WEEK!"



PLEASANT.

Old Acquaintance. "AVE A DRAIN, BILL?"
Bus Driver. "WHY, YER SEE, JIM, THIS 'ERE YOUNG HOSS HAS ONY BIN IN 'ARNES ONCE AFORE, AND HE'S SUCH A BEGGAR TO BOLT, TEN TO ONE IF I LEAVE 'IM HELL BE A-RUNNIN' HOFF AND A-SMASHIN' INTO SUTHUN. HOWSEVER—HERE (handing reins to timid passenger), LAY HOLD, SIR, I'LL CHANCE IT!"



BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

First. "WU'T TAK THY QUOAT OFF, THEN! OI TELL THEE OIM AS GOOD A MDN AS THEE!"

Second. "THEE A MON! WHOY THEE BE'EST ONLY WALKING ABOUT TO SAVE THY FUNERAL EXPENSES!"

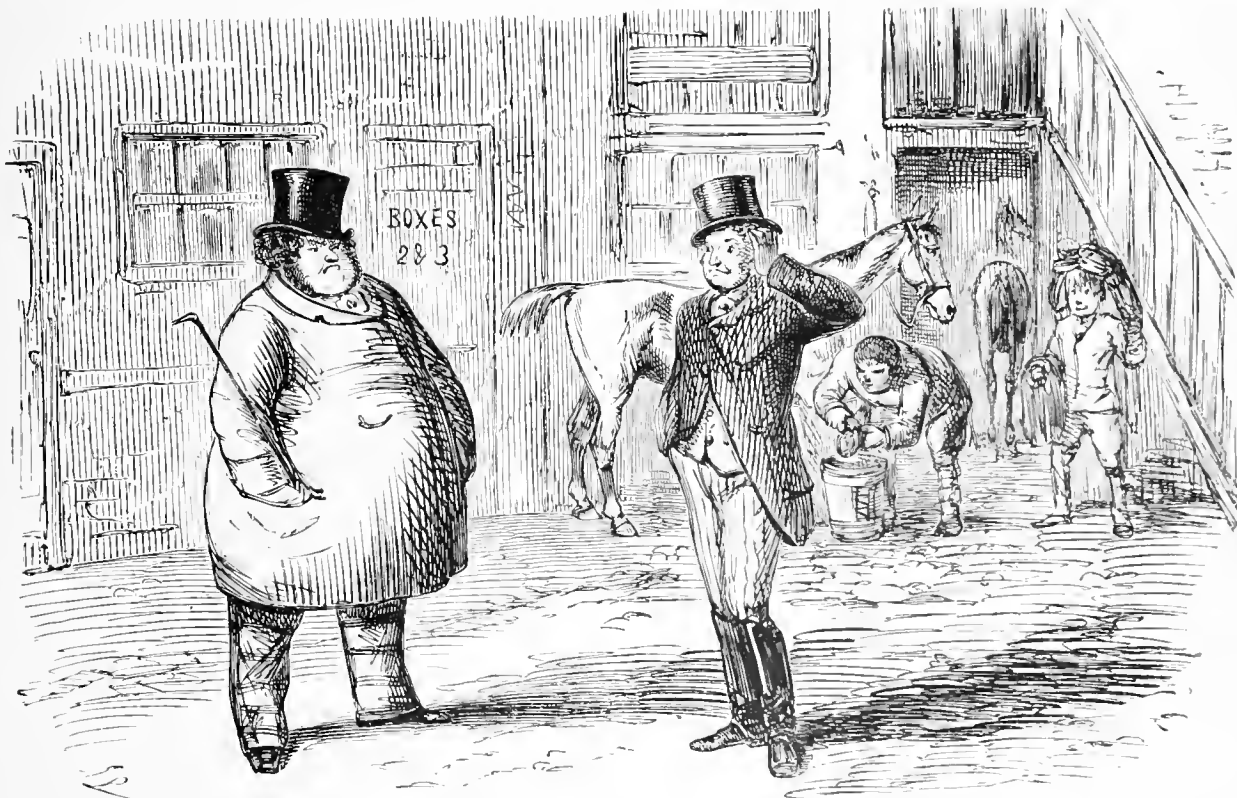


ANOTHER BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

First Polite Native. "WHO'S 'IM, BILL?"

Second Ditto. "A STRANGER I"

First Ditto. "'EAVE 'ARF A BRICK AT 'IM."



UP TO WEIGHT.

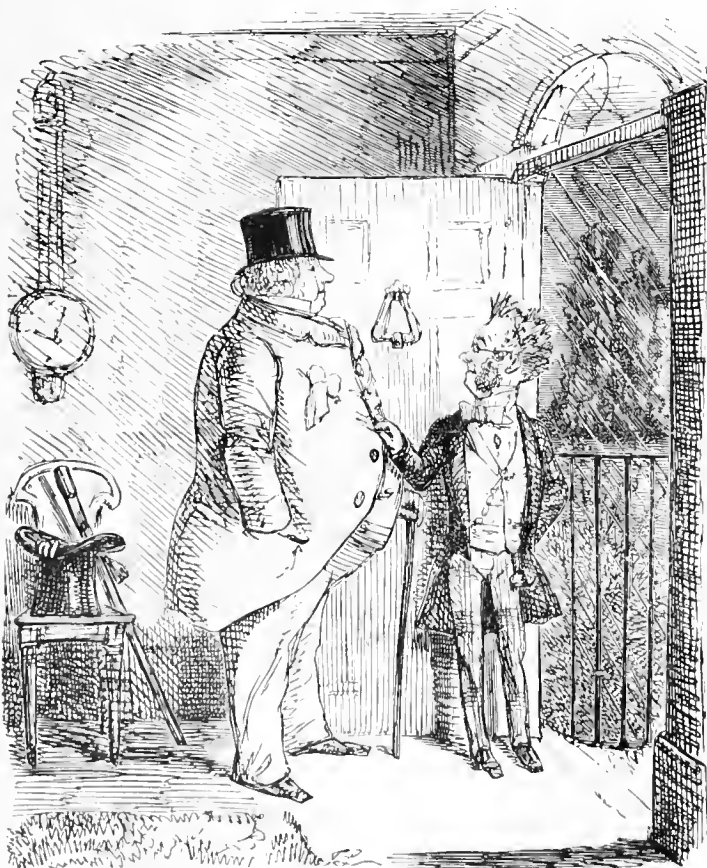
Stout Party. "AH! I WANT TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE HOUNDS TO-MORROW! DO YOU THINK YOU HAVE GOT ANYTHING THAT WOULD CARRY ME?"

Stable Keeper. "WELL, SIR! I THINK I HAVE TWO BROWN 'OSSES—AND A OMNIBUS, AS PERHAPS MIGHT DO IT!"



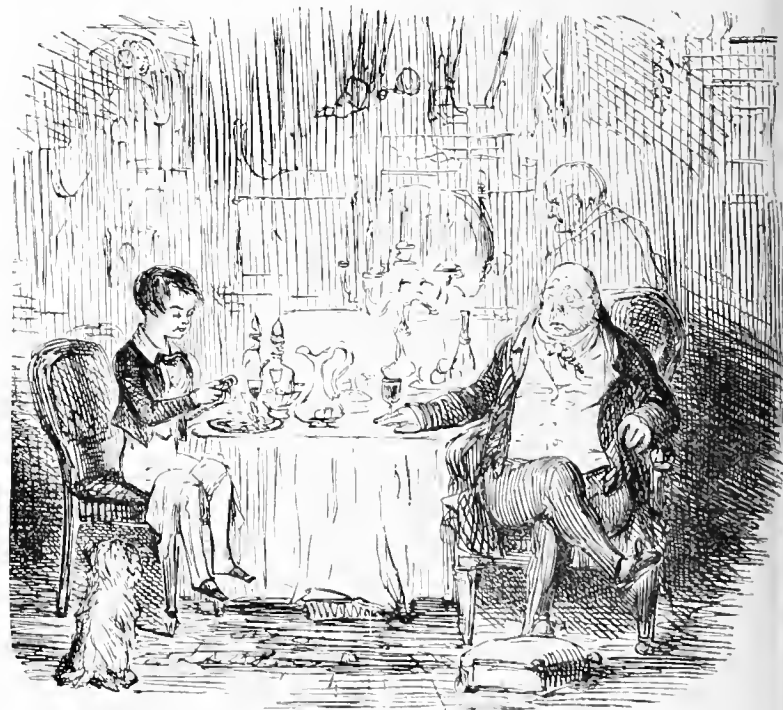
WHY, INDEED?

Perceptive Child. "MAMMA, DEAR! WHY DO THOSE GENTLEMEN DRESS THEMSELVES LIKE THE FUNNY LITTLE MEN IN MY NOAH'S ARK?"



VERY CONSIDERATE.

Affable Little Gentleman. "DEAR, OH DEAR! HOW IT RAINS! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL GET VERY WET—CAN I OFFER YOU A GREAT COAT OR ANYTHING?"



CHANGING THE SUBJECT.

Old Gentleman. "WELL, WALTER, I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE GOT INTO LATIN AND GREEK AT SCHOOL BY THIS TIME, EH?"

Juvenile. "OH, YES, SIR. I HAVE JUST FINISHED XENOPHON AND THUCYDIDES, AND AM NOW IN EURIPIDES. BY THE WAY, SIR, HOW WOULD YOU RENDER THE PASSAGE BEGINNING ΚΗΚΩΣ ΠΕΠΡΑΚΤΑΙ ΠΑΝΤΑΥΗ?"

Old Gentleman. "AHEM! HEY?—WHAT?—AHEM! HERE, RUGGLES, BRING ANOTHER BOTTLE OF CLARET, AND—EH? WHAT? WALTER, I THINK YOU HAD BETTER JOIN THE LADIES."



MEETING HIM HALF WAY.

Young Hopeful. "WELL, IT'S OF NO USE, GOVERNOR; I CAN'T STICK TO BUSINESS. I WANT TO BE A SOLDIER, AND YOU MUST BUY ME A COMMISSION."

Governor. "NO, MY BOY, I CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY YOU A COMMISSION, BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I WILL DO; IF YOU WILL GO DOWN TO CHATHAM AND ENLIST, I WILL GIVE YOU MY WORD OF HONOUR I WON'T BUY YOU OFF!"



MEN OF THE WORLD.

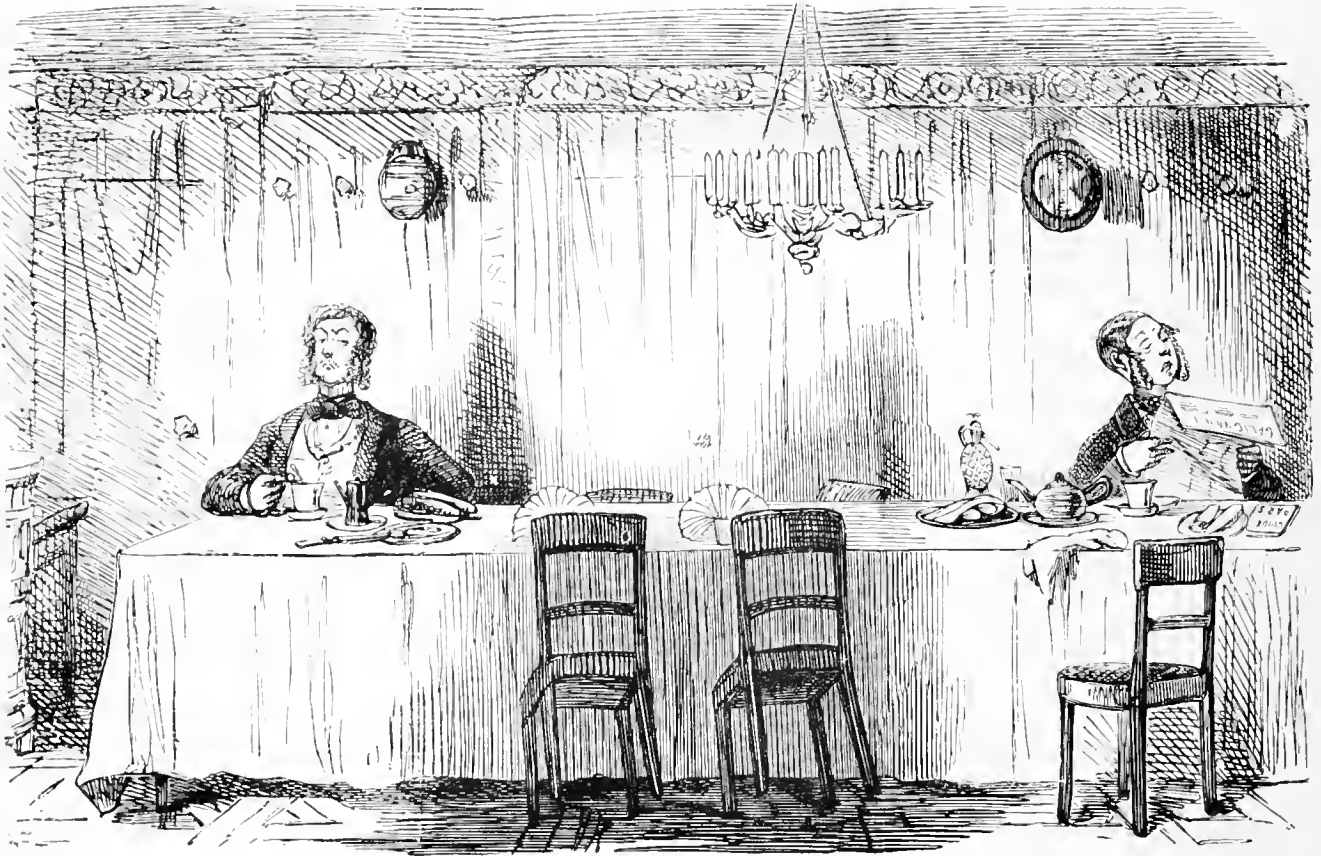
First Man of the World. "HEARD OF MISS F——'S MARRIAGE, CHARLEY?"

Second Do. "AH! I HEARD IT SPOKEN OF. I BELIEVE IT WAS A MARRIAGE OF INCLINATION ON BOTH SIDES?"

First Do. "YES! IT WAS A BAD JOB. THOSE MATCHES NEVER TURN OUT WELL!"



PATERFAMILIAS MAKES HIMSELF INDEPENDENT OF HOTELS



THE BRITON ABROAD.

DID YOU EVER SEE TWO STRANGE ENGLISHMEN BREAKFASTING AT A TABLE D'HÔTE ABROAD? WELL! ISN'T IT A CHEERFUL THING?



THE GARRET AND THE CONSERVATORY.

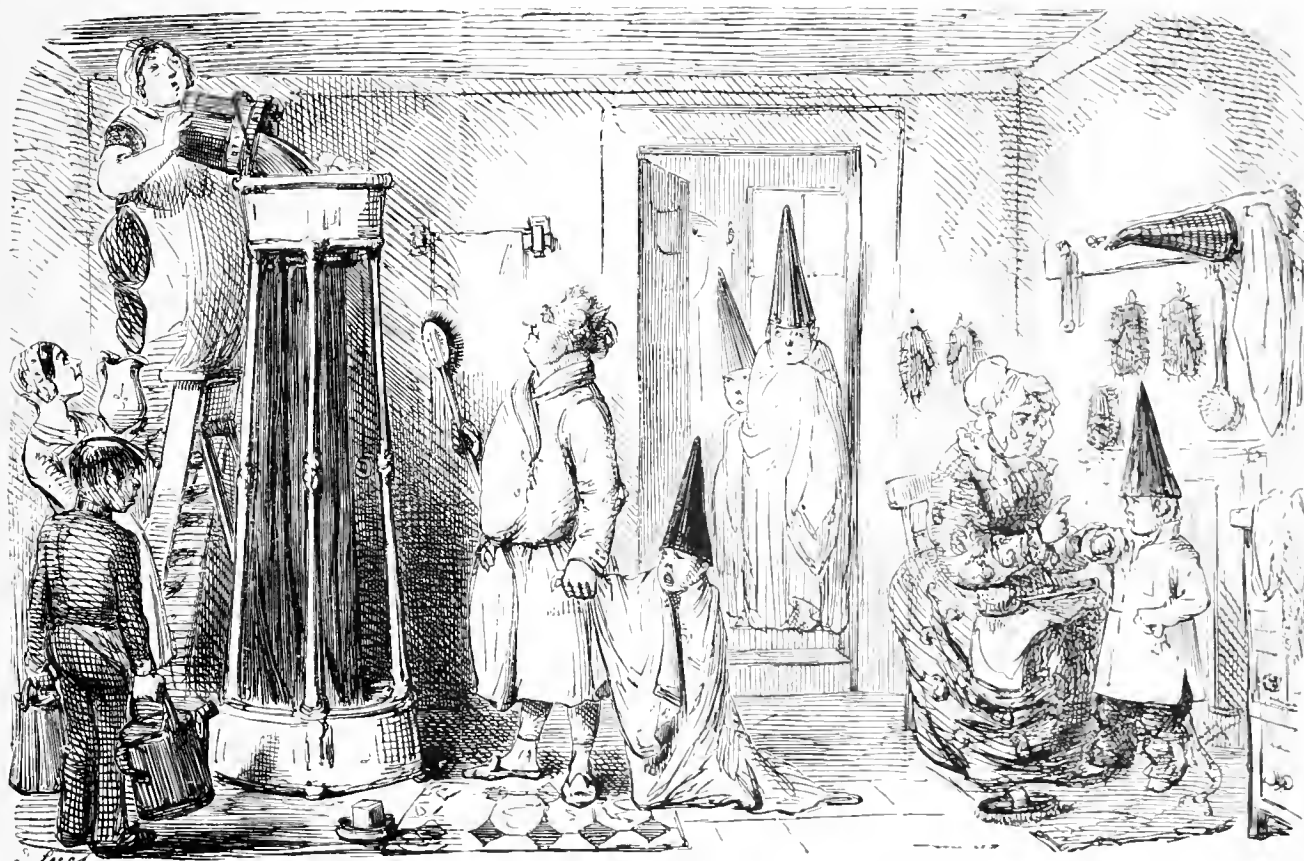
Gentle Pluralist, "WHAT THE PEOPLE CAN WANT WITH A CRYSTAL PALACE ON SUNDAYS, I CAN'T THINK! SURELY THEY OUGHT TO BE CONTENTED WITH THEIR CHURCH AND THEIR HOME AFTERWARDS."



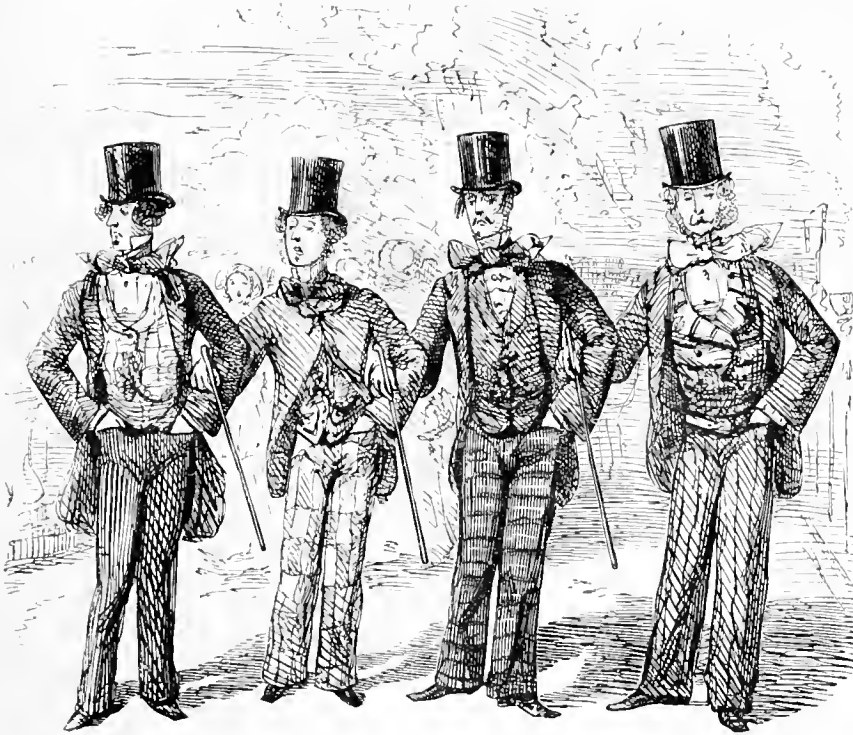
A THOROUGH GOOD COOK

Lady. "THEN, WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST PLACE, PRAY?"

Cook. "WELL, MA'AM, AFTER I'M DONE WORK, I AM VERY FOND OF SINGING AND PLAYING ON THE ACCORDION, AND MISSUS HADN'T USED TO LIKE IT—AND SO I GIVE NOTICE!"



DOMESTIC SANITARY REGULATIONS.



A MOST ALARMING SWELLING!



INFORMATION.

"JEMMY! WHAT'S A STALL AT THE HOPERA?"

"WELL, I CAN'T SAY. NOT FOR CERTAIN; BUT I SUPPOSE IT'S WHERE THEY SELL THE HAPPLES, HORANGES, GINGER BEER AND BISKITS."



SELF-ESTEEM.

Gentleman. "SIXTY POUNDS A YEAR!! WHY, MAN, ARE YOU AWARE THAT SUCH A SUM IS MORE THAN IS FREQUENTLY GIVEN TO A CURATE?"

Flunkey. "OH, YES, SIR; BUT THEN YOU WOULD HARDLY, I HOPE, GO FOR TO COMPARE ME WITH THE HINFERIOR ORDER OF CLERGY."



GROSS INSULT.

University "Man" having spent a few days in Town, at the end of Term is about to go Home.

Waiter (condescendingly). "GOING HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS, SIR?"

University MAN (hurling himself into Hansom). "EUSTON SQUA-A-A-RE!"



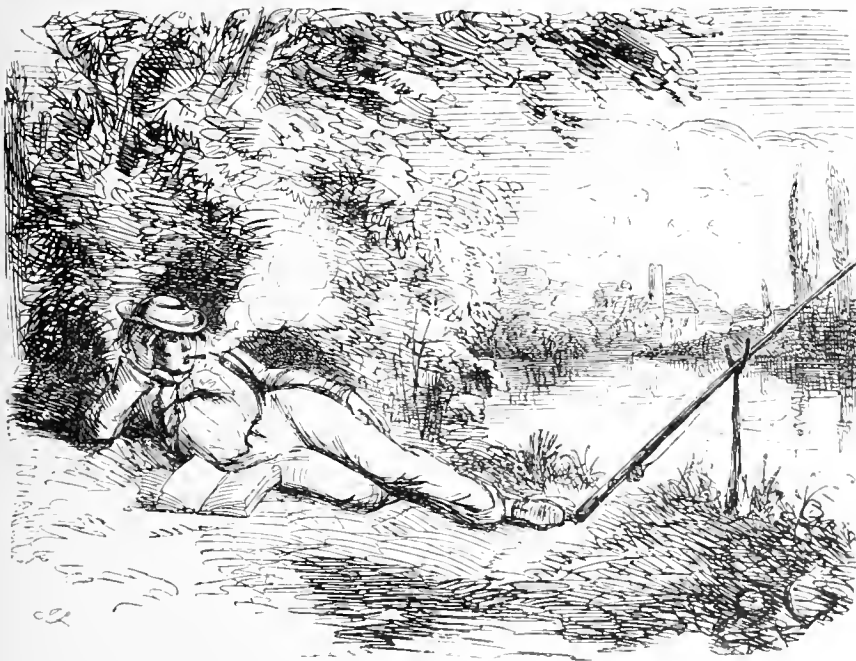
CANDID.

Old Gent. "THOMAS, I HAVE ALWAYS PLACED THE GREATEST CONFIDENCE IN YOU. NOW TELL ME, THOMAS, HOW IS IT THAT MY BUTCHER'S BILLS ARE SO LARGE, AND THAT I ALWAYS HAVE SUCH BAD DINNERS?"
 Thomas. "REALLY, SIR, I DON'T KNOW, FOR I'M SURE WE NEVER HAVE ANYTHING NICE IN THE KITCHEN THAT WE DON'T ALWAYS SEND SOME OF IT UP INTO THE PARLOUR!"



DE GUS-TIBUS.

Uncle. "SO, YOU'VE BEEN TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE—HAVE YOU, GUS?"
 Gus. "YES, UNCLE."
 Uncle. "WELL, NOW, I'LL GIVE YOU SIXPENCE IF YOU WILL TELL ME WHAT YOU ADMIRED MOST IN THAT TEMPLE OF INDUSTRY?"
 Gus. (unhesitatingly). "VEAL AND 'AM PIES, AND THE GINGER BEER. GIVE US THE SIXPENCE."



AN ENTHUSIASTIC FISHERMAN.

"WHAT A BORE! JUST LIKE MY LUCK. NO SOONER HAVE I GOT MY TACKLE READY, AND SETTLED DOWN TO A BOOK, THAN THERE COMES A CONFOUNDED BITE!"



MELANCHOLY REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

"POOR SWEEPER, LADIES! RAILWAY DIRECTOR ONCE, LADIES!"



A COUNTRY BALL.

First Amiable Lady (very loud). "WHAT A REMARKABLY ODD SET OF PEOPLE ONE MEETS AT A PUBLIC BALL!"

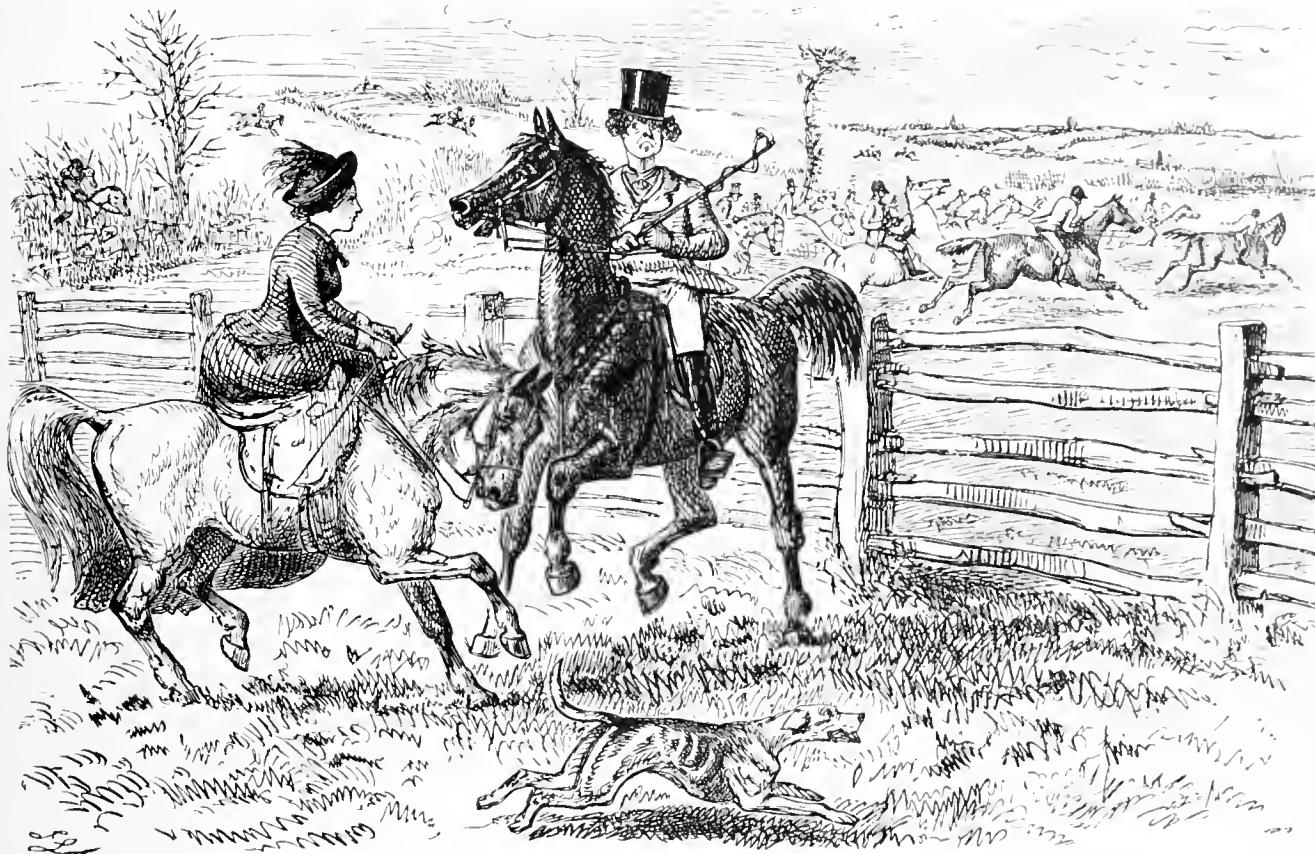
Second Do. "OH, VERY DROLL!"

Poor Little Swell. "YETH; AND SO THWANGELY DRETHED!"



A FACT.

Flunkey (out of place). "THERE'S JUST ONE QUESTION I SHOULD LIKE TO ASK YOUR LADYSHIP—HAM I ENGAGED FOR WORK, OR HAM I ENGAGED FOR ORNAMENT?"



RATHER AWKWARD FOR TOMKINS.

Young Diana. "I THINK, SIR, IF YOU WOULD BE SO GOOD AS TO GO FIRST, AND BREAK THE TOP RAIL, MY PONY WOULD GET OVER."



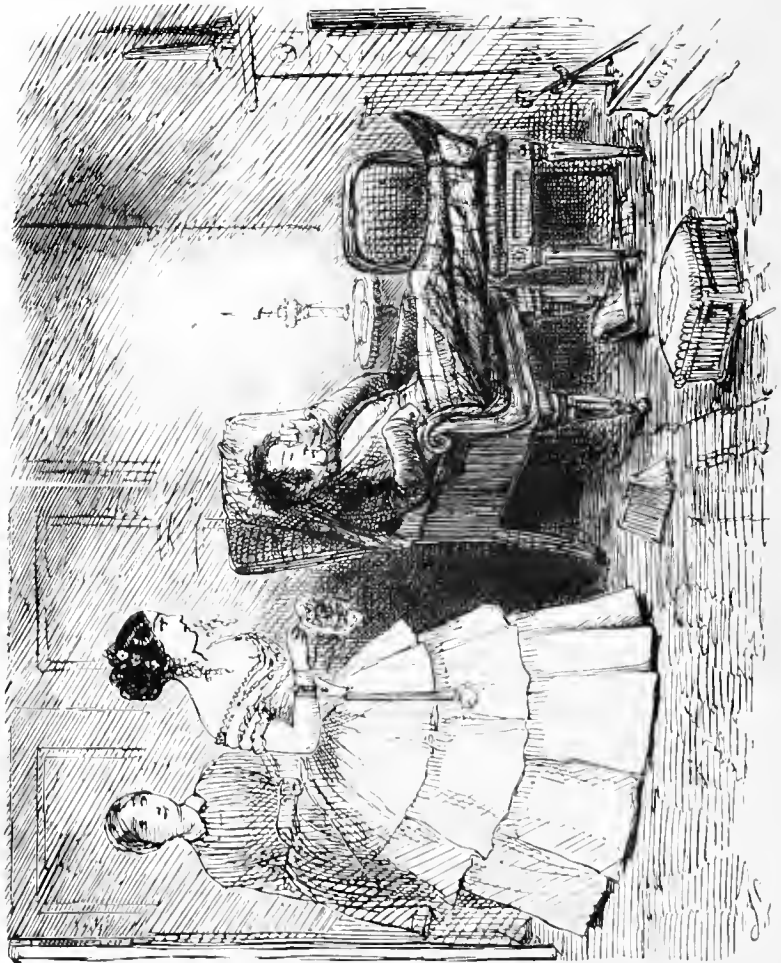
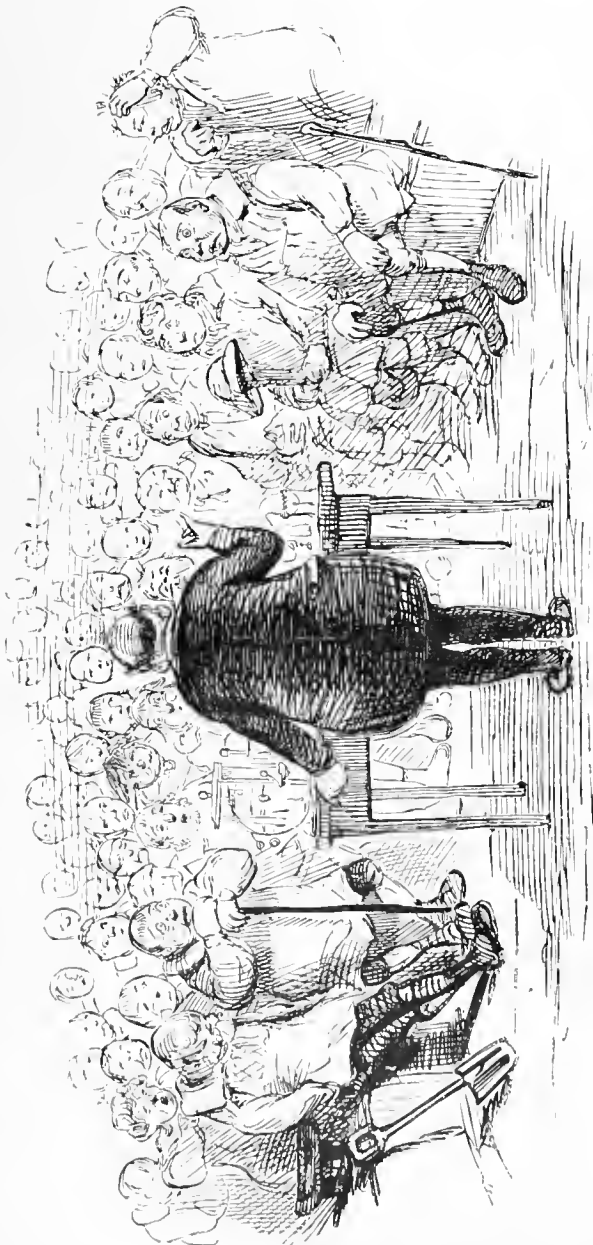
AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

Whip. "HOLD HARD, GENTLEMEN! WARE WHEAT! WARE WHEAT!!"

Young Farmer. "COME ON, GENTLEMEN. NEVER MIND THE WHEAT—IT'S ONLY THIRTY SHILLINGS A QUARTER!!"



PROFESSOR BUCKWHEAT IMPRESSING THE AGRICULTURAL MIND.



GOING "OUT" TO AN "AT HOME."

Lovely Woman (to brute of a Husband). "GOOD GRACIOUS, WILLIAM—FAST ASLEEP! AND NOT DRESSED, I DECLARE! WHY THE HEAVS! TWELVE O'CLOCK AND THE BRIDGEMAN HAS BEEN WAITING THIS HALF-HOUR GO AND GET READY."



TERRIBLE DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

"LAWK, JOHN! IF YOU HAVENT BIN AND LET MASTERS LIBERY FIRE OUT AGAIN."



FILLING UP THE CENSUS PAPER.

Wife of his Bosom. "UPON MY WORD, MR. PEEWITT! IS THIS THE WAY YOU FILL UP YOUR CENSUS? SO YOU CALL YOURSELF THE 'HEAD OF THE FAMILY'—DO YOU—AND ME A FEMALE!"



A SPORTING CHARACTER.

"ARE YOU GOING TO HASCOT, BILL?"
"WHY, YES; I'M GOING TO CHAPERONO THIS YOUNG FEMALE DOWN BY THE RAIL."



OUR FOREIGN VISITORS.

Conductor. "HOLD HARD, DILL! HERE'S A COUPLE MORE LEICESTER SQUARES A-COMIN'."



TRUE RESPECTABILITY.

First Costermonger. "I WONDER A RESPECTABLE COVE LIKE YOU, BILL, CARRIES YOUR OWN COLLYFLOWERS: WHY DON'T YER KEEP A CARRIDOE LIKE MINE?"
Second Costermonger. "WHY DON'T I KEEP A CARRIDOE? WHY, BECAUSE I DON'T CHOOSE TO WASTE MY HINCUM IN MERE SHOW AND FASHIONABLE DISPLAY!"



THE OPERA.

Box-Keeper, "STALLS 216 AND 17. THIS WAY, MA'AM: LAST ROW, MA'AM. WON'T YOU LIKE A BOOK, MA'AM?"



SEASONABLE QUESTION.

"DID YOU WANT YER DOOR SWEEPED, MA'AM?"



A BRITISH RUFFIAN.

Lady, "IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED WITH WHAT I HAVE GIVEN YOU, THERE'S A GENTLEMAN HERE WHO WILL SETTLE WITH YOU."

Cabman, "NO, THERE AIN'T! THERE AIN'T NO GENTLEMAN HERE!"

Lady, "I TELL YOU THERE IS. THERE IS A GENTLEMAN IN THIS HOUSE."

Cabman, "OH, NO, THERE AIN'T, NOT IF HE BELONGS TO YOU!"



TURFITES.

"I SAY, OLD FELLOW, HOW DO YOU GO TO THE DERBY THIS YEAR?"

"OH, THE OLD WAY—HAMPER AND FOUR."



UNSEASONABLE SPORT.

Wife (much startled). "GOOD GRACIOUS, REGINALD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT GUN?"

Reginald (who is very fond of shooting). "HUSH! HUSH! MY DEAR—I'VE KILLED TWO!"

Wife. "MY GOODNESS! TWO WHAT?—THIEVES?"

Reginald. "NO, DEAR. TWO OF THOSE CONFOUNDED RABBITS THAT ARE ALWAYS EATING THE VERBENA! THERE, GO TO SLEEP, DARLING—I'LL HAVE ANOTHER DIRECTLY."



A YOUNG GENTLEMAN AND SCHOLAR.

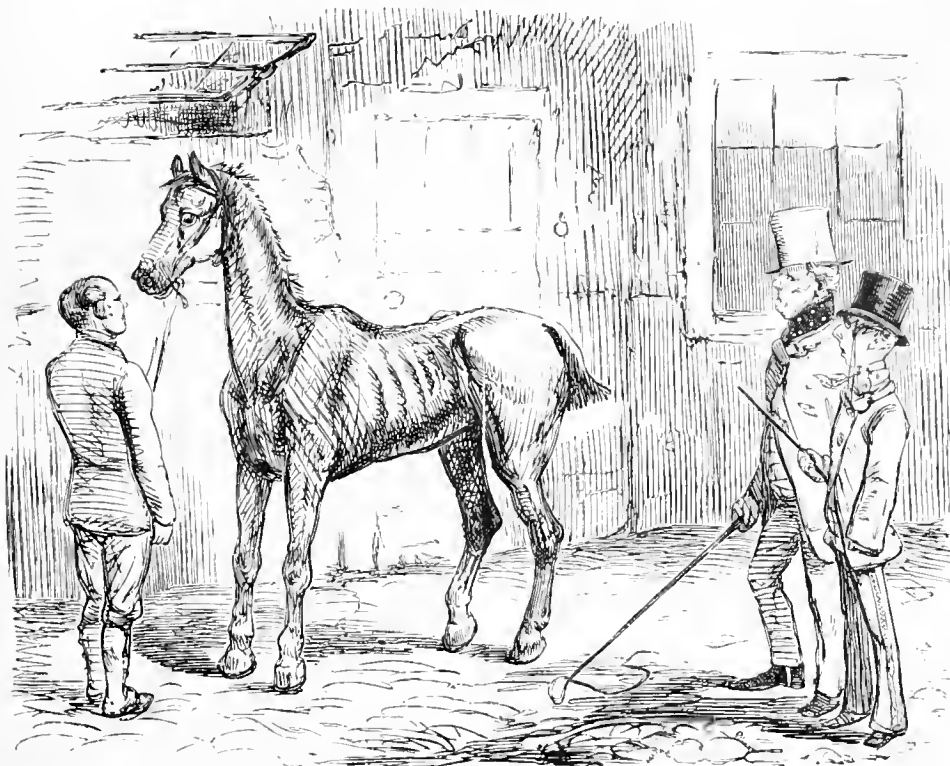
Fond Mother. "WHY, HE DOESN'T WRITE VERY WELL YET, BUT HE GETS ON NICELY WITH HIS SPELLING. COME, ALEXANDER, WHAT DOES D. O. G. SPELL?"

Infant Prodigy (with extraordinary quickness). "CAT!"



"THAT IS THE QUESTION."

IS WESKETS TO BE GENERALLY WORE THIS SUMMER?



ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

Dealer. "THERE! HE AINT A 'ORSE MADE UP FOR SALE HE'LL GO ON IMPROVIN' EVERY DAY YOU KEEP HIM—HE WILL."



EASY SHAVING.



ARITHMETIC IN THE UNIVERSITY.

"I SAY, FRANK, MY BOY—IF TROUNCER'S AT 5 TO 2, AND NUTSHELL AT 3 TO 1, WHAT'S THE BETTING AGAINST THE PAIR OF THEM!"

"I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW—TAKE YOU 6 TO 1."



STARTLING EFFECT OF THE "GOLD DIGGINS."

Reduced Goldsmith (log.). "NOW THEN, HERE YOU ARE!—A HANDSOME GOLD SNUFF-BOX AND A HA'PORTH OF SNUFF FOR A PENNY!"



A TEST OF STRENGTH.

First Languid Party. "DON'T YOU FIND SEA-AIR VERY STRENGTHENING, JACK?"

Second Ditto, Ditto. "AH, VEY! I COULD THROW STONES IN THE WATER ALL DAY!"



ELEGANT AND RATIONAL DINNER COSTUME FOR CLOSE WEATHER.



HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?



A HEAVY BLOW.

Alderman Gobble. "WHAW-T; PULL DOWN TEMPLE BAR? OH DEAR! RING FOR THE SHERRY. THEY'LL BE FOR DESTROYING GOG AND MAQOG NEXT."



OYSTERS IN JUNE—DELICIOUS!

"NOW, MY LITTLE MAN—HERE'S YOUR FINE NATIVES! ONLY A PENNY A LOT."



A PRODIGIOUS NUISANCE.

Learned (but otherwise highly objectionable) Child (loq.). "OH, MAMMA, DEAR! WHAT DO YOU THINK? I ASKED MR. — AND MISS — TO NAME SOME OF THE REMARKABLE EVENTS FROM THE YEAR 700 TO THE YEAR 600 B.C., AND THEY COULDN'T. BUT I CAN—AND—THE SECOND MESSINIAN WAR COMMENCED; AND—THE POET TYRTÆUS FLOURISHED; BYZANTIUM WAS FOUNDED BY THE INHABITANTS OF MEGARA; DRACO GAVE LAWS TO ATHENS; TERPANDER OF LESBOS, THE MUSICIAN AND POET; THALES OF MILETUS, THE PHILOSOPHER; ALCÆUS AND SAPPHO, THE POETS, FLOURISHED; AND NEDUCHADNEZ—"

[Sensation from right and left, during which the voice of Child is happily drowned.



LITTLE BOY HAS A PENN'ORTH—

ALARMING RESULT!



HOW TO MAKE CULPRITS COMFORTABLE; OR, HINTS FOR PRISON DISCIPLINE.



SAILORS ON SHORE CAROUSING—AS IT WILL BE WHEN THE GROG IS STOPPED.



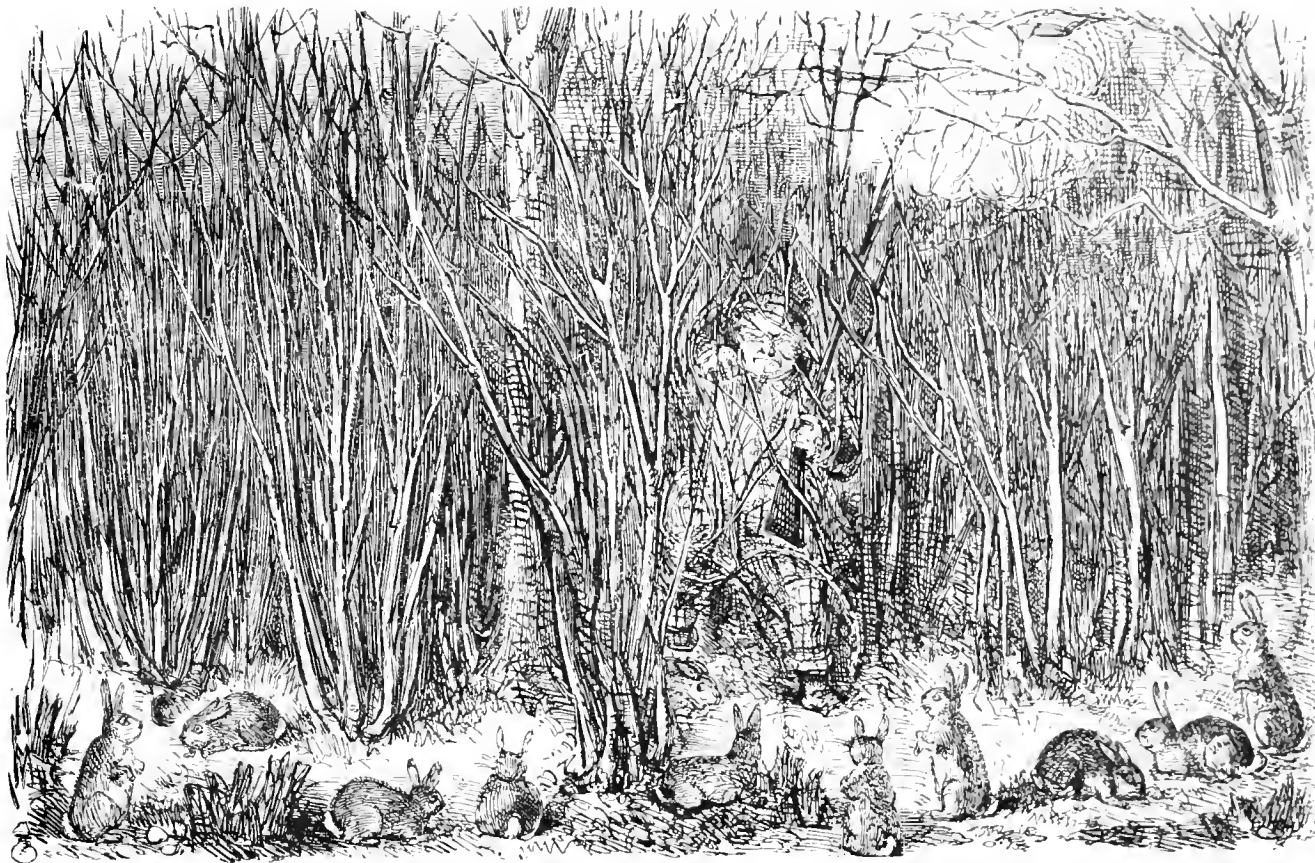
SUBURBAN FELICITY. GRATIFYING DOMESTIC (POULTRY) INCIDENT.

Buttons "OH! PLEASE! BE QUICK! HERE'S THE COACHING CHINA A CLUCKING LIKE ANYTHINK. HE'VE BEEN AND LAID A HEGG!!!"



DURING THE FROST A CERTAIN FOX-HUNTER INCREASES IN WEIGHT, AND GETS TOO BIG FOR HIS CLOTHES.

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF SHOOTING.



No. IX.

TABLEAU—REPRESENTING MR. BRIGGS OUT FOR A DAY'S RABBIT-SHOOTING.



COLD COMFORT.

Country Friend to Sporting Gent from Town. "WELL, JACK, I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD HAVE A CAPITAL DAY. YOU SEE THE FROST IS QUITE GONE."



THE BEARD AND MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Railway Guard. "NOW, MA'AM, IS THIS YOUR LUGGAGE?"

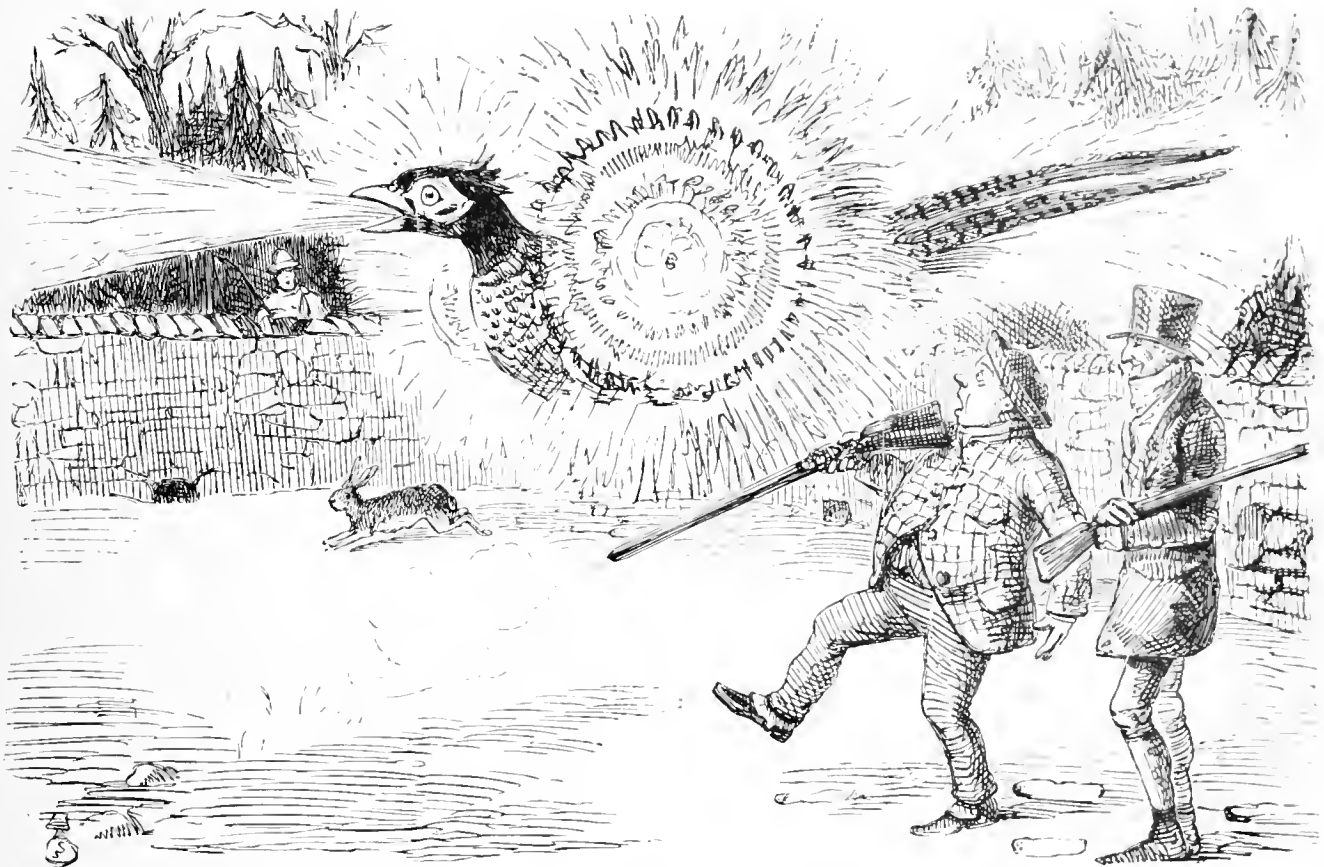
Old Lady (who concludes she is attacked by Brigands). "OH, YES! GENTLEMEN, IT'S MINE. TAKE IT—TAKE ALL I HAVE—BUT SPARE, OH SPARE OUR LIVES!!"



TRUE POLITENESS.

Alderman Cobble. "NOW THEN, GALS! I'VE QUITE DONE. CAN I CLT YOU ANY GRUB?"

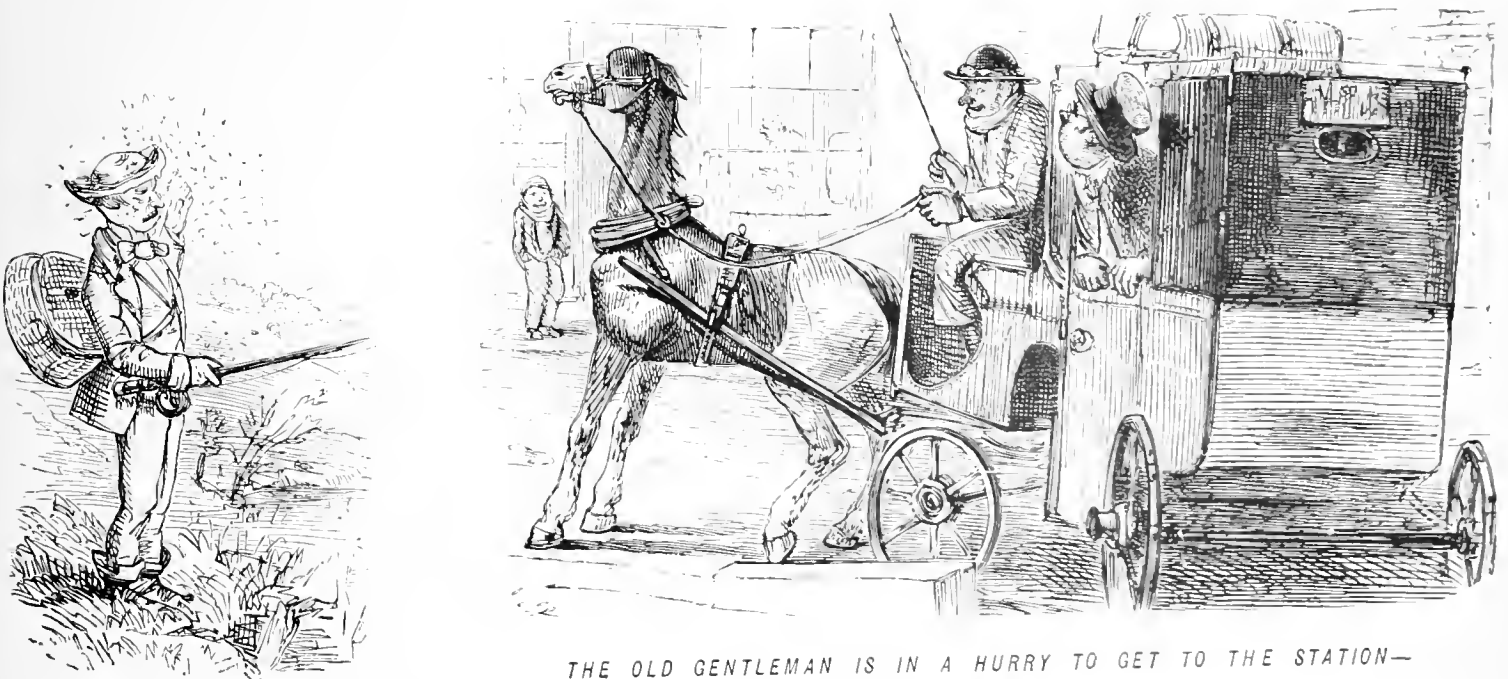
MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF SHOOTING.



No. X.

A FRIEND HAS GIVEN MR. BRIGGS A DAY'S SHOOTING.

A COCK PHEASANT GETS UP, AND MR. BRIGGS'S IMPRESSION IS, THAT A VERY LARGE FIREWORK HAS BEEN LET OFF CLOSE TO TO HIM. HE IS ALMOST FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.



THE OLD GENTLEMAN IS IN A HURRY TO GET TO THE STATION—
CAB-HORSE JIBS MOST RESOLUTELY.

FISHING—WITH FLIES.

Old Gent. "NOW, THEN, DRIVER. WHAT'S THE MATTER?"
Cabman. "OH, IT'S NOTHIN', SIR. HE'S ONLY A LITTLE TOO FRESH, SIR!"



HOW No. 4 ENJOYED HIMSELF,



AND HOW No. 8 SUFFERED IN CONSEQUENCE.

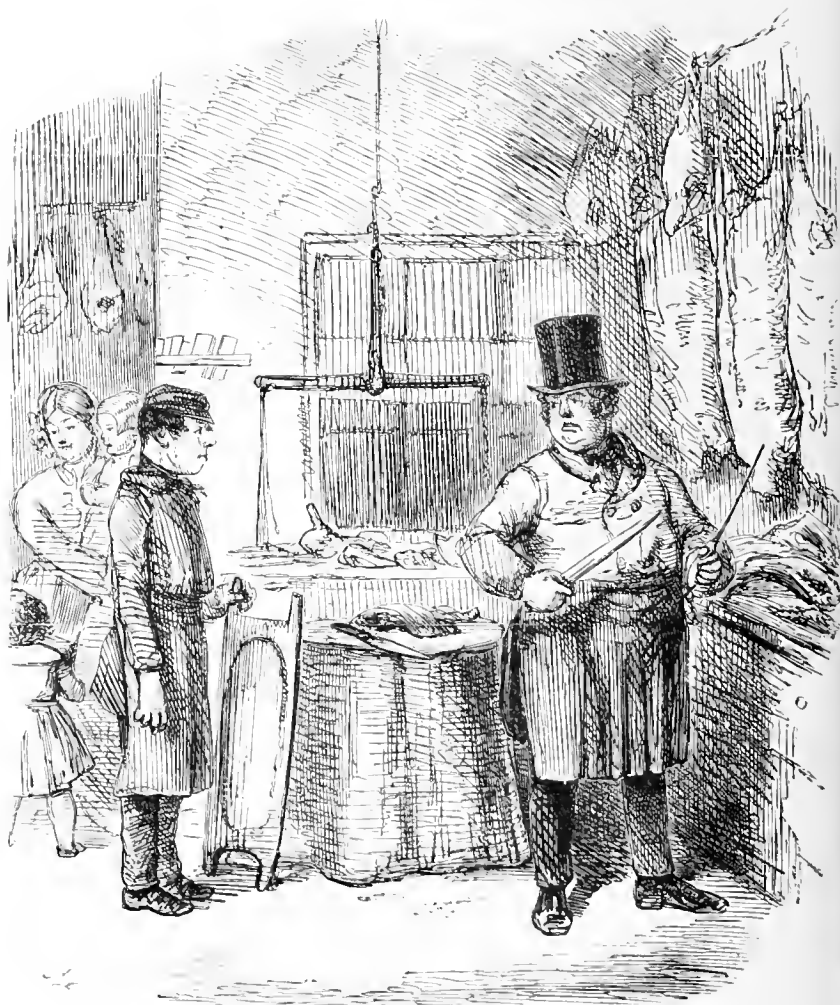


SPEAK AS YOU THINK.

"ARE YOU GOING?"

"WHY, YE-ES. THE FACT IS, THAT YOUR PARTY IS SO SLOW, AND I AM WEALLY SO INFERNALLY BORED, THAT I SHALL GO SOMEWHERE AND SMOKE A QUIET CIGAR."

"WELL, GOOD NIGHT. AS YOU ARE BY NO MEANS HANDSOME, A GREAT PUPPY, AND NOT IN THE LEAST AMUSING, I THINK IT'S THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO."



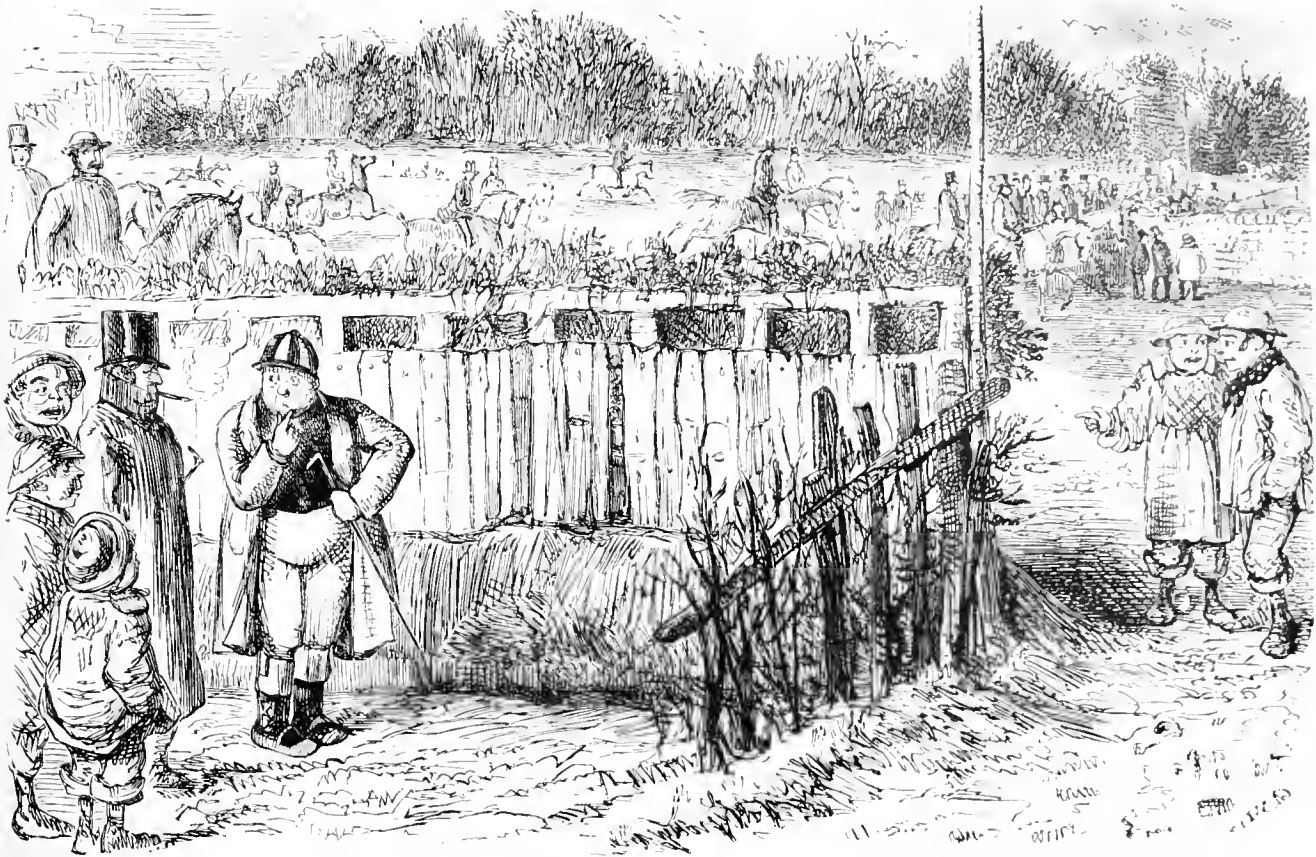
A HORRIBLE BUSINESS.

Master Butcher, "DID YOU TAKE OLD MAJOR DUMBLEDORE'S RIBS TO NO. 12?"

Boy, "YES, SIR."

Master Butcher, "THEN CUT MISS WIGGLE'S SHOULDER AND NECK, AND HANG MR. FOOLE'S LEGS TILL THEY'RE QUITE TENDER!"

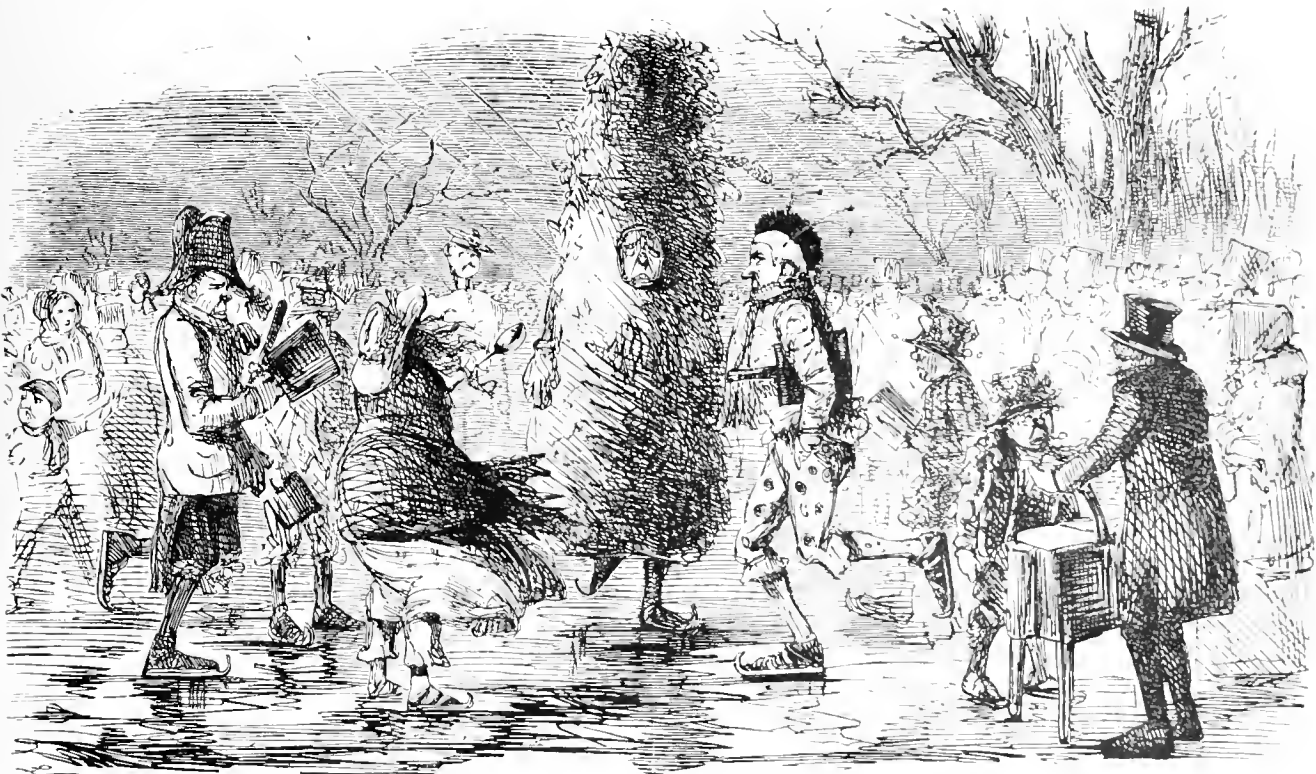
MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF RACING.



No. I.

MR. BRIGGS HAS BACKED HIMSELF TO RIDE A STEEPLE CHASE AGAINST HIS FRIEND MUFFINS, OF THE ST-K EXCH-NGE. HE IS GOING ROUND THE COURSE JUST TO LOOK AT THE JUMPS.

Spectator (to MR. B.), "OH NO, SIR!—THIS AINT THE BIG ONE. THE BIG CNE IS AFTER YOU GET OUT OF THE LANE, AND AFORE YOU COME TO THE BROOK!"



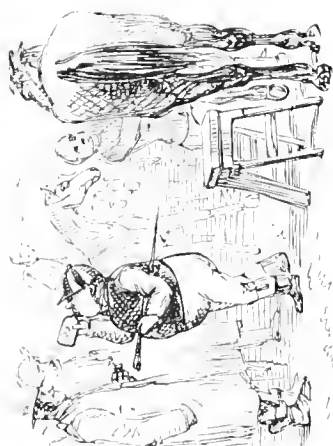
OUR ENGLISH CLIMATE.

MAY-DAY FOR THE SWEEPS.



No. II.

MR BRIGGS IS WEIGHED. OF COURSE.



No. III.

HIS FRIENDS RECOMMEND HIM A LITTLE JUMPING POWDER.



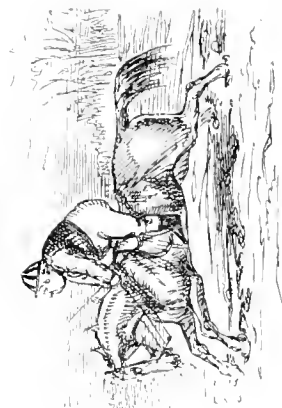
No. IV.

HERE HE TAKES A PRELIMINARY CANTER, AND PUTS HIS HORSE AT A FLIGHT OF HURDLES.



No. V.

AND GETS OVER VERY CLEVERLY.



No. VI.

SOME TIME AFTER THE START, MR BRIGGS GOES ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE FLAG, AND IS OBLIGED TO GO BACK, WHICH, AS THE GROUND IS RATHER HEAVY, "TAKES IT OUT OF OLD BLUNDERBUSS CONSIDERABLY."



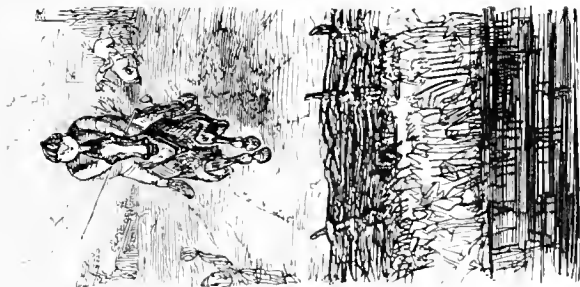
No. VII.

WHO, IN CONSEQUENCE, MAKES A MISTAKE AT THE NEXT FENCE.



No. VIII.

HOWEVER, MR. BRIGGS IS NOT HURT; AND, AFTER SOME EXERTION, RE-MOUNTS.



No. IX.

MR. BRIGGS, AS HE APPEARED COMING TO THE BROOK. IN THE DISTANCE MAY BE OBSERVED HIS OPPONENT, WHO HAS A NASTY FALL, BUT FORTUNATELY TUMBLES ON HIS HEAD.



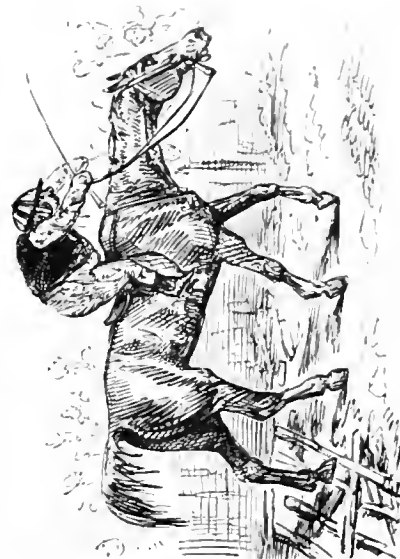
No. XI.

AS HE APPEARED WHEN HE CAME OUT OF THE BROOK.



No. X.

MR. BRIGGS AS HE APPEARED IN THE BROOK.



No. XII.

PORTRAIT OF MR. BRIGGS WINNING THE RACE. NO THE DENSE CROWD IS CHEERING HIM



DISTRESSING RESULT OF EMIGRATION.

Lady. "YES, MY DEAR. JOHN LEFT US WITHOUT ANY WARNING, AND WE CAN'T MATCH THE OTHER FOOTMAN, BECAUSE ALL THE TALL MEN ARE GONE TO AUSTRALIA."



THE ROAD-SIDE ON THE DERBY DAY.

A "DRAG" FULL OF GUARDSMEN IS SUPPOSED TO BE PASSING.



DOMESTIC BLISS.

Young Mother (joyously). "THE DEAR LITTLE CREATURE IS GETTING ON SO NICELY; IT'S BEGINNING QUITE TO TAKE NOTICE."—First Mother of a Family (blandly). "OH! MY DEAR! THAT IS NOT TAKING NOTICE; IT'S ONLY THE WIND."—Second Ditto. "YOU SHOULD GIVE IT A LITTLE DILL-WATER, DEAR. YOU WOULD FIND," &c. &c.—Third Ditto. "WELL, IF IT WAS MY CHILD, I SHOULD," &c. &c.—Fourth Ditto. "NOW, WHEN I WAS NURSING MY LITTLE GREGORY, I USED," &c. &c.—Fifth Ditto. "WELL, NOW, I WOULD NOT FOR THE WORLD THAT A BABY OF MINE," &c. &c.—Sixth Ditto. "INDEED, I HAVE KNOWN CHILDREN OBLIGED TO ENDURE THE MOST HORRIBLE AGONY," &c. &c.—Seventh Ditto. "DEPEND UPON IT, LOVE; AND YOU KNOW I HAVE HAD A LARGE FAMILY—AND IF YOU WILL BE ADVISED BY ME," &c. &c. [Young Mother becomes quite bewildered, and gives herself up to despair.]



SEA-SIDE LITERATURE FOR YOUNG LADIES; OR, DELIGHTS OF CROCHET.

First Young Lady (reads). "10TH ROW—3 LONG WITH THREE CHAIN AFTER EACH INTO THIRD SMALL SPACE, 1 LONG INTO SAME SPACE, 5 LONG WITH THREE CHAIN AFTER EACH INTO MIDDLE SPACE, 1 LONG INTO SAME SPACE, 3 LONG WITH 3 CHAIN AFTER EACH INTO NEXT SPACE, 1 LONG IN SAME SPACE, 5 CHAIN, DITTO IN MIDDLE OF LARGE SPACE, 5 CHAIN; REPEAT."

Second and Third Young Ladies (in ecstasies). "OH, HOW SWEETLY PRETTY!!!"



FRIGHTFUL UPSET OF DIGNITY.

Conductor, "NOW, MARM! WITE-CHAPEL, OR MILE-END?—ONLY A PENNY!"



INTERESTING.

"I HAVE CALLED, MR. SQUILLS, TO SAY THAT MY DARLING LITTLE DOG (I) HAS TAKEN ALL HIS MIXTURE, BUT HIS COUGH IS NO BETTER."

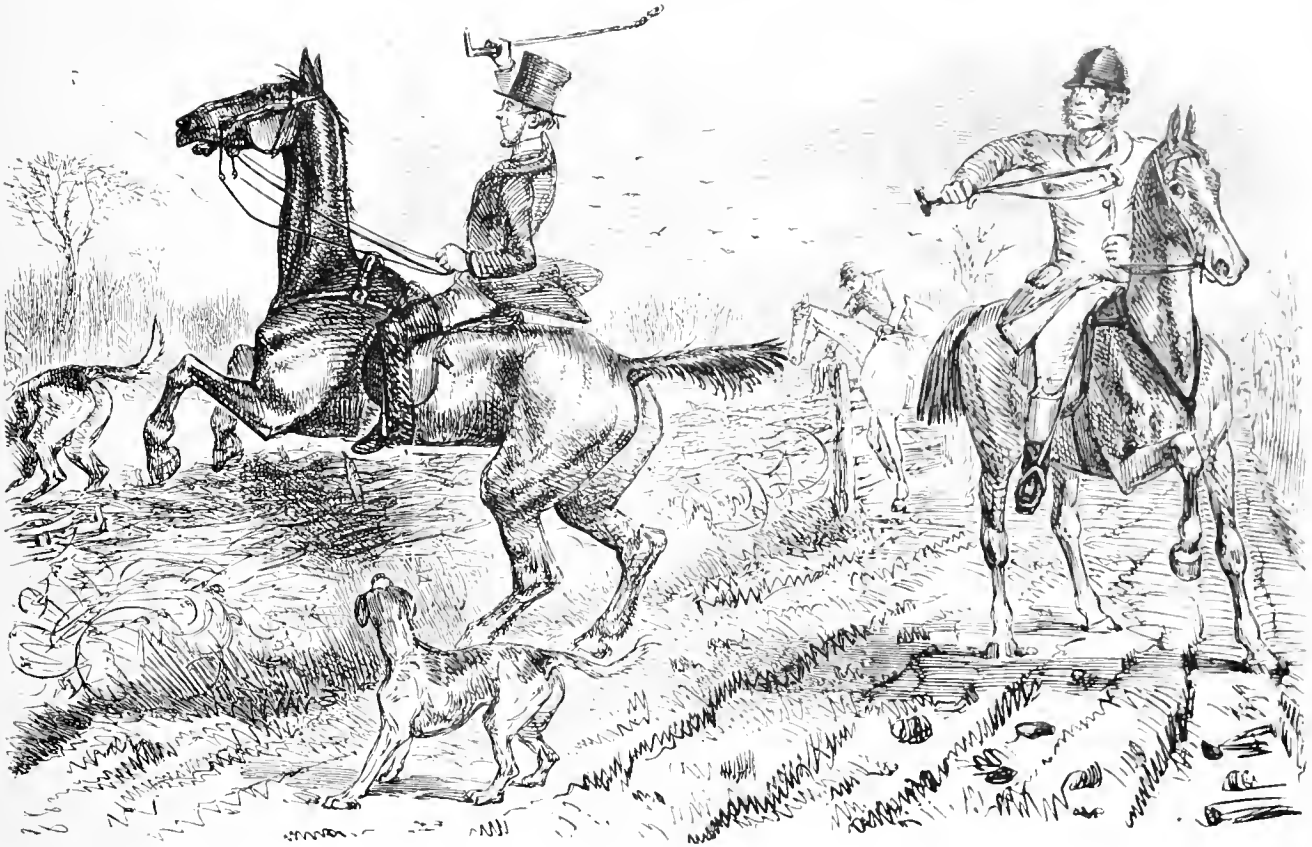


SUMMER IN ELYSIUM.



THE LONG VACATION IN ARCADIA.

AND



A SAVAGE REPROOF.

Indignant Master of Hounds. "NOW, YOU SIR! MIND THE HOUND! HE'S WORTH FORTY TIMES AS MUCH AS YOUR HORSE!"



WHAT A DREADFUL STORY!

Stout Party. "STOP! HERE! CABMAN! WE WANT TO GO AS FAR TER-WARDS WHITECHAPEL AS WE CAN FOR SIXPENCE!"
Cabman. "VERY SORRY, MUM! BUT THE OSS HAS BIN OUT ALL DAY—DEAD BEAT, MUM—GOING HOME, MUM."



A SELL.

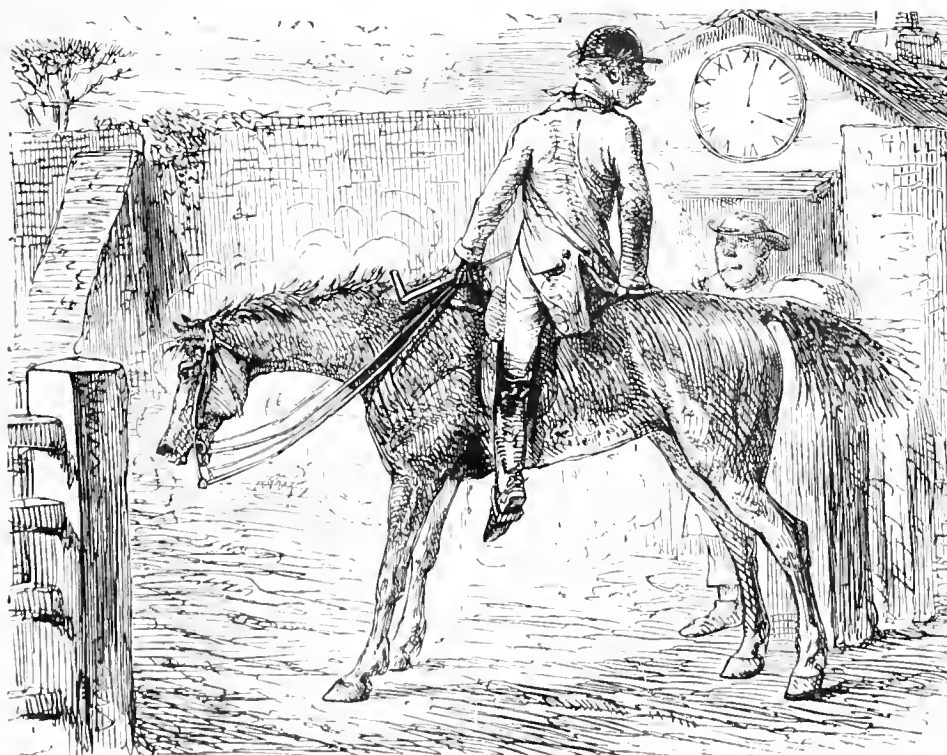
Enter SPORTING YOUTH, who has lost the hounds.

Youth. "SEEN THE HOUNDS GO THROUGH HERE, PIKEY?"

Pikey. "E-AS, A HAVE—TUPPENSE!"

[Youth pays the twopence and gallops on.

A lapse of twenty minutes is supposed to have taken place, when



Re-enter SPORTING YOUTH.

Youth (in a high state of excitement). "WHY, CONFOUND YOU! I THOUGHT YOU TOLD ME YOU HAD SEEN THE HOUNDS GO THROUGH HERE?"

Pikey. "E-AS, SO A DID; SEED 'EM YESTERDAY!"



IS IT SO?

Old Lady (loq.). "BLESS MY HEART! HOW RIDICULOUSLY SMALL THEY DO MAKE THE EYES OF THE NEEDLES NOW-A-DAYS, TO BE SURE!"



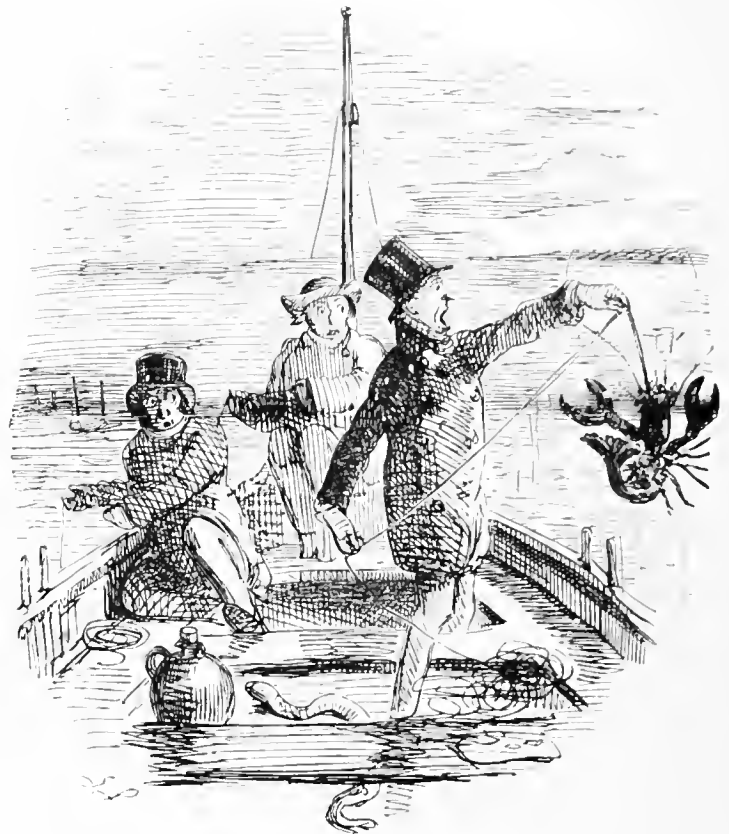
PRIDE.

Page. "THAT POOR DEVIL AIN'T MIXED MUCH IN SOCIETY."



A BOAT FOR AN HOUR.

Stout Gentleman. "WHAT! IS THAT THE ONLY BOAT YOU HAVE IN?"



FISHING OFF BRIGHTON.

"OH, YES! IT'S VERY EASY TO SAY 'CATCH HOLD OF HIM!'"

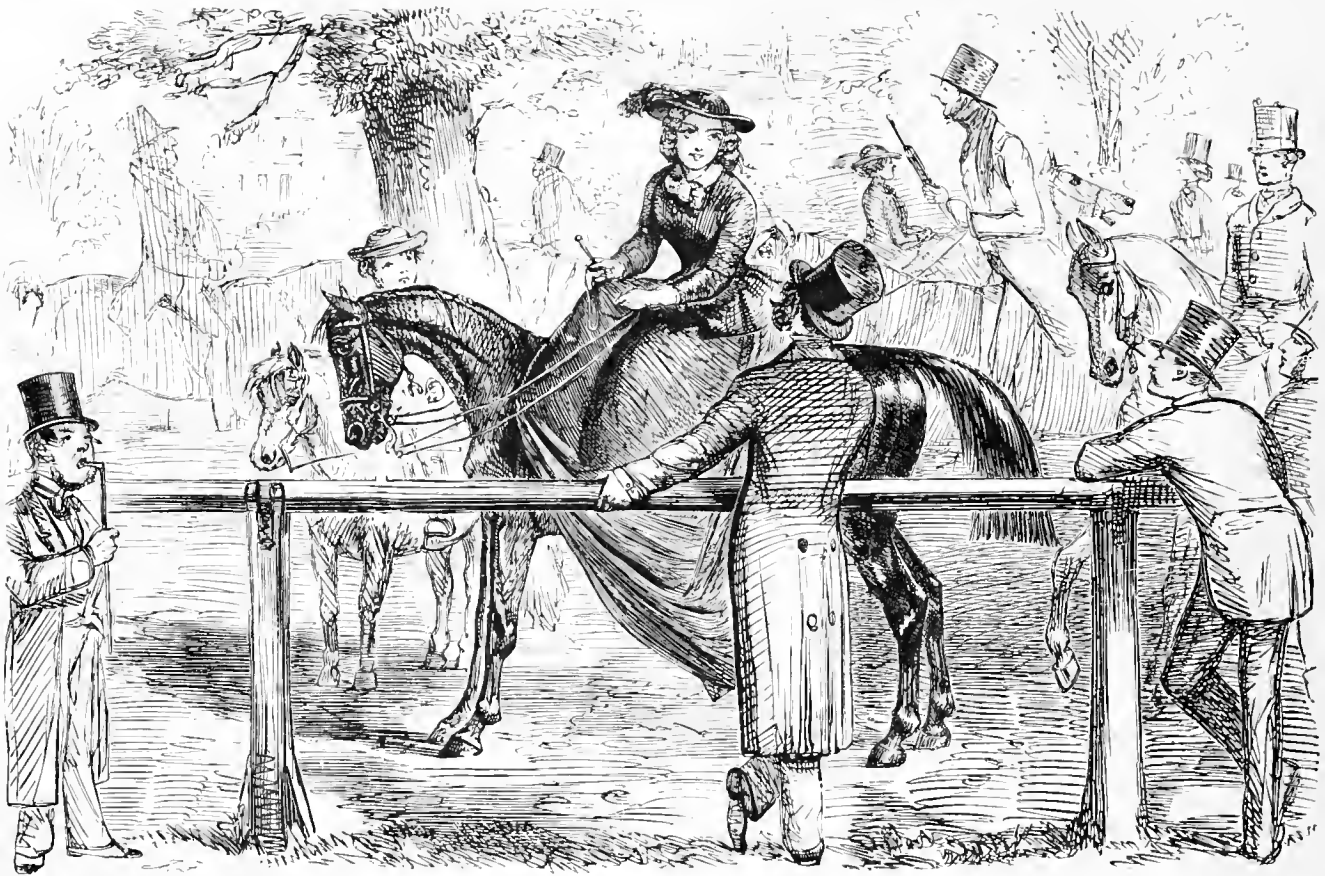


AGGRAVATING—RATHER!



FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

"OH! HERE'S A GO! BLOWED IF I AIN'T LOST MY DIAMOND RING!"



THE NEW PURCHASE.

Blanche (who dotes on horses). "THERE, FRANK ISN'T SHE A PRETTY CREATURE? PAPA GAVE HER TO ME THIS MORNING—SHE IS SO GOOD-TEMPERED AND WHAT A NICE HEAD AND NECK SHE HAS! HASN'T SHE? SHE'S QUITE YOUNG, TOO—AND SUCH A BEAUTIFUL MOUTH!—NOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY, SIR, EH?"

Frank (who is so absurd). "H'M! LET'S SEE, PRETTY CREATURE!—GOOD-TEMPERED!—NICE HEAD AND NECK!—YOUNG!—AND A BEAUTIFUL MOUTH!—WHY, I SAY, YOU MAKE A CAPITAL PAIR!"



SEA-SIDE.—THE BATHING HOUR.



DOING IT THOROUGHLY.

Old Gent. "I SAY, MY LITTLE MAN, YOU SHOULD ALWAYS HOLD YOUR PONY TOGETHER GOING UP HILL, AND OVER PLOUGHED LAND!"

Young Nimrod. "ALL RIGHT, OLD COCK! DON'T YOU TEACH YOUR GRANDMOTHER TO SUCK EGGS! THERE'S MY MAN BY THE HAY-STACK WITH MY SECOND HORSE!"



NOT WHAT HE WANTED.

MR. HAYCOCK, HAVING HEARD OF THE MERITS OF BRU'ED OATS FOR HORSES, REQUESTS HIS FRIEND BRIGGS TO SEND HIM A COUPLE OF "BRU'SERS."

MR. BRIGGS DESPATCHES THE "WHITECHAPEL CHICKEN" AND THE "BAYSWATER SLASHER."



WAITING FOR A DIP.

Proprietor of Machine (loq.). "SORRY TO KEEP YOU SUCH A LONG TIME A WAITIN', SIR; BUT REALLY THEY STOP IN SUCH A TIME THAT WE HAVEN'T A MACHINE TO BLESS OURSELVES WITH THERE'S CRUMPTON'S COTTAGES HAS BEEN IN THE WATER THIS THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR; AND ALBION HOUSE TAKES THE LONGEST TIME TO DRESS OF ANY GENT I EVER SEE. OH! HERE'S PROSPECT PLACE A COMING HOOT. NOW YOU CAN GO IN, SIR."



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.



JUST LIKE HIM.

MR OR-GGS (We suppress the Gentleman's name for obvious reasons) THINKS HE WILL GO TO HAMPTON RACES.

THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.



No. I.

SALUTING HIS SUPERIOR OFFICERS.



No. II.

HAVING A LITTLE BALL PRACTICE.



No. III.

GOING ON DUTY.



GROUNDLESS ALARM.

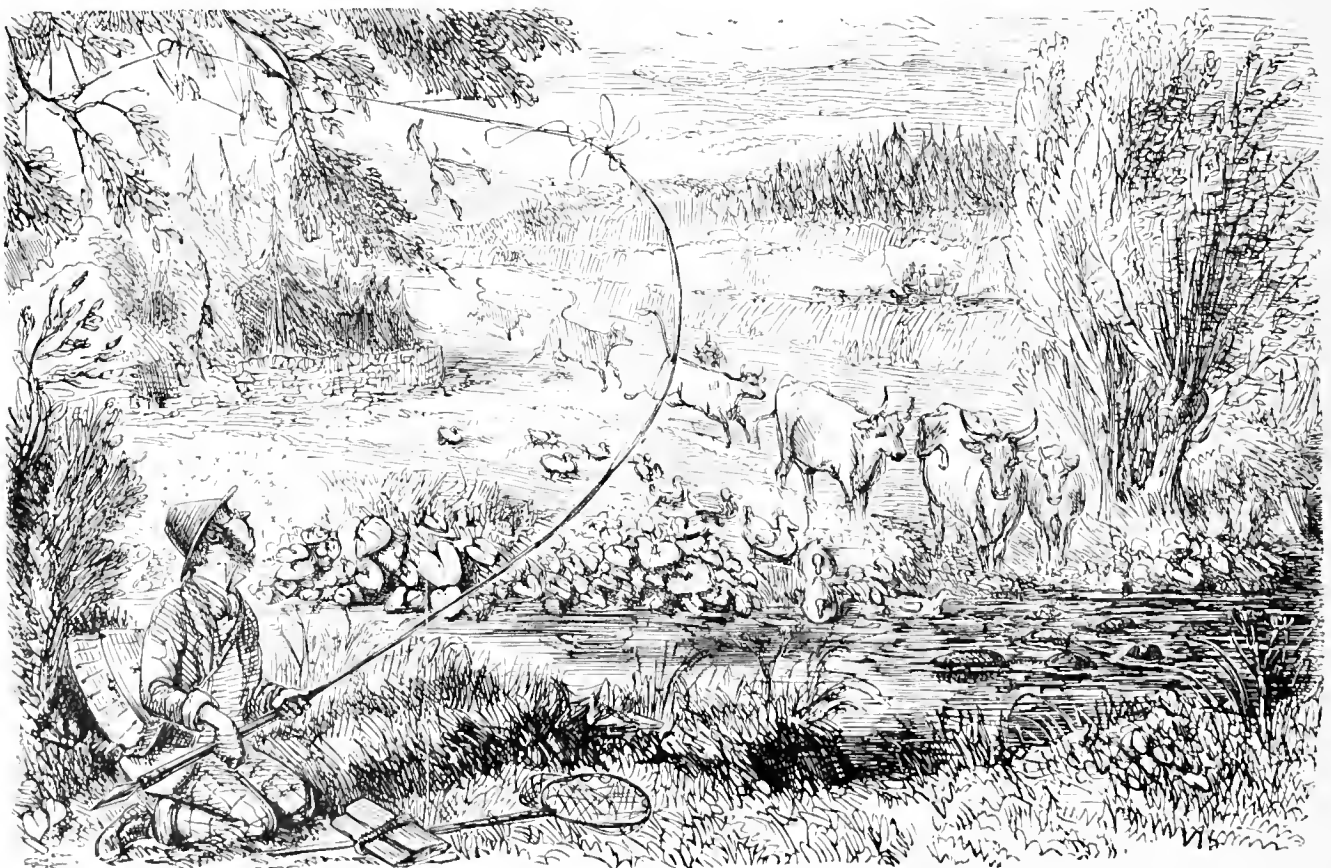
Equestrian. "NOW, BOY, DON'T YOU BE TAKING OFF YOUR HAT TO MAKE ME A BOW—YOU'LL FRIGHTEN MY HORSE."

Boy. "A—A—A WARNT A-GOING TO!"



WOUNDED PRIDE.

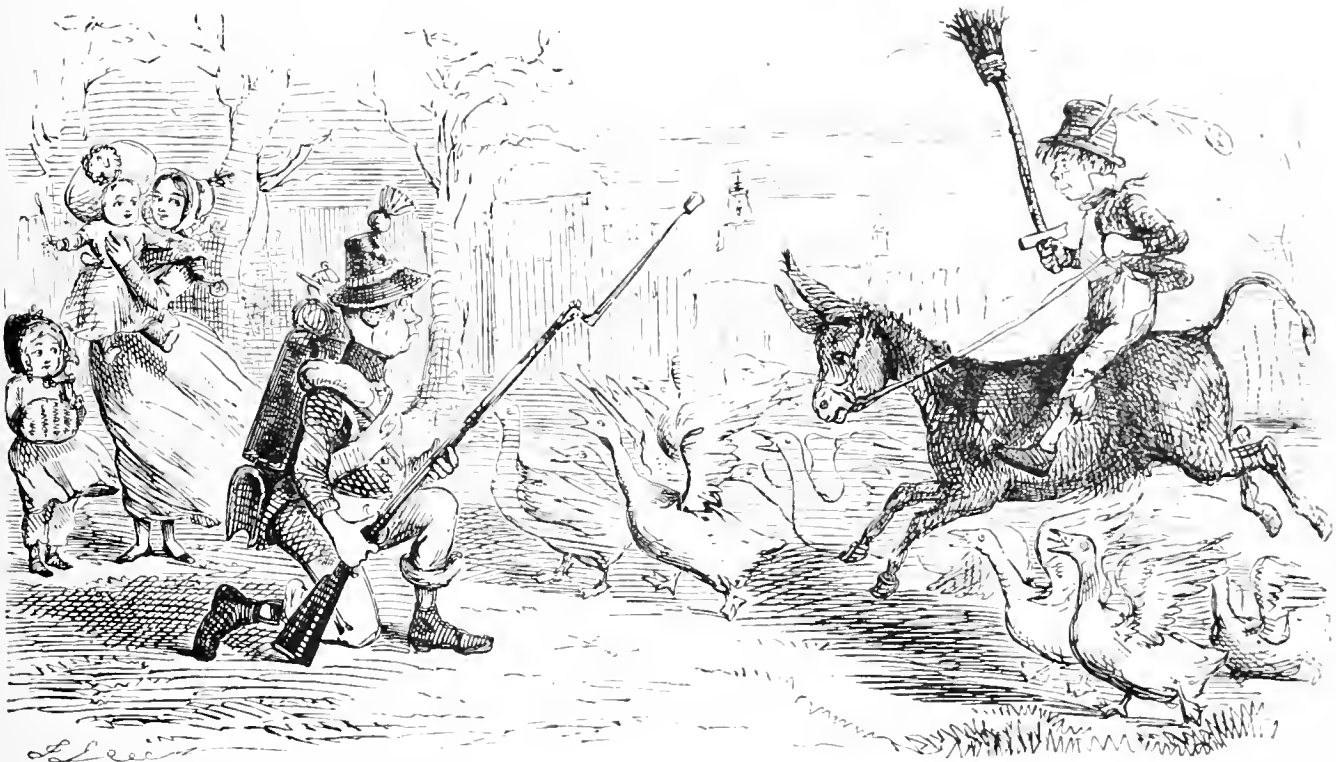
Small Boy. "NOW, THEN, YOU SIR! DON'T YOU KNOW NO BETTER THAN TO RUN AGIN A MIMBER O' PARLIAMENT—JUST YOU COME BACK, AND PICK UP MY 'AT, OR I'M BLOWED IF I DON'T MAKE YER!"



FLY-FISHING.

FAVOURABLE WIND AND THE TROUT RISING AS FAST AS POSSIBLE.

THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.



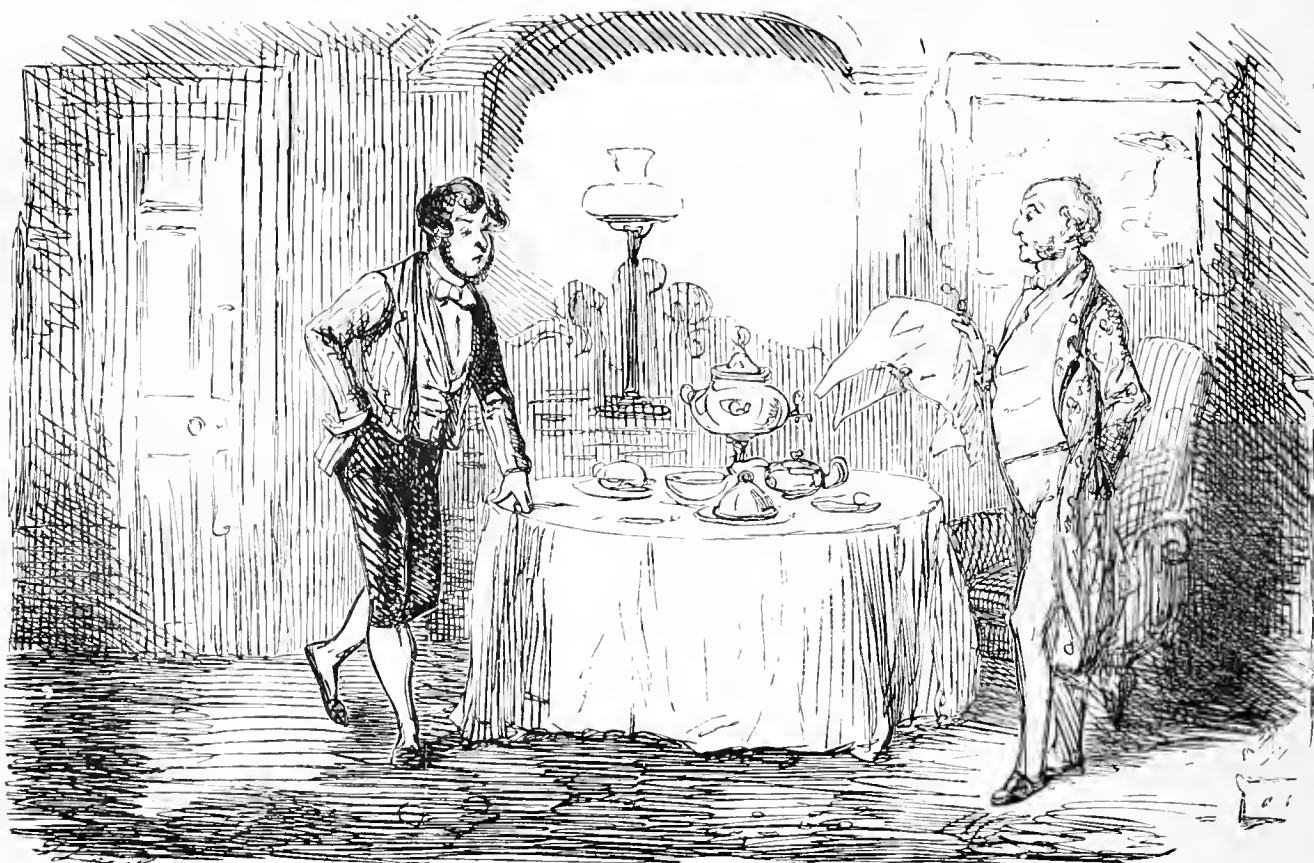
No. IV.

FORMS HIMSELF INTO A SQUARE, AND RESISTS A CHARGE OF CAVALRY.



No. V.

RECEIVES PRESENTATION OF COLOURS.



MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

Flunkey. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR—BUT THERE IS ONE THING I SHOULD LIKE TO MENTION AT ONCE. I AM AFRAID—A—THAT I AM EXPECTED TO CLEAN THE BOOTS."

Gentleman. "BLESS ME! OH DEAR, NO! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE; I ALWAYS CLEAN THEM MYSELF—AND IF YOU WILL LEAVE YOUR SHOES OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR, I WILL GIVE THEM A POLISH AT THE SAME TIME."

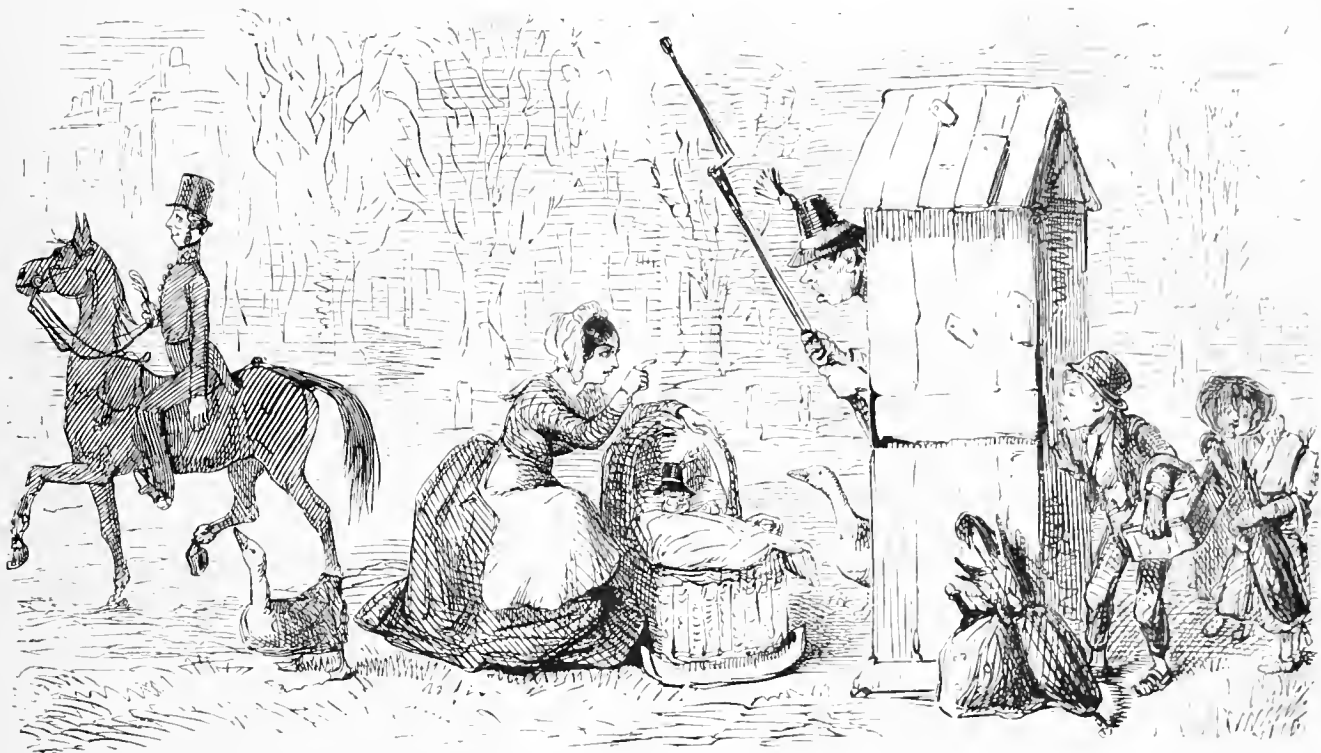


ONLY A PENNY! A SENSIBLE AND INGENIOUS TOY FOR CHILDREN.
(See London Streets.)



TOPSY-TURVEYDOM.

THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.



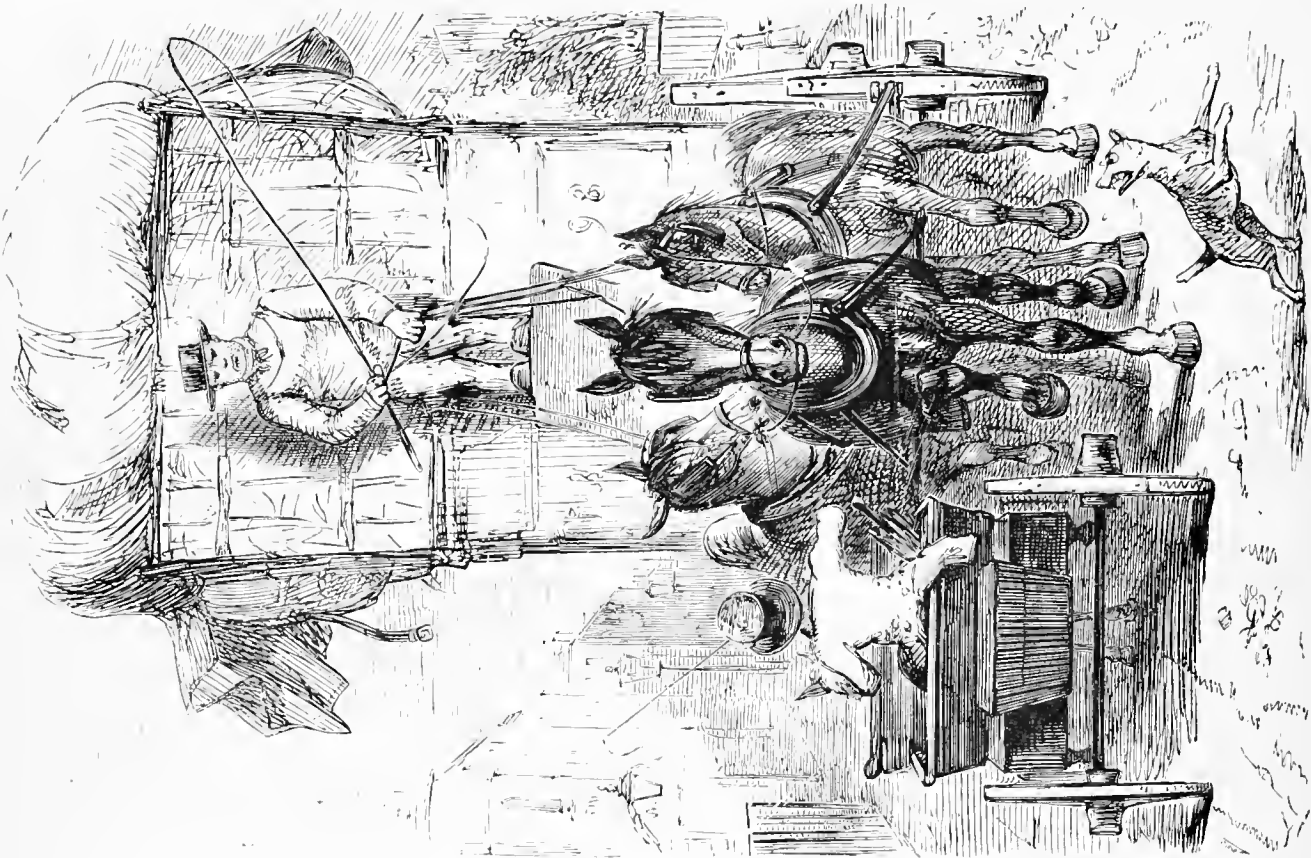
No. VI.

HAVING BEEN DRUNK AND DISORDERLY, IS ORDERED BY HIS "DASHING WHITE SERJEANT" TO DO DOUBLE DUTY



No. VII.

THE NIGHTS ARE STILL GHILLY; THEREFORE OUR FRIEND WARMS THE BED FOR HIS FAMILY PREVIOUS TO HIS GOING ON GUARD.



MIGHT IS RIGHT.

Van Driver. "I DON'T KNOW NUTHIN ABOUT NO RIGHT SIDES NOR WRONG SIDES. YOU GET OUT OF THE WAY, IF YER DON'T WANT TO BE MADE A WAFER OF!"
(Where are the Police?)



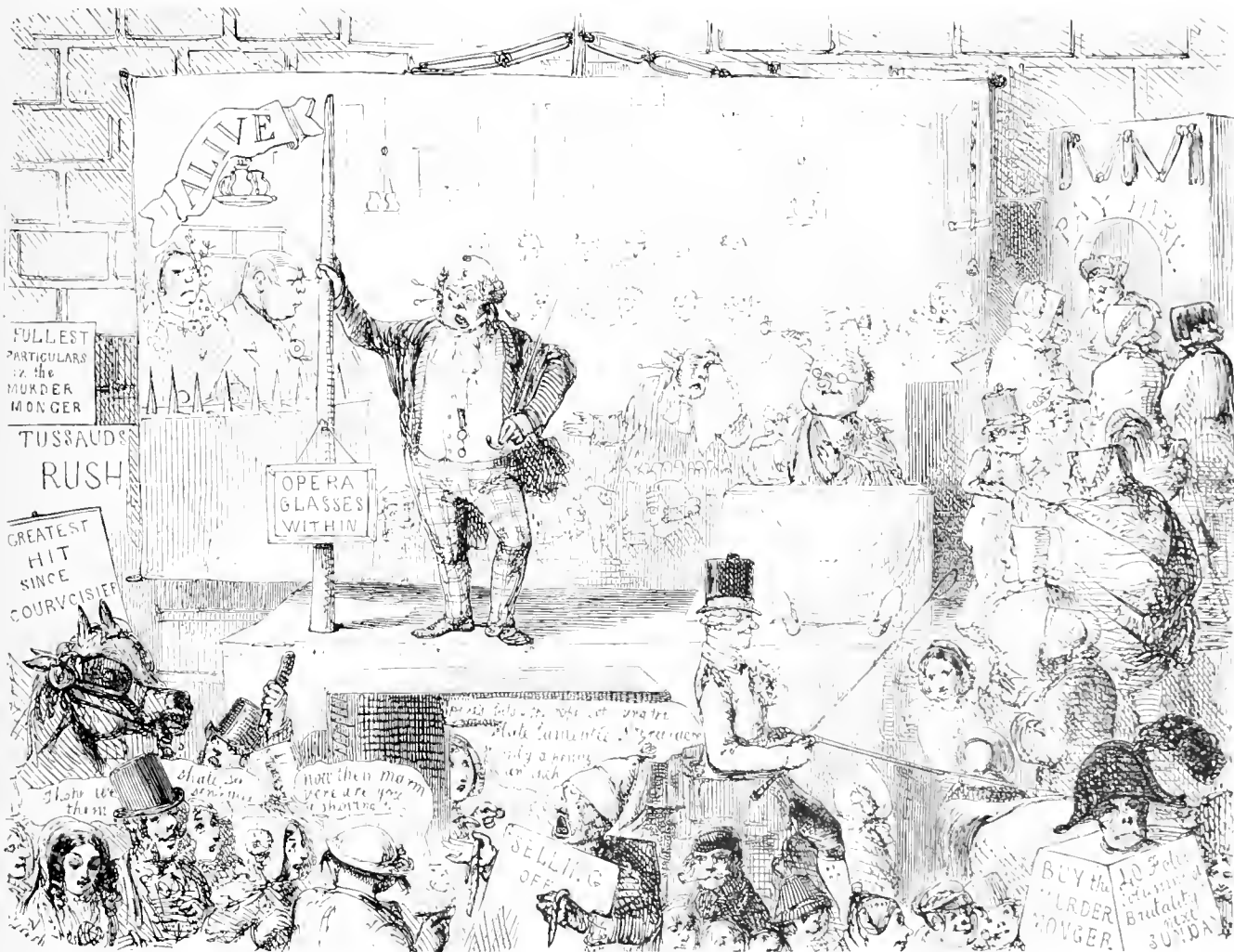
AN ORNAMENT TO SOCIETY.

Equestrian. "NO, I SHAN'T STOP FOR THE LAST RACE; I MUST GET TO TOWN TO GO TO AN EVENING PARTY."



LONG VACATION.

"NOW THEN, LATITAT, TUCK IN YOUR SIX-AND-EIGHTPENNY!"



THE TRIAL-FOR-MURDER MANIA.

"ALL IN! ALL IN! WALK UP, LADIES! JUST A GOING TO BEGIN! NONE OF YOUR SHAMS HERE, BUT REAL BULLET-HEADED MURDERERS!
ALL IN! ALL IN!"

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



THE SILVER AGE.

Emma "WHAT DO YOU THINK, DEAR GRAN'MA? THE LADIES IN PARIS WEAR THEIR HAIR TAKEN OFF THE FOREHEAD AND SPRINKLED WITH SILVER!"

Grandma. "DO THEY, INDEED! WELL, MY DARLING, SO LONG AS THEY ARE RESPECTABLE, THERE CAN BE NO HARM IN GREY LOCKS"



DELIGHTS OF TRAVEL.

"DEAR! DEAR! DEAR! HOW VERY PROVOKING! HERE'S ONE END OF THE BARREL COME OUT, AND ALL THE OYSTERS MIXED WITH MY CLEAN COLLARS!"



A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

Domestic. "HERE'S MISS BRADSHAW, MUM, HAS JUST COME, SHE'S GONE UP-STAIRS, MUM"

Angelina "OH, VERY WELL—I WILL—"

Edwin. "BRADSHAW!! WHO THE DEUCE IS MISS BRADSHAW?"

Angelina "OH, IT'S NOTHING OF CONSEQUENCE, DEAR—SHALL I GIVE YOU SOME MORE TEA, DEAR?"

Edwin "YES, BUT WHO IS MISS BRADSHAW? WHY CAN'T YOU TELL ME WHO MISS BRADSHAW IS?"

Angelina. "LAW! EDWIN! IF YOU MUST KNOW IT'S—IT'S—TH—THE DRESSMAKER!"



YOUNG AFFECTION.

THE BEST PREVENTIVE AGAINST SEA-SICKNESS.



No. I.

WHEN YOU CROSS THE CHANNEL, ESPECIALLY IF IT SHOULD BE BLOWING HARD, "KEEP YOUR PECKER UP" (AS THAT AGREEABLE RATTLE, YOUNG FIPPSON, CALLS IT) BY MAKING A HEARTY MEAL AT THE "SHIP" OR "PAVILION"



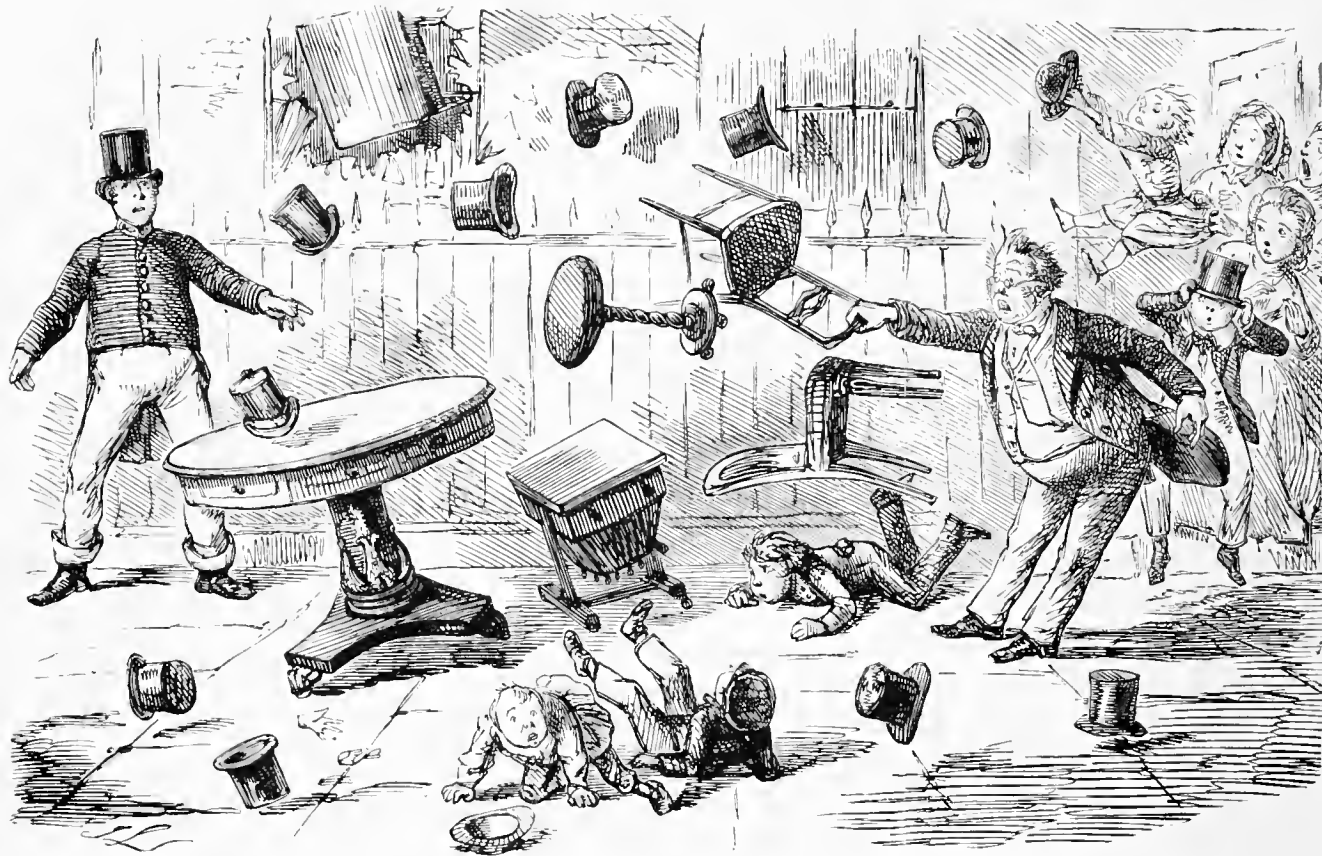
No. III.

THE RESULT.



No. II.

AND ONCE ON BOARD, FIX YOUR EYES UPON SOME DISTANT OBJECT, AND ADAPT THE MOVEMENTS OF YOUR BODY TO THE ROLLING OF THE VESSEL, AND THE RESULT WILL PROBABLY BE, AS SHOWN ABOVE IN NO. III.



ALARMING EFFECT PRODUCED BY IMPRUDENTLY TRYING THE HAT AND TABLE-MOVING EXPERIMENT.



VERY KIND.

"WELL! GOOD BYE, UNCLE! I'VE ENJOYED MYSELF VERY MUCH IN THE COUNTRY; AND IF YOU WILL RUN UP TO LONDON AT ANY TIME, I'LL SHOW YOU A LITTLE LIFE!"



SET FAIR



STORMY, AND MUCH RAIN.

OUT OF TOWN.



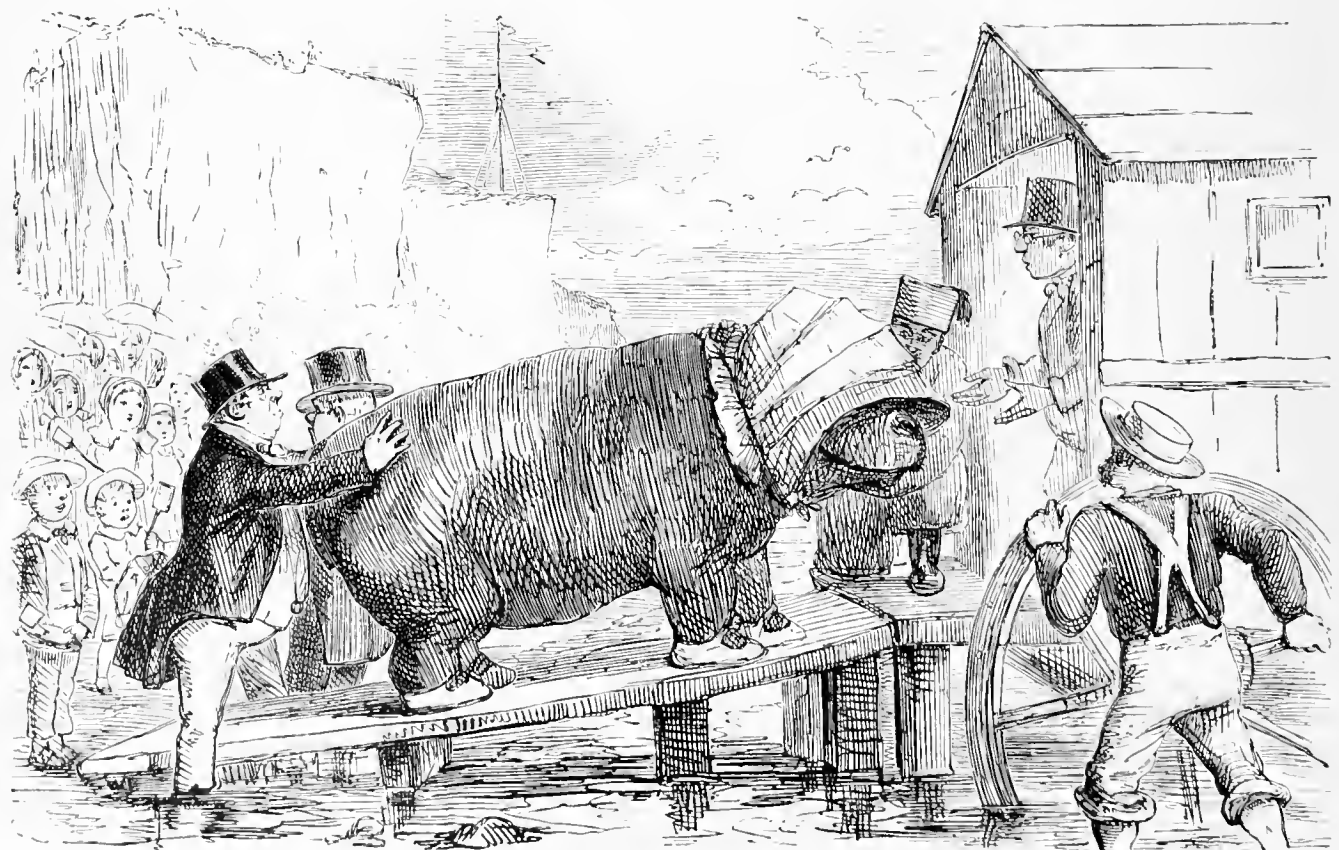
A BATH AT BOULOGNE.

APPALLING POSITION OF MR. AND MRS. TOMKINS, WHO HAD A JIB HORSE WHEN THE TIDE WAS COMING IN.



DOMESTIC EVENT IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—No. I.

THE NOSE OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS PUT OUT OF JOINT BY THE YOUNG ELEPHANT.



DOMESTIC EVENT IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—No. II.

DELICATE STATE OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS. IT IS ORDERED CHANGE OF AIR, AND A LITTLE SEA-BATHING



DOMESTIC EVENT IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—No. III.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS HAS QUITE RECOVERED, AND IS TAKEN OUT FOR AN AIRING.



CONSOLS AT 90.

Husband. "WELL! I OECARE I'M QUITE GLAD IT'S A WET DAY IT WILL BE AN EXCUSE TO STOP AT HOME WITH MY DARLING LITTLE PIPSEY POPSY. WHAT DO YOU SAY, DICKEY! FH? PRETTY DICK! PRETTY DICK!"



CONSOLS AT 80.

Husband. GO OUT FOR A WALK! NONSENSE! I'VE SOMETHING ELSE TO DO. I THINK TOO. YOU MIGHT PULL DOWN THAT BLIND, UNLESS YOU WANT THE SUN TO SPOIL ALL THE FURNITURE; AND, DEAR, DEAR, DO FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, JEMIMA, TAKE THAT D— CANARY OUT OF THE ROOM!"



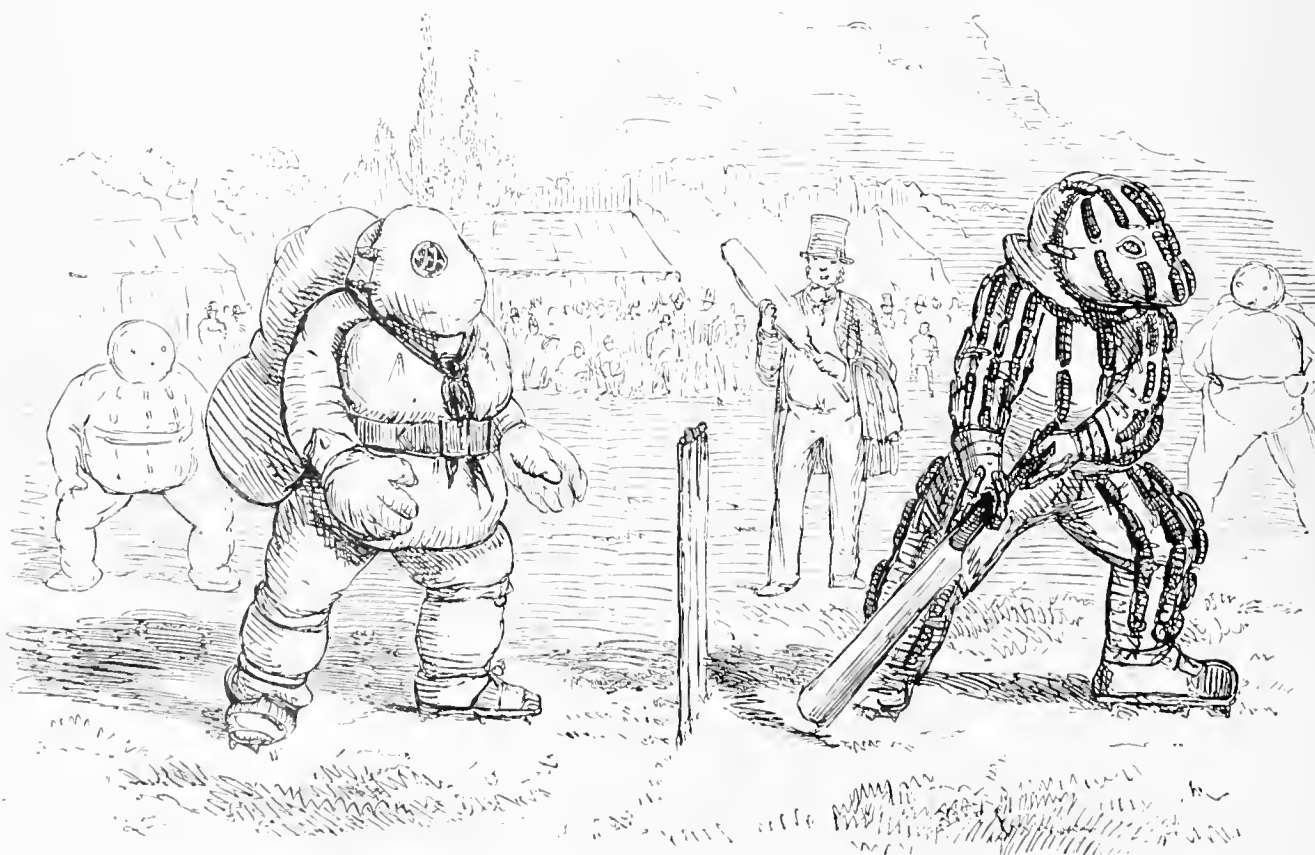
A BIT OF SERIOUS PANTOMIME.

A MESSAGE FROM THE LORDS.



ANOTHER BIT OF SERIOUS PANTOMIME.

"HATS OFF, STRANGERS!"



NEW CRICKETING DRESSES TO PROTECT ALL ENGLAND AGAINST THE PRESENT SWIFT BOWLING.

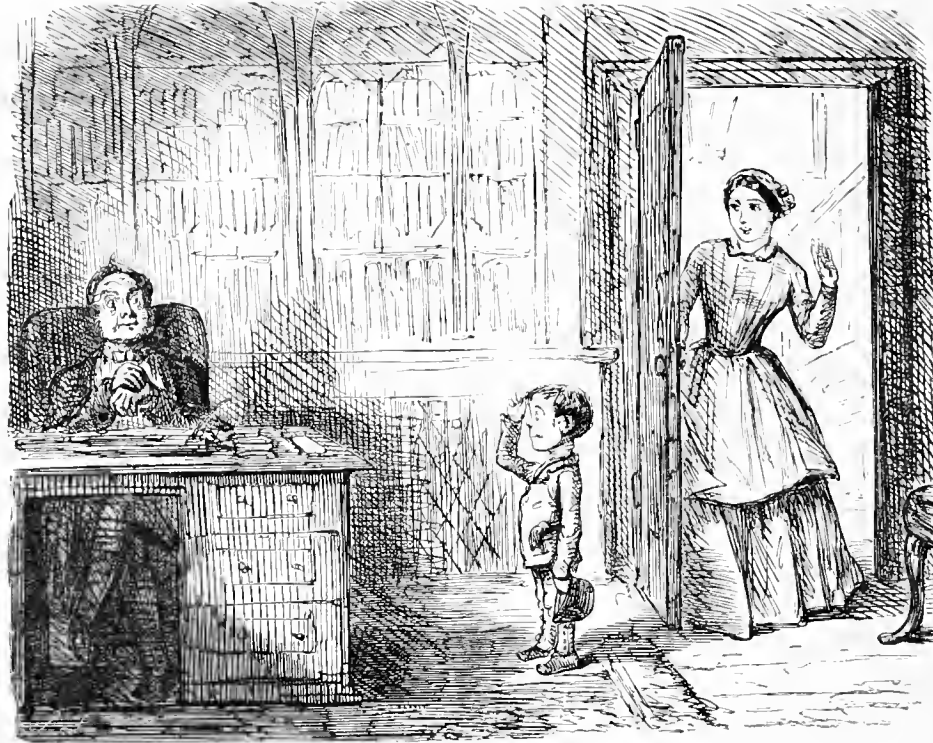


AQUATICS.

WHO IS THIS? WHY, THIS IS MR. JOHN CHUBB PULLING ONE OF HIS LONG, SLOW, STEADY STROKES. HE IS TAKING MORE PAINS THAN USUAL, BECAUSE THOSE PRETTY GIRLS IN THE ROUND HATS ARE SITTING ON THE LAWN DRAWING FROM NATURE



AND—HERE ARE THE GIRLS IN THE ROUND HATS.



THE NEW GROOM.

Gentleman. "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU UNDERSTAND THE CARE OF HORSES?"
 Boy. "WELL, SIR, I HAD OUGHT TO—FOR I'VE BEEN AMONGST 'EM ALL MY LIFE."



AN ANCIENT IMPOSTOR.

Youths. "THEN, I SUPPOSE, WHEN YOU WERE A SMUGGLER, YOU USED TO HAVE REG'LAR COMBATS AND FIGHTS?"

Boatman. "COMBATS AND FIGHTS! LOR LOVE YER, WE WOS A'MOST ALWAYS AT IT. ONCE IN PARTICKLER I CALL TO MIND. I HAD THREE DALLS THROUGH MY HEAD AND TWO IN THE STUMMUCK (WHICH I FEEL 'EM NOW SOMETIMES IN THE WINTER I DO), DESIDES DEIN' RUN THROUGH WITH A CUTLASS, AND ALL MY FRONT TEETH KNOCKED OUT BY THE PERWENTIVE MAN'S TELESCOPE, WICH LUCKILY SHUT UP, OR THERE'S NO KNOWIN' WOT MIGHT 'A BIN THE CONSEQUENCE. AH! THERE WOS GOINGS ON THEN. OUT, LOR, IT AIN'T NOTHIN' LIKE IT NOW!"

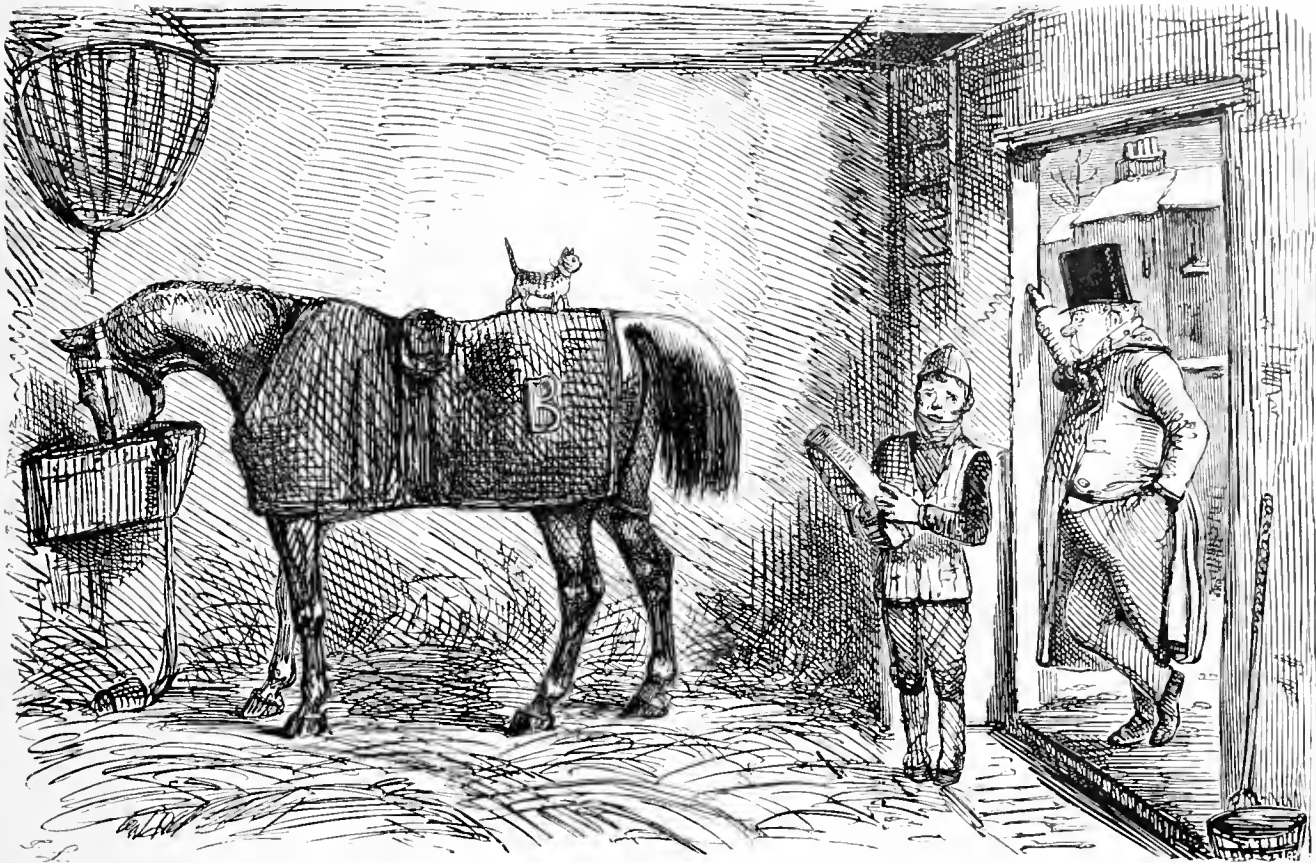
[Youths are deeply impressed.]



A REFLECTION.

ALTHOUGH POLICEMEN ARE PLACED AT PARTICULAR SPOTS FOR THE PURPOSE OF MAKING OMNIBUSES "MOVE ON," THEY ARE GENERALLY SEEN CHATTING, OR CRACKING THE FRIENDLY WALNUT WITH THE CONDUCTORS, TO THE INCONVENIENCE AND INDIGNATION OF THE PASSENGERS. HOW IS THIS?

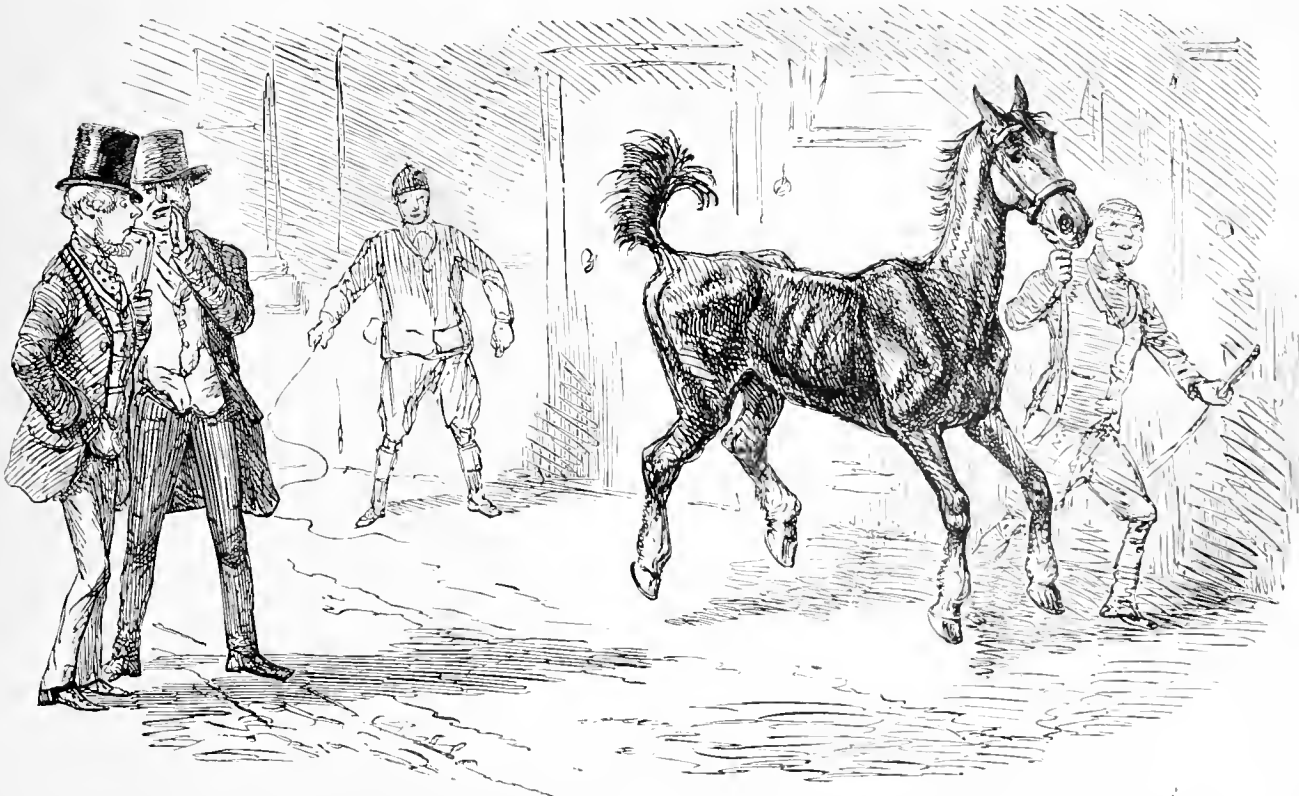
MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.



No. X.

BY THE TIME MR. BRIGGS'S HORSE HAS RECOVERED FROM HIS COLD, A LONG FROST SETS IN.

Groom. "THAT'S JUST WHAT I SAY, SIR; IT IS AGGRAVATIN' TO SEE A NICE OSS LIKE THAT, SIR, A DOIN' NOTHIN' BUT EATIN' HIS 'ED OFF."



A GREAT BARGAIN.

TO BE SOLO—THE PROPERTY OF AN OFFICER GOING ABROAD.



THE HAT-MOVING EXPERIMENT.

IT IS NECESSARY TO GET A HAT. TWO OR MORE PERSONS PLACE THEIR HANDS ON THE RIM THEREOF, THE LITTLE FINGERS OF EACH PERSON BEING IN CONTACT. IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES, OR HALF-AN-HOUR, OR PERHAPS MORE, THE HAT WILL BEGIN TO JUMP AND REVOLVE RAPIDLY.
(N.B. The Party above with the Moustaches, thinks that in the pursuit of Science he could perform the experiment over and over again.)



SHAKSPEARE A LITTLE ALTERED.

"HE LIVED NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL."



USELESS INFORMATION.

"NOW, MARM, THIS GOES TO THE CHRISTIAL PALIS."

"BLESS THE MAN! I DONT WANT NO CHRISTIAL PALISES I AM GOIN' TO THE UOROUGH."

THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.



No. VIII.

HAVING A COLD IN HIS HEAD, RESORTS TO AN INGENIOUS METHOD OF PRESERVING HIS HEALTH WITHOUT DESERTING HIS POST.



THE DEAR DELIGHTS OF BRITAIN'S SUMMER FIELDS.

OVER THE STYLE.

HAYMAKING.

THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.



No. IX.

THE BIVOUAC.



No. X.

AT BUSINESS.

Militia Man (log.). "ALEXANDER, WHEN YOU'VE TITTIVATED THAT GENT, YOU MUST COME TO DRILL."



COMPARATIVE LOVE.

Papa. "SO, CHARLEY, YOU REALLY ARE IN LOVE WITH THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED GIRL YOU MET LAST NIGHT?"

Charley. "YES, PAPA, I LOVE HER DEARLY!"

Papa. "HOW MUCH DO YOU LOVE HER, CHARLEY? DO YOU LOVE HER AS MUCH AS PUDDING?"

Charley. "OH YES, PAPA! AND A GREAT DEAL BETTER THAN PUDDING, UUT (pausing to reflect)—I DON'T LOVE—HER SO MUCH AS—JEELLY!"



PLEASURES OF THE STUDIO.

WHEN EVERY MOMENT IS OF CONSEQUENCE, MR. FLAKE WHITE'S MODEL FOR HAMLET APPEARS WITH A BLACK EYE, WHICH HE DECLARES IS THE EFFECT OF INFLUENZA

THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.



No. XI.

HAVING CURED HIS COLD WITH RUM-AND-WATER, RESOLVES NOT TO GO HOME "TILL DAY-LIGHT DOES APPEAR." HE ASSURES THE POLICEMAN THAT "IT'S ALL RIGHT."



No. XII.

OWING TO THE MILDNESS OF THE SEASON, HE LOOKS UP HIS DUCKS.



SO FOND OF IT.

"THERE NOW; THAT'S A CIGAR I CAN CONFIDENTLY RECOMMEND."

"WELL; PUT ME UP A DOZEN TO TRY!"



DIFFERENCE OF VIEW.

Head of the Family. "FOR WHAT WE ARE GOING TO RECEIVE, MAKE US TRULY THANKFUL.—HEM! COLD MUTTON AGAIN!"

Wife of his Bosom. "AND A VERY GOOD DINNER TOO, ALEXANDER, SOMEBODY MUST BE ECONOMICAL. PEOPLE CAN'T EXPECT TO HAVE RICHMOND AND GREENWICH DINNERS OUT OF THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPING MONEY I HAVE."



WHOLESOME PREJUDICE.

"RAILROADS, SIR? I HATE RAILROADS, AND I SHALL BE VERY GLAD WHEN THEY'RE DONE AWAY WITH, AND WE'VE GOT THE COACHES AGAIN."



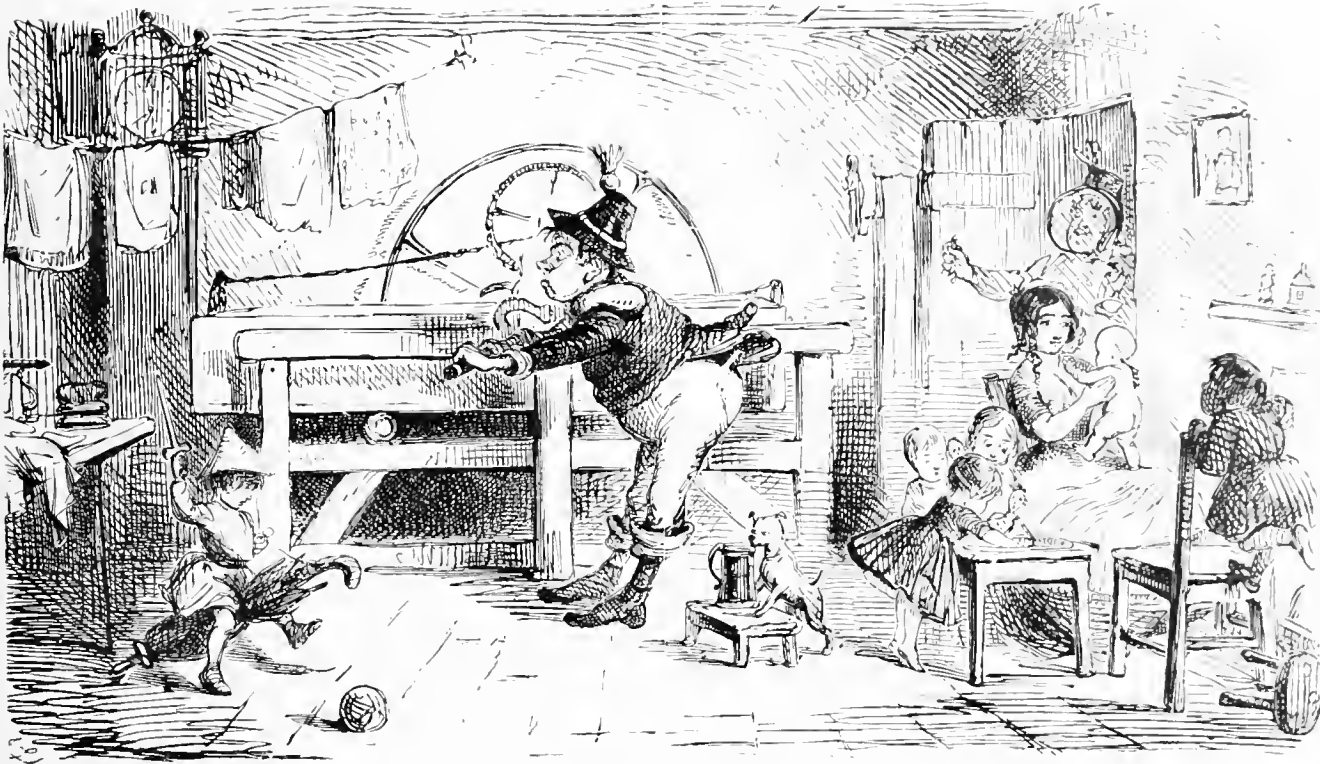
PREPARING FOR THE DERBY.

"I SAY, MISTER. JUST PUT US UP A COUPLE OF GREEN WEILS, WILL YER? THE DUST IS SO UNCOMMON DISACREABLE A-DRIVING DOWN TO HEPSON!"



ALL IS VANITY.

THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.



No. XIII.

HAVING GIVEN HIMSELF LEAVE OF ABSENCE, HE ENJOYS A LITTLE DOMESTIC FELICITY



A YOUNG PATRICIAN.

st Swell. "WHAT AN ASTONISHING COAT, GUS!"
 and Do. "YA-AS! YOU SEE ALL THE SNOBS DWESS SO INFERN'LY LOUD—THAT
 AND I THOUGHT WE WOULD COME DOWN VEWY QUIET."



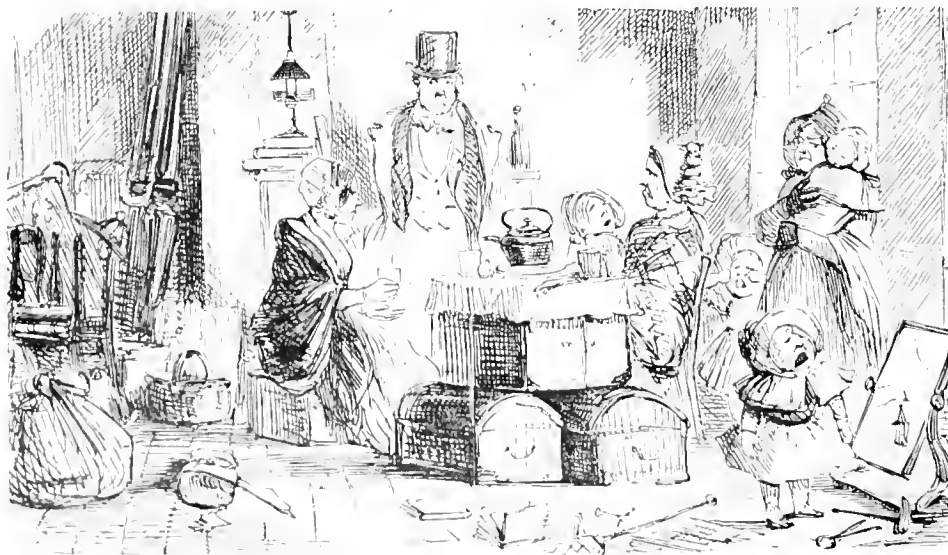
HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THE CHILDREN.

A DESIGN, SHOWING HOW THE PRETTY HOODS WORN BY LADIES MIGHT
 BE MADE USEFUL AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL.



THE END OF A FIVE MINUTES' BURST.

Stout Gentleman "THAT'S THE WAY TO GO OVER A GATE! I DON'T THINK YOU LEFT ME SO FAR BEHIND THAT TIME."



REMOVING.—No. I.

Father of the Family, "OH, IT'S ALL STUFF AND NONSENSE, MRS. G. IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MANAGED OVER AND OVER AGAIN BY THIS TIME."

Mrs. G. "LAW, MY DEAR, HOW YOU TALK! AND I'M SURE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN PUT TO MUCH INCONVENIENCE."

Mother in Law, "THERE, THERE, JEMIMA DON'T ANSWER HIM; IT'S QUITE RIDICULOUS."



GROUSE SHOOTING LATE IN THE SEASON. JOLLY, VERY.

"COME ALONG OLD FELLOW! HERE'S A POINT!"



REMOVING.—No. II.

FIRST NIGHT IN THE NEW HOUSE—AWFUL DISCOVERY OF BLACK BEETLES.

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



PERFECT SINCERITY; OR, THINKINGS ALOUD.

No. I.

Mamma. "YOU ARE A DISAGREEABLE OLD BACHELOR, AND GENERALLY HATE CHILDREN, I KNOW—BUT ISN'T DEAR LITTLE WORMWOOD A FINE, NOBLE LITTLE FELLOW?"

Old Gent. "WELL, IF YOU WANT MY CANDID OPINION, I MAY AS WELL TELL YOU AT ONCE—THAT I THINK HIM THE MOST DETESTABLE LITTLE BEAST I EVER SAW—AND IF YOU IMAGINE I AM GOING TO LEAVE HIM ANYTHING BECAUSE YOU HAVE NAMED HIM AFTER ME, YOU ARE MIGHTILY MISTAKEN."



SPELLING A NEWSPAPER.



PERFECT SINCERITY; OR, THINKINGS ALOUD.

No. II

Artist No. 1. "THERE, MASTER OKER, I FLATTER MYSELF THAT WILL TAKE THE SHINE OUT OF YOUR PRECIOUS PRODUCTION, ALTHOUGH YOU DO THINK NOBODY CAN PAINT UUT YOURSELF."

Artist No. 2. "HEY! DEAR, DEAR, DEAR! THAT'S VERY BAD! BY JOVE, MY BOY, IT'S A DREADFUL FALLING-OFF FROM LAST YEAR! IF I WERE YOU, I SHOULD THINK TWICE BEFORE I SENT IT IN!"

Artist No. 1. "MERE ENVY—ILLIBERAL HUMUUG."



STUDY OF AN ELDERLY FEMALE HAILING THE LAST OMBLEBUS.



PERFECT SINCERITY; OR, THINKINGS ALOUD.

No. III.

Medical Man. "STUPID OLD FOOL! WHY, THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH HIM, EXCEPT WHAT ARISES FROM HIS OVER EATING AND DRINKING HIMSELF—ONLY I CAN'T AFFORD TO TELL HIM SO."



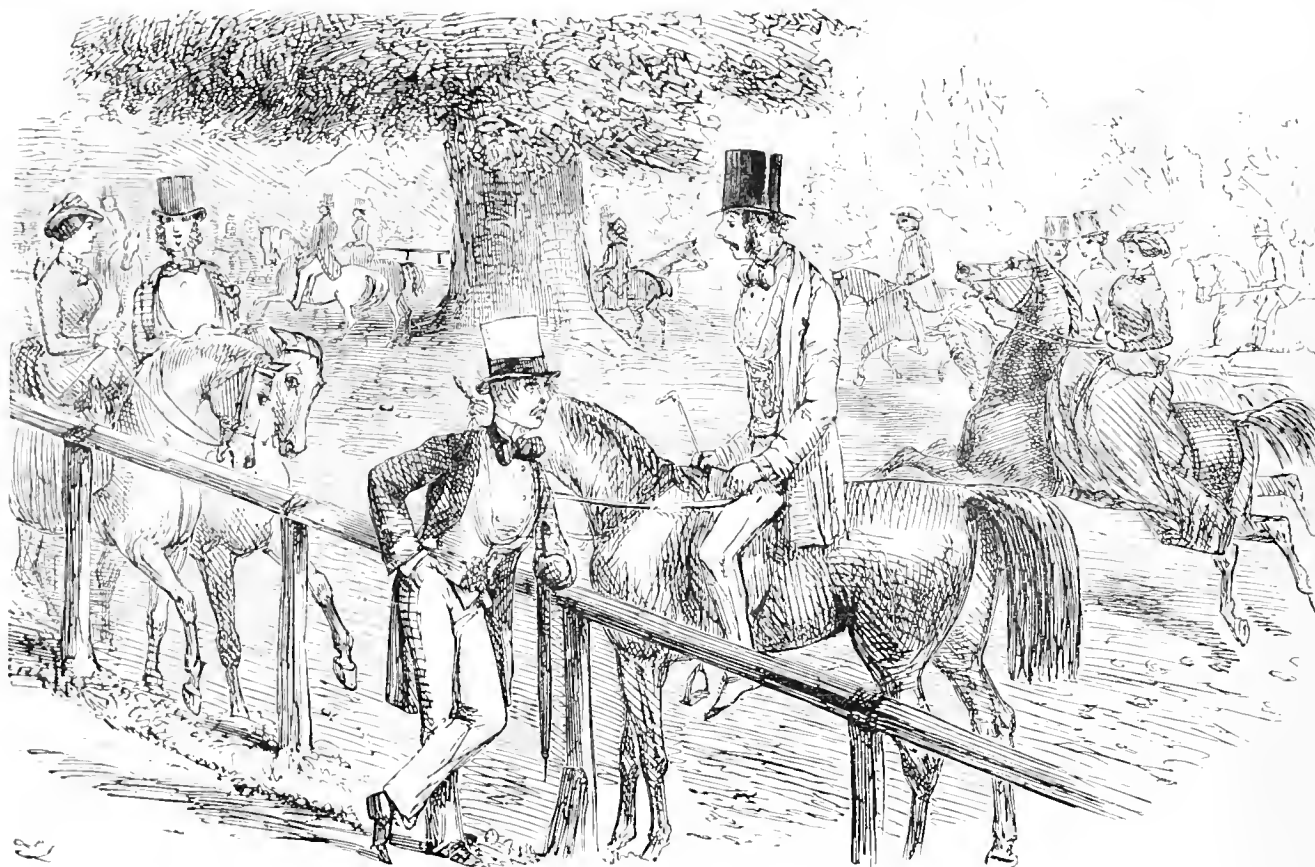
THE OPERA.

"PLEASE, SIR, GIVE US YOUR TICKET, IF YOU AIN'T A-GOIN' IN AGAIN."



A HUMOROUS CUSTOMER.

Gentleman in Cart. "I SAY, GUV'NOR, BRING US OUT A SPOONFUL O' GIN FOR THE OLO LADY, WILL YER?—AND I'LL TAKE A PINT O' MILO ALE—AND LOOK HERE. I DON'T WANT IT THICK—FOR I AIN'T HUNGRY."



MANLY SORROW.

Swell on Horseback. "WHY, CHARLEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD BOY? YOU SEEM OUT OF SPIRITS."

Swell on Foot. "AH! I'VE HAD A SAD LOSS, FRED! I'VE LOST THE LITTLE GRIDIRON OFF MY CHATELAINE!!"



MELANCHOLY SCENE AT THE OPERA ON A CROWDED NIGHT



AT GREENWICH FAIR.

"AND MELANCHOLY MARK'D HIM FOR HER OWN."



BRIBERY IS DETESTABLE! BUT POLITENESS COSTS NOTHING.

Canvasser. "PRAY, GENTLEMEN, DON'T THINK OF WALKING TO THE POLLING BOOTH; I AM SURE YOUR TIME MUST BE VALUABLE, AND HERE'S A CARRIAGE QUITE AT YOUR SERVICE."



EARLY EDUCATION.

Harry (to TOM). "THERE'S ONE GREAT BORE ABOUT A WATERING-PLACE; THEY SELL SUCH HORRID CIGARS"



MAY-DAY.

DISTRESSING POSITION OF A SENTIMENTAL GENTLEMAN WHO WAS ABOUT TO OFFER HIS HAND AND HEART TO THE OBJECT OF HIS AFFECTIONS.

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



A CHEAP DAY'S HUNTING.

No. I.

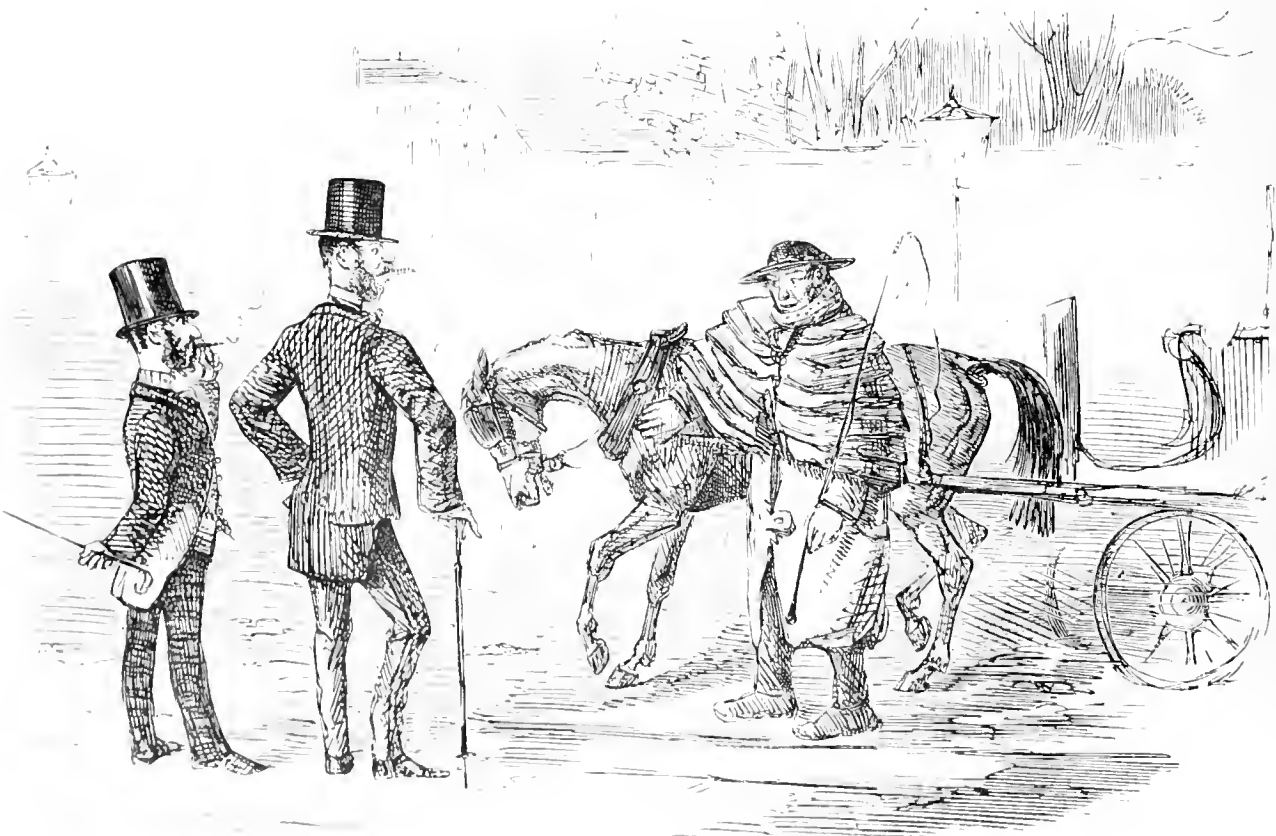
FIRST GET YOUR SEASONED "SCREW"



A CHEAP DAY'S HUNTING.

No. II.

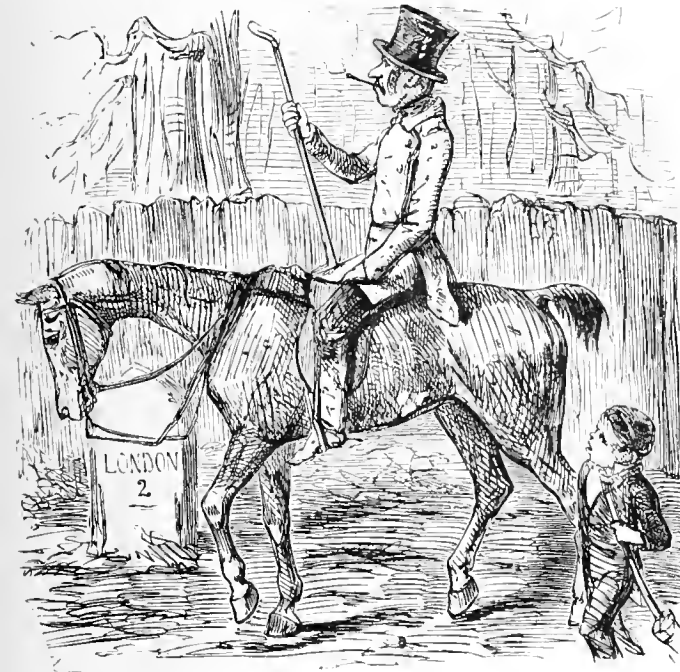
ABOUT FOUR MILES 'DOWN THE ROAD' GET PROPERLY SPLASHED AT A PUBLIC-HOUSE.



RATHER A DROP.

City Gent: "That's a nice little tit, cabby, and brought us along well."

Cabby: "Yessir! He's a nice little one, but lor bless yer! his 'arts too big for his body. He's too good for my work! Now he'd jest suit such a gent as you - to drive a light tea-cart about town for orders on a week-day, and take the missus out for the day o' Sundays!"



A CHEAP DAY'S HUNTING.

No. III.

AND RETURN HOME SMOKING A CHEROOT, TO THE ADMIRATION OF THE POPULACE.



UNDENIABLE.

Buyer. "IS HE WELL BROKE?"

Seller. "LOR, BLESS YE! LOOK AT HIS KNEES!"



THE AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS DODGE.

Beggar. "DID YOU GET THE LAMB'S FRY?"

His Child. "ALL RIGHT."

Beggar. "WELL, NOW, RUN HOME AND TELL YER MOTHER NOT TO BOIL THE SPARRERCRASS TILL I COME."



REMONSTRANCE.

London Merchant. "WHY, WHAT IS THE USE OF YOUR BEING IN A RESPECTABLE HOUSE OF BUSINESS IF YOU PROCEED IN THIS ABSURD, VULGAR MANNER? NOW, TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, UNLESS YOU MEND VERY CONSIDERABLY, YOU WILL GO ON FROM BAD TO WORSE. YOU WILL BECOME A PETTY HUCKSTER; FROM THAT YOU WILL, IN ALL PROBABILITY, GET TO BE A MERE COMMON-COUNCILMAN; THEN AN ALDERMAN; WHEN, AFTER A COURSE OF GLUTTONY AND TOMFOOLERY, PAINFUL TO THINK OF, YOU WILL MAKE A RIDICULOUS TERMINATION TO YOUR CONTEMPTIBLE CAREER BY ACTUALLY BECOMING A LORD MAYOR."

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION!



No. I.

THE PARLIAMENTARY FEMALE.

Father of the Family. "COME, DEAR; WE SO SELDOM GO OUT TOGETHER NOW—CAN'T YOU TAKE US ALL TO THE PLAY TO-NIGHT?"

Mistress of the House and M.P. "HOW YOU TALK, CHARLES! DON'T YOU SEE THAT I AM TOO BUSY. I HAVE A COMMITTEE TO-MORROW MORNING AND I HAVE MY SPEECH ON THE GREAT CROCHET QUESTION TO PREPARE FOR THE EVENING."



No. II.

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION!



No. III.

THE DINING-ROOM.

Lady of the House. "NOW THEN, GIRLS! FILL YOUR GLASSES! BUMPERS! HERE'S JUST ONE TOAST WHICH I AM SURE YOU WILL ALL DRINK WITH PLEASURE. THE GENTLEMEN!!"



No. IV.

NATURALLY THE FEMALE THINKS SHOPPING VERY TIRESOME.

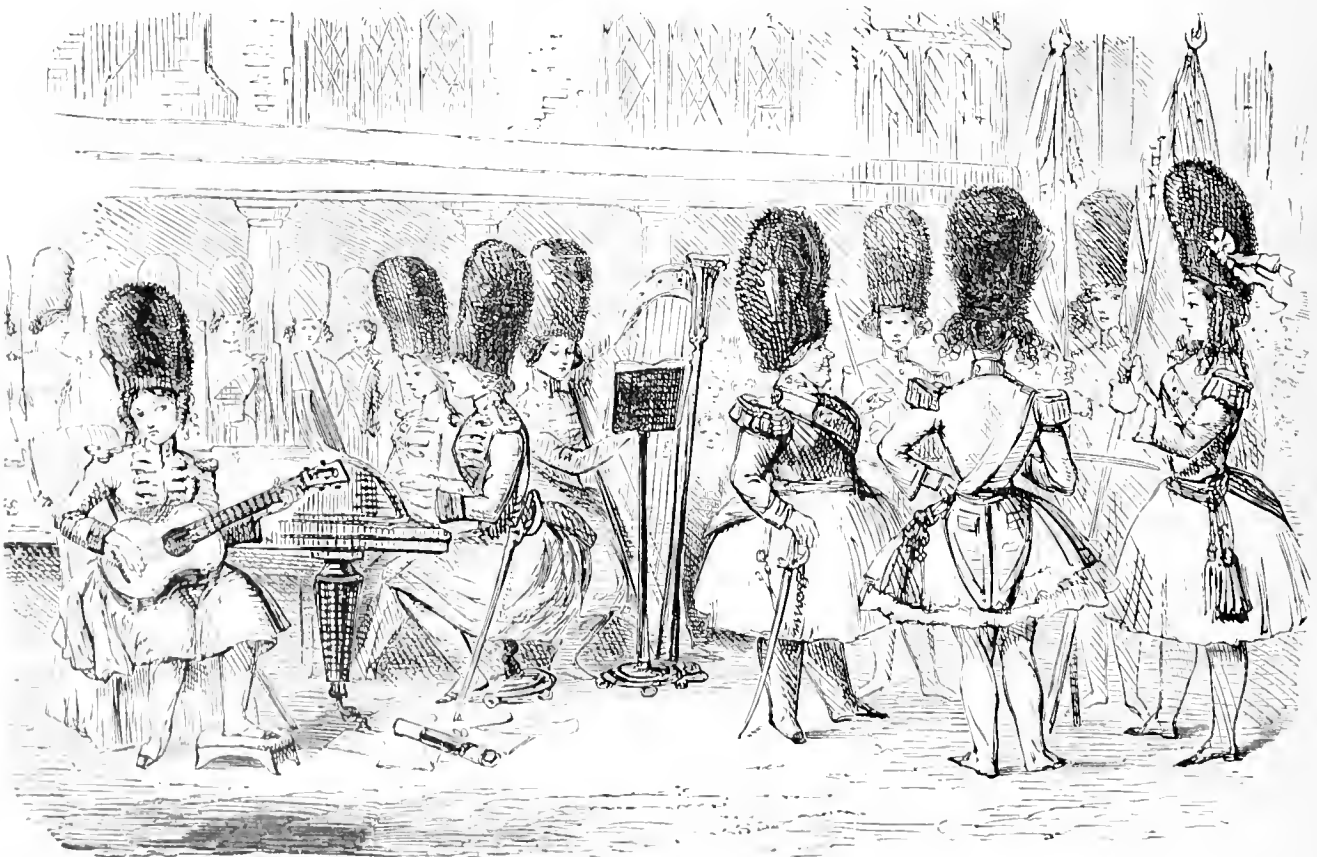
Superior Creature. "FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, EDWARD, DO COME AWAY! WHEN YOU ONCE GET INTO A SHOP, THERE'S NO GETTING YOU OUT AGAIN."

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION!



No. V.

SPORTING FOR LADIES.



No. VI.

THE BAND AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION!



No. VII.

A "BUS" CONDUCTRESS.

Old Gentleman. "YOU ARE A VERY SAUCY, IMPUDENT WOMAN, AND I'LL CERTAINLY SUMMON YOU!"

Conductress. "THANK YE, SIR! (To Driver.) GO ON, SARAH; NEVER MIND THE OLD COVE."



No. VIII.

MARY PROTECTING THE WEAKER SEX.



No. IX.

THE ARREST BY BAILIFFS.

"AND SERVE HER RIGHT TOO—EXTRAVAGANCE IN A MAN IS, IN SOME DEGREE, EXCUSABLE, FOR HE KNOWS NO BETTER—BUT, IN A WOMAN, IT IS QUITE UNPARDONABLE."

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION!



No. X.

MISS BROWN TAKES HER COUSIN OUT FISHING.

Inferior Animal. OH DEAR! MISS BROWN! HERE'S A FISH TAKEN ALL MY BAIT. OO COME AND PUT ON ANOTHER WORM!"



No. XI.

THE WOMAN AT THE WHEEL.



THE REAL FLOWER-SHOW.

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION—BLOOMERISM.



No. I.—APROPOS OF BLOOMERISM.

Visitor (who is looking at the Print of the Bloomer Costume). "WELL, NOW, UPON MY WORD, I DON'T SEE ANYTHING RIDICULOUS IN IT, I SHALL CERTAINLY ADOPT IT."

Strong-minded Lady. "FOR MY PART, I SO THOROUGHLY DESPISE CONVENTIONALITY, THAT I HAVE ORDERED ALL MY NEW THINGS TO BE MADE IN THAT VERY RATIONAL STYLE!"



No. II.

THE SORT OF LEG THAT LOOKS WELL IN BLOOMER PETTICOOLS.

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION—BLOOMERISM.



No. III.—RESULTS OF BLOOMERISM—THE LADIES POP THE QUESTION.

Superior Creature. "SAY! OH, SAY, DEAREST! W'LL YOU BE MINE?" &c., &c.



No. IV.—A POSER FOR A BLOOMER.

Old Gentleman. "BEFORE I CAN ENTERTAIN YOUR PROPOSAL, AND GIVE MY CONSENT TO YOUR MARRYING MY SON, I MUST ASK YOU WHETHER YOU ARE IN A POSITION—A—TO—A—KEEP HIM IN THE STYLE TO WHICH—A—I MAY SAY—HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN ACCUSTOMED? AHENI!"

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION—BLOOMERISM.



No. V.—A PROBABLE INCIDENT IF BLOOMERISM ISN'T PUT DOWN.

Maid. "IF YOU PLEASE, MISS, THE DRESSMAKER HAS BROUGHT HOME YOUR NEW—AH—FROCK."



No. VI.—SOMETHING MORE OF BLOOMERISM.

(BEHIND THE COUNTER THERE IS ONE OF THE "INFERIOR ANIMALS.")

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION—BLOOMERISM.



No. VII.—BLOOMERISM IN A BALL-ROOM.

Bloomer. "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF DANCING THE NEXT POLKA WITH YOU?"



No. VIII.—BLOOMERISM AT HOME.

Strong-minded Female. "NOW, DO PRAY, ALFRED, PUT DOWN THAT FOOLISH NOVEL, AND DO SOMETHING RATIONAL. GO, AND PLAY SOMETHING ON THE PIANO; YOU NEVER PRACTISE NOW YOU'RE MARRIED."



No. IX.

EFFICIENCY OF FEMALE POLICE IN WHAT IS VULGARLY CALLED A "JOLLY ROW."







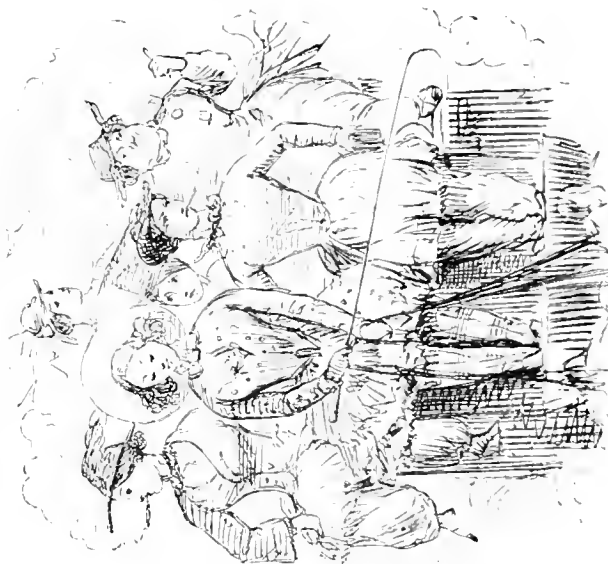
No. XI.—THE BARRISTER.



No. XII.—THE HEIRESS.



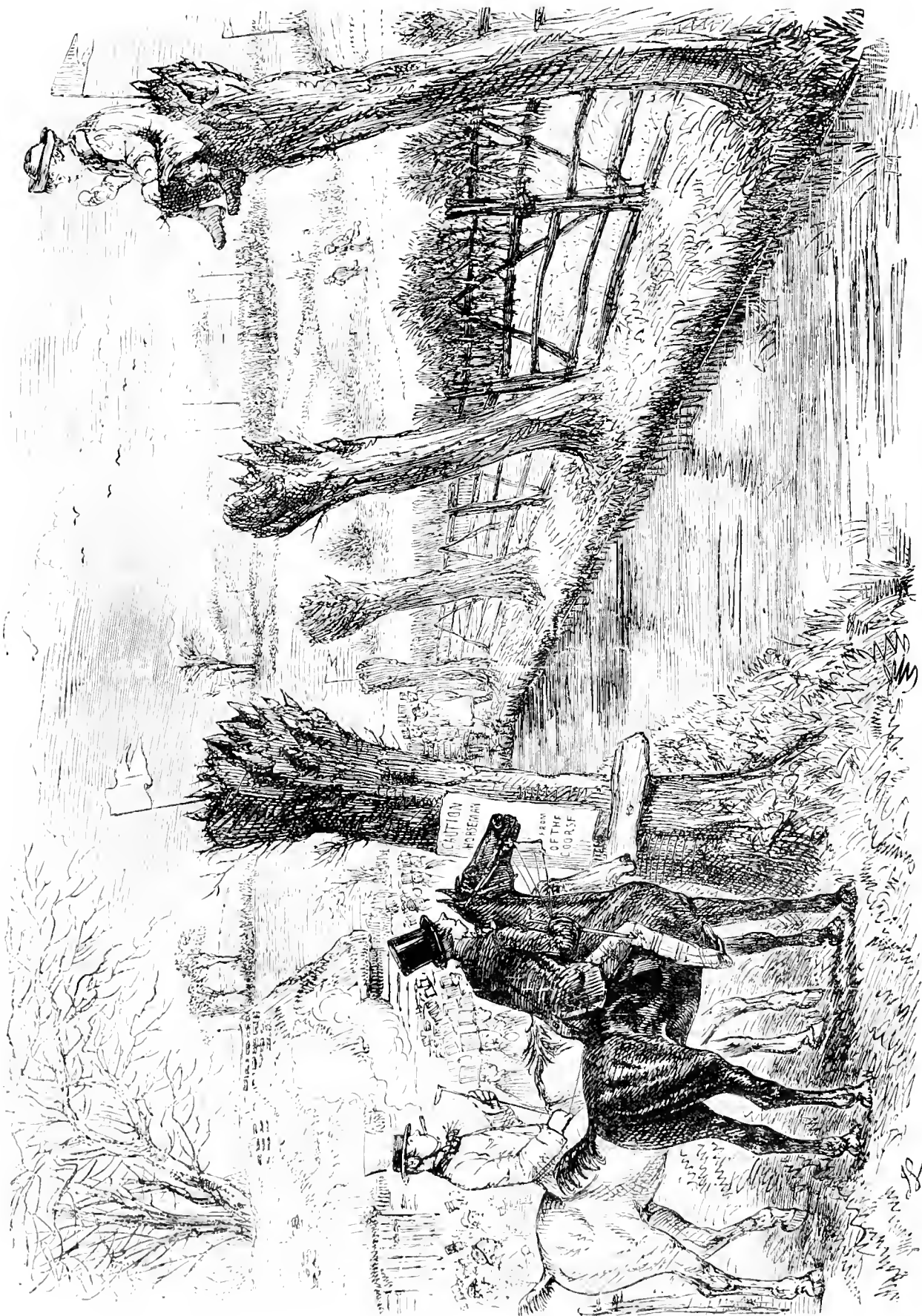
No. XVI.—IN THE PARK.



No. XV.—AT THE DERBY.



No. XIV.—ON THE ROAD.



THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

First Sporting Gent (rears). "CAUTION NO HORSEMAN WILL, ON ANY ACCOUNT, BE ALLOWED TO FOLLOW THE RACEHORSES OVER THE STEEPLE-CHASE COURSE." DEAR ME! HOW PROVOKING! I SHOULD A LIKED TO HAVE POPPED OVER THIS BROOK!"

Second Gent thinks they had better not interfere with any of the Regulations.



MR. 'ARRY BELVILLE ON THE CONTINENT GENERALLY.

'Arry Belville. "YES! I LIKE IT EXTREMELY. I LIKE THE Lazy Ally SORT OF FEELING I LIKE SITTING AT THE DOOR OF A Caffy TO SMOKE MY CIGAR; AND ABOVE ALL (enter noo) IT'S A GREAT GOMFORT TO WEAR ONE'S BEARD WITHOUT BEING LARFED AT!"



SCENE.—BUREAU OF THE CHIEFS OF THE DOUANES.

French Official. "YOU HAVE PASSPORT?"	Official. "CHRISTIAN NOM?"
English Gent. "NONG, MOSSOO."	Gent. "'ARRY!"
Official. "YOUR NAME?"	Official. "PROFESSION?"
Gent. "BELVILLE"	Gent. "BANKER!"



OUR FRIEND BELVILLE AIRS HIS FRENCH AT BOULOGNE, TO THE ADMIRATION OF DOBBINS, WHO DOESN'T SPEAK THE LANGUAGE.

Belville. "AHOM! PARDONG MOSSOO!—ESKER VOUS AVEY-A-SUCH A CHOSE AS A-A-UNE POT—A-THAT IS A-A-UNE PO YOU KNOW-DE-DE-DE BEAR'S GREASE? COMPRENNY?—BEAR'S GREASE?"



ON THE MOORS.

Mr. Puff "MY BIRD, I THINK"

Mr. Muff "BELONGS TO ME, I FANCY" &C. &C. &C.



LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

"WO—MARE HANG IT"—ANYTHING IN REASON I DON'T MIND; BUT, AS A FATHER OF A FAMILY, I DON'T FEEL JUSTIFIED IN GOING AT SUCH A GATE AS THAT"

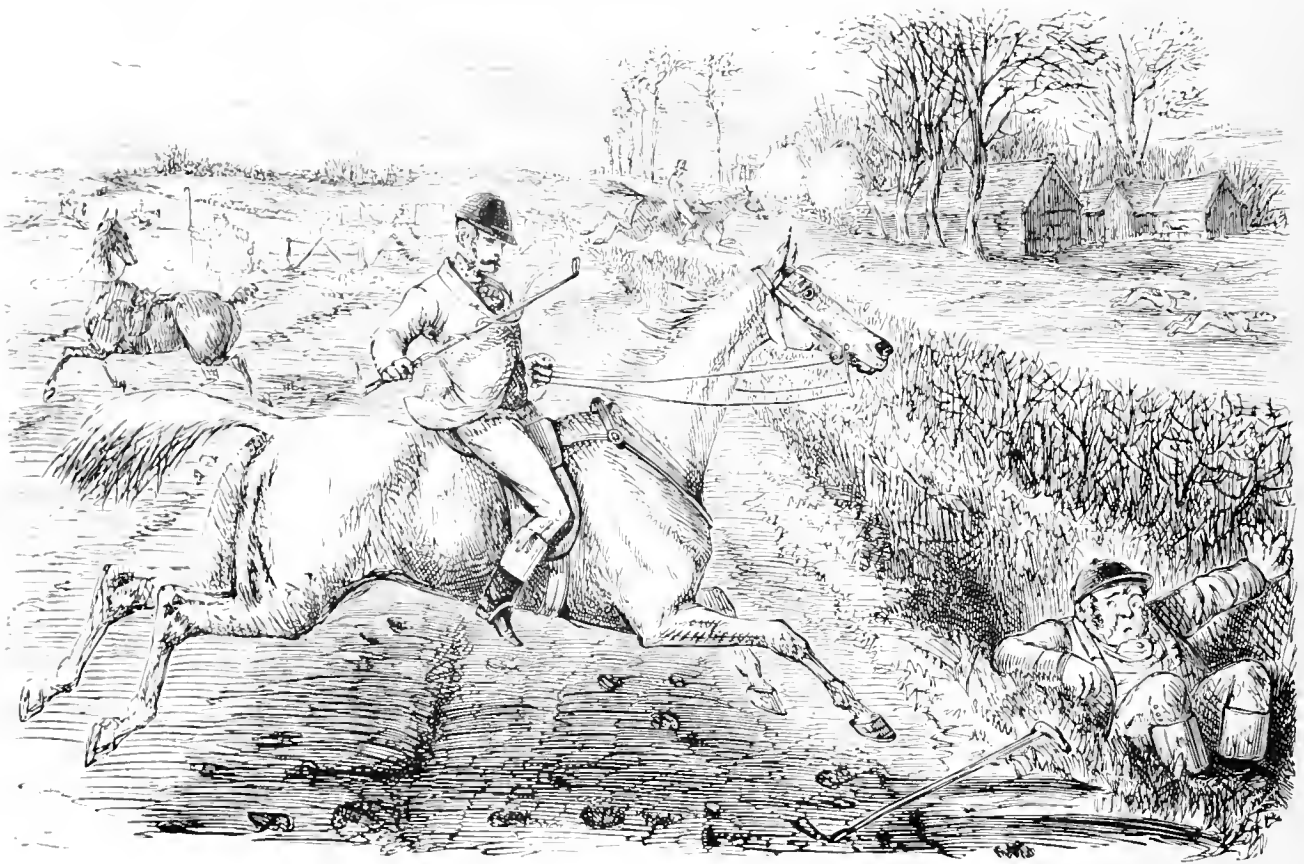


HOW KIND.

Cruel Little Puth. "OH, HARRIET DEAR—PUT ON YOUR HAT AND LET US THEE THE STEAMBOAT COME IN THE THEA IS THO ROUGH!—AND THE PEOPLE WILL BE SO ABTHURDLY THICK!!!"



FOLKESTONE.—ARRIVAL OF THE BOULOGNE BOAT. WIND S.W.



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

"DON'T MOVE THERE, WE SHALL CLEAR YOU!"



NOTHING LIKE KNOWING THE COUNTRY.

Huntsman to Officer going Abroad: "PLEASE BE SO GOOD, SIR, AS GIVE MY RESPECTS TO MASTER HARRY."
 Officer: "OH! BUT MY BROTHER IS IN THE WEST INDIES, AND I AM GOING TO THE EAST."
 Huntsman: "MAYHAP YOU'LL MEET AT T'COVER SIDE ALL THE SAME, SIR."



COOL ASSURANCE.

Undergraduate. "YOU DON'T OBJECT TO SMOKING, I HOPE?"
 Old Party (probably a Director). "YES, SIR. I OBJECT VERY MUCH INDEED! IN FACT, I HAVE THE STRONGEST OBJECTION TO SMOKING!!!"
 Undergraduate. "HM! HA! SOME PEOPLE HAVE." [Smokes for the next fifty miles.]



FASHIONS FOR FAST MEN.

Tom. "WHICH DO YOU LIKE BEST FOR TROUSERS, BILL, CHECKS OR STRIPES?"
 Bill. "WELL, I THINK CHECKS ARE UNCOMMON SUPERIOR, BUT STRIPES IS MOST NOBBY."



THOSE SHOCKING CLUBS.

Charley (who is rather addicted to betting.) "—AND TALKING OF GOODWOOD RACES, WE'VE GOT SUCH A JOLLY SWEEP AT OUR CLUB!"
 Constance. "A SWEEP, CHARLES!—WELL! I NEVER THOUGHT MUCH OF YOUR CLUB FRIENDS, BUT I DIDN'T THINK YOU ASSOCIATED WITH PEOPLE OF THAT SORT!"



IN A VERY BAD WAY.

"WHY, YOU SEEM QUITE WRETCHED, FRANK!"
 "WRETCHED, MY BOY! AH, YOU MAY IMAGINE HOW WRETCHED I AM, WHEN I TELL YOU I DON'T EVEN CARE HOW MY TROUSERS ARE MADE!"



THE PERILS OF A COURT PRESENTATION.

BEFORE PAYING HER RESPECTS AT ST. JAMES'S.

AFTER PAYING HER RESPECTS AT ST. JAMES'S.



FRIGHTFUL.

Clara "WELL, ROSE, DEAR, AND HOW DO YOU FEEL AFTER THE PARTY?"

Rose. "OH, PRETTY WELL. ONLY I HAVE HAD SUCH A HORRID DREAM! DO YOU KNOW, I DREAMT THAT THAT GREAT STUPID CAPTAIN DROWLER UPSET A DISH OF TRIFLE OVER MY NEW LACE DRESS WITH THE BLUE SLIP?"



TRUTH IS GREAT.

Unsophisticated Little Girl, "NOW, YOU A'DONE, BILLY. IF YOU AIN'T QUIET DIRECTLY, I'LL GIVE YER TO THIS GREAT, BIG HUGLY MAN!"
(Immense delight of Swell in gorgeous array.)



A DELUSION.

Dean, "WELL, SIR?"

Small University Man (under the impression that he has irritated the Dean by his conspicuous moustachios). "I BELIEVE YOU WANTED TO SPEAK TO ME, SIR, ABOUT—ABOUT—MY MOUSTACHIOS!"

Dean, "SOME MISTAKE, SIR! I DIDN'T PERCEIVE THAT YOU HAD ANY!"



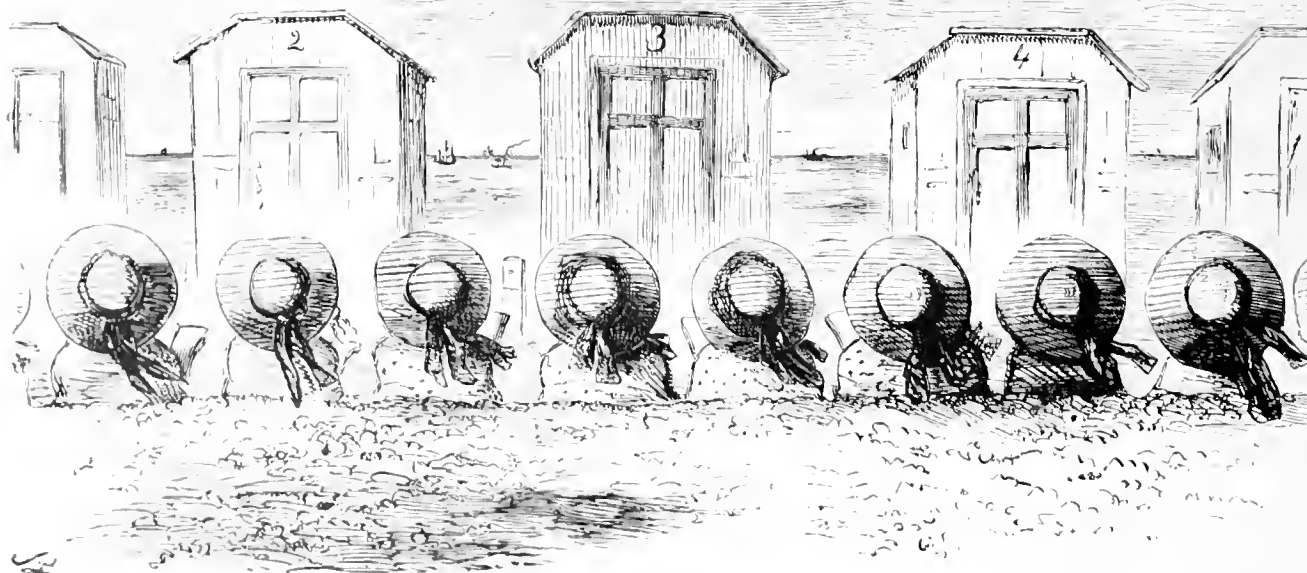
MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

Exquisite (to the Mamma of Performer), "WHAT A PITY THAT GURL'S FRIENDS DON'T TAKE HER AWAY FROM THAT PIANO. SHE'S NDT BAD LOOKING, BUT SHE HAS GOT A VOICE LIKE A PEACOCK!!!"



A CAPITAL OFFER.

"I SAY, GRANNY! CHARLEY SUMMERS AND I ARE GOING TO TAKE LION OUT IN A BOAT FOR A SWIM—NOW IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A SHILLING WE WILL TAKE YOU AND THE GIRLS OUT FOR A ROW!"



SCENE ON THE ENGLISH COAST.



THE TOO FAITHFUL PORTRAIT.

Georgina (in riding habit). "WELL, DEAR! I DECLARE IT'S THE VERY IMAGE OF YOU! I NEVER!"

Sarah Jane (who insists upon seeing the plate). "LIKE ME? FOR GOODNESS' SAKE DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, GEORGINA I THINK IT'S PERFECTLY ABSURD! WHY, IT HAS GIVEN ME A STUPID LITTLE TURN-UP NOSE, AND A MOUTH THAT'S ABSOLUTELY ENORMOUS!"



DREADFUL DESTITUTION.

First. "MY DEAR FRANK—WHAT IS THE MATTER, OLD BOY?"

Second. "OH! I AM DISTRESSED TO DEATH ABOUT MONEY MATTERS—I DON'T KNOW WHAT I SHALL DO? WHY, HERE'S JENNY LIND COMING OUT ON THURSDAY, AND I POSITIVELY HAVEN'T THE MONEY TO PAY FOR A BOX!"



A PLEDGE OF AFFECTION.

Angelina "WILL MY DARLING EDWIN GRANT HIS ANGELINA A BOON?"

Edwin. "IS THERE ANYTHING ON EARTH HER EDWIN WOULD NOT DO FOR HIS PET?—NAME THE BOON, OH, DEAREST—NAME IT!"

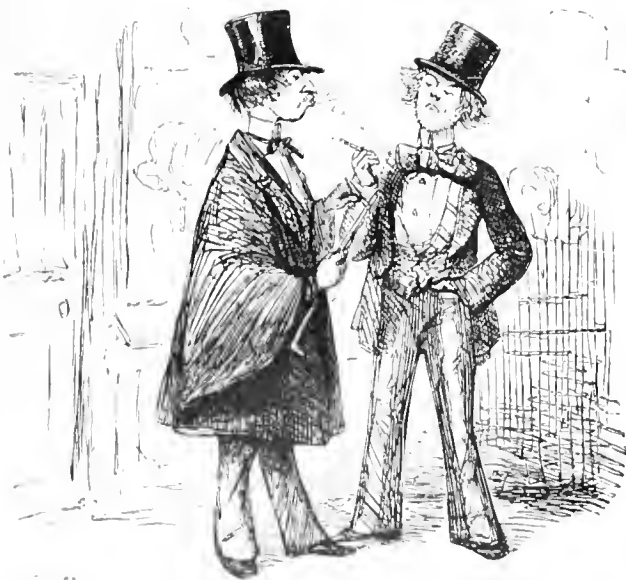
Angelina "THEN, LOVE, AS WE DINE BY OURSELVES TO-MORROW, LET US, OH! LET US HAVE ROAST PORK, WITH PLENTY OF SAGE AND ONIONS!"



VERY PARTICULAR.

First Railway Porter "WHAT DOES HE SAY, BILL?"

Second ditto. "WHY, HE SAYS HE MUST HAVE A COMPARTMENT TO HIMSELF, BECAUSE HE CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT HIS SMOKE!"



MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.—No. 1

Genl. "I SAY, MOSEY! WHY DON'T YER GO THE 'OLE OG. AND LET ALL YER BEARD GROW, LIKE ME?"



OUR BOYS.

Master Tom (to Old Lady who is very nervous about fire) "IT'S ALL RIGHT, GRANMA! MY CANDLE IS OUT. I'M ONLY SMOKING MY USUAL WEED!"



USEFUL, IF NOT ORNAMENTAL.

Master Alfred (an ingenious Boy). "LOOK HERE, WALTER! SEE WHAT A JOLLY TARGET OLD AUNT BETSY'S ROUND HAT MAKES."



A BACK VIEW.

"NOW, CHARLEY! HERE'S THAT PRETTY ROUND HAT AGAIN—WE WILL HAVE A LOOK AT HER THIS TIME."



SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?—No. I.

Servant Gal. "OH! IF YOU PLEASE, MAM, THERE WAS ONE OTHER THINK I SHOULD LIKE TO 'AVE SETTLED."

Lady "YES?"

Gal. "WHERE DO YOU GO TO THE SEA-SIDE IN THE SUMMER? BECAUSE I COULDN'T STOP AT A DULL PLACE AND WHERE THE HAIR WASN'T VERY BRACING!"



OH!

Lady "YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME, MARY, THAT MY NEW CRYSTAL MILK JUG IS BRO—?"

Mary "YE, 'M IT, THE ORKKERDEST JUG AS HIVER I SEE—IT JEST TOOK AND TUMBLED RIGHT OFF ITS 'ANDLES! WHICH ITS LLFT ITS 'ANDLE IN MY 'AND, M."



SOCIAL STRUGGLES.



OUR "USED UP" MAN TAKES A WALK WITH HIS COUSINS IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.



AWFUL APPEARANCE OF A "WOPPS" AT A PICNIC.



NOTHING LIKE SYSTEM.

"AW! PUMMELL, WHAT DO I OWE YOU?"

"OH! NOT MUCH, SIR. IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE."

"AW! NO. BUT I THINK OF TAKING THE BENEFIT OF THE ACT ABOUT CHRISTMAS. AND AS A MAN OF SYSTEM, I AM VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT EXACT AMOUNTS."



PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

Maid. "LAW BLESS YER! THAT AIN'T MISSUS'S OWN 'AIR; IT'S A WIG!"



PUNCTUALITY IS THE SOUL OF BUSINESS.

"NO-O-O GOOD-NIGHT, OLD CHAP! BUSINESS IS THE SOUL OF PUNCTUALITY I MUST GO NOW I'VE GOT SOME BUSI-BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO-(h c)-LET-TERS TO-WRITE!"



EXTREMES MEET.

"THIS IS YOUR BED, SIR!"



A LARGE BUMP OF CAUTION.

Flora. "OH, LET US SIT HERE, AUNT, THE BREEZE IS SO DELIGHTFUL."

Aunt. "YES, DOVE!—IT'S VERY NICE, I DARE SAY; BUT I WON'T COME ANY NEARER TO THE CLIFF, FOR I AM ALWAYS AFRAID OF SLIPPING THROUGH THOSE RAILINGS!"



HEART-BREAKING.

Philanthropist. "WHAT NOW, MY MAN?"

Street Boy. "THEY'VE BEEN AND COME AND SPIKED MY PEA-SHOOTER!"



A VICTIM OF PLEASURE.

"WHAT A STUNNING MEERSCHAUM YOU'VE GOT THERE, CHARLEY!"

"YES, I THINK IT WILL BE HANDSOME BY THE TIME I'VE PROPERLY COLOURED IT."



A YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

First Butcher Boy. "SO THEY'VE GONE AWAY WITH SMITHFEL!"

Second Butcher-Boy. "AH! THEY'LL SOON BE BOWLING OUT HALL OUR OLD INSTITOOSHUNS."



A VERY GREAT MAN.

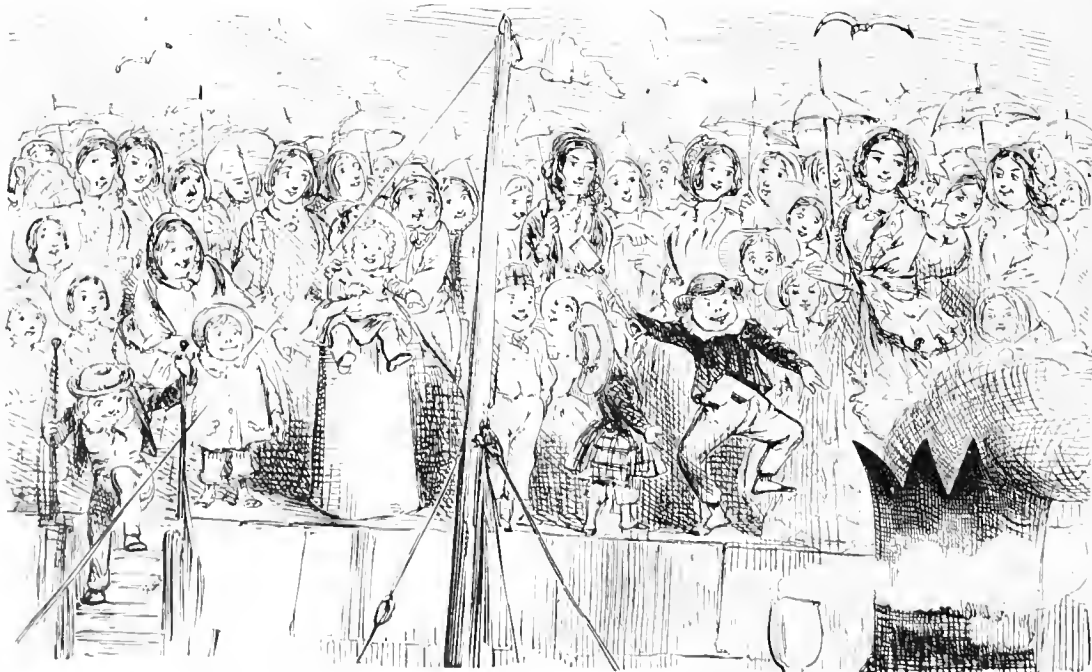
"NOW, COLLINS YOU MUST GO OUT VERY DEEP, FOR I WANT TO TAKE A 'HEADER!'"



AQUATICS.

Flora "WELL, BUT, TOMMY! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN ROW BOTH OF US?"

Tommy (who fancies himself a perfect Athlete in high condition). "ROW YOU! WHY, JUST YOU LOOK HERE; HERE'S A BICEPS MUSCLE FOR YOU!"



SEA-SIDE SATURDAY EVENING.—THE ARRIVAL OF THE "HUSBANDS' BOAT."



SERVANTGALISM.—No. II.

Housemaid. "WELL, SOOSAN, I'VE MADE UP MY MIND NOT TO STOP 'ERE NO LONGER TO WORK LIKE NEGROES AS WE DO!"

Cook. "NOR I, NUTHER! BUT JUST TURN THE MEAT, WILL YOU, PLEASE, THE WHILST I FINISH MY CROGHET?"



IMPROVEMENT IN IRISH AFFAIRS.

"WHOO!—WILL ANY JINTLEMAN BE SO ENGAGIN' AS TO THREAD ON THE TAIL OF ME REGISTERED PALLYTOE?"



SERVANTGALISM.—No. III

Old Lady. "WHAT IS IT, BOY?"

Boy. "PLEASE'M—IT'S A PAIR OF WHITE SATING SHOES, AND THE LADY'S FAN WOT'S BIN MENOED —NAME OF MISS JULIER PEARLASH!"

Old Lady. "MISS !!!!!?????"

Voice from the Area. "OH, 'T'S ALL RIGHT, MUM. IT'S ME!"



AN IRISH HOTEL.

Traveller. "HOLLO! WHAT THE 'DEUCE ARE YOU ABOUT WITH THAT GRIDIRON?"

Chambermaid. "TO BE SURE, IT'S YER HONDUR'S BED I'M WARMING; AND AINT OUR WARMING-PAN ENGAGED FRYING SAUSAGES?"



SERVANTGALISM.—No. IV.

Servant Gal. "WELL, MAM—HEVERYTHINK CONSIDERED—I'M AFRAID YOU WONT SUIT ME. I'VE ALWAYS DIN DROUGHT UP CENTEEL, AND I COULDN'T GO NOWHERES WHERE THERE AINT NO FOOTMAN KEP."



SERVANTGALISM.—No. V.

Servant Gal (who has quarrelled with her bread-and butter). "IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, I FIND THERE'S COLD MEAT FOR DINNER IN THE KITCHEN, DID YOU EXPECT ME TO EAT IT?"

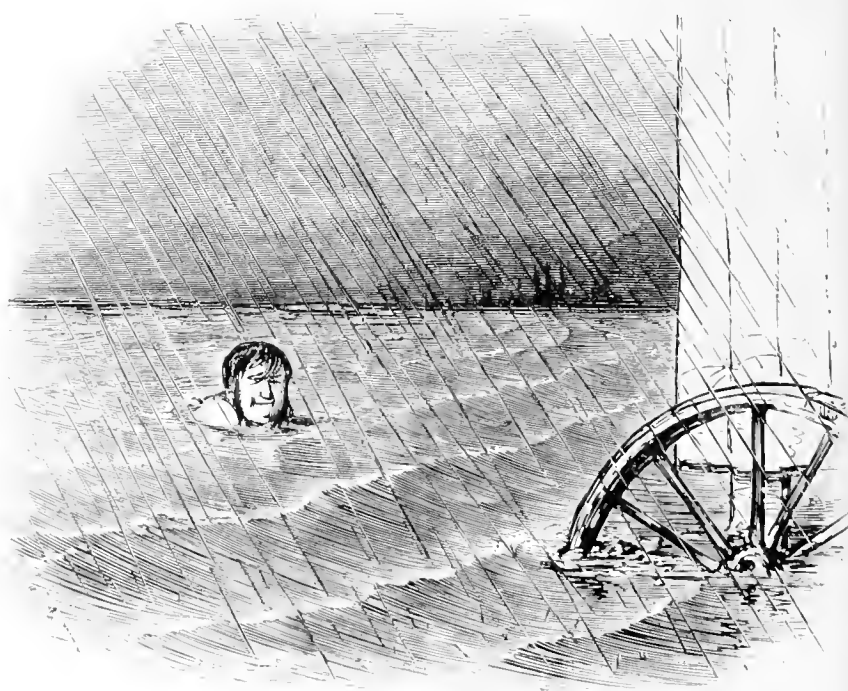
Lady "OF COURSE I EXPECT YOU TO EAT IT, AND AN EXCELLENT DINNER, TOO."

Servant "OH, THEN IF YOU PLEASE'M, I SHOULD LIKE TO LEAVE THIS DAY WEEK."
[Exit idiot,



AT ASCOT.

THE ONLY "PARTIS" WHO ENJOYED THE WET DAY.



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

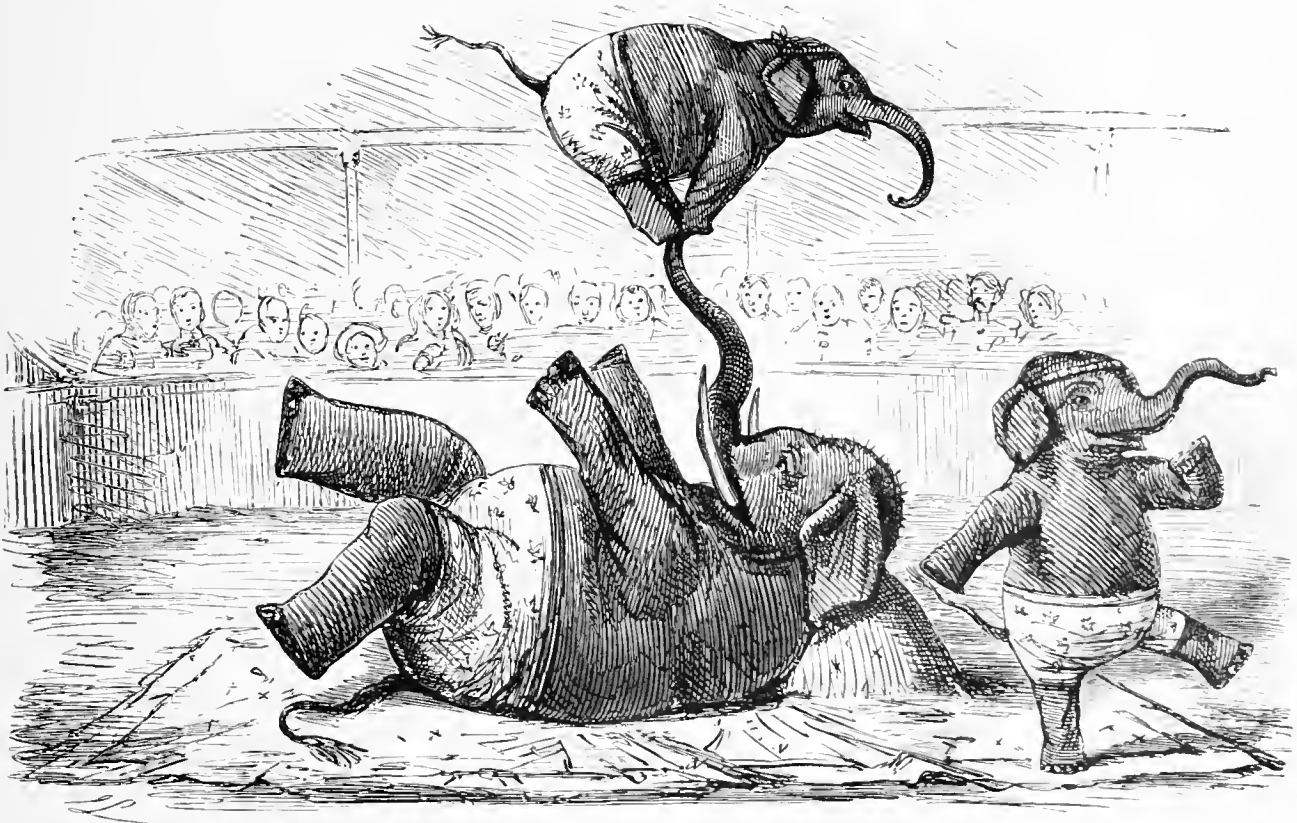
Enthusiast. "THIS IS REALLY ADMIRABLE!—I CET MY SWIM—AND A SHOWER BATH IN!"



SMALL BY DEGREES, AND BEAUTIFULLY LESS.

Shopman. "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR—BUT THE LADY LEFT HER PARASOL ON THE COUNTER!"

Swell. "HAW! YA—AS—NO! THAT IS, IT'S MY UMBRELLAW THANKS! BY JOVE! HAW!"



A DRAWING-ROOM ENTERTAINMENT.



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.—No. II.

"MY EYE, TOM, WHAT A 'ORRID BORE IT MUST BE FOR THE HORFICER SWELLS, NOW WE'VE TOOK TO WEARIN' OUR MOOSTARCHERS. THE GALS CAN'T TELL US FROM THEM, NOW!"



BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK.

THE POPULAR AND AMUSING GAME AS AT PRESENT PLAYED IN THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARES.



A PLEASING DELUSION.

Smith. "HOLLO! POSTER, AIN'T YOU PRECIOUS DRUNK, RATHER?"
Post Boy. "DRUNK! NOT A BIT OF IT."



SERVANTGALISM.—No. VI.

Lady. "WISH TO LEAVE? WHY, I THOUGHT, THOMPSON, YOU WERE VERY COMFORTABLE WITH ME!"

Thompson (who is extremely refined). "HOH YES, MAM! I DON'T FIND NO FAULT WITH YOU, MAM—NOR YET WITH MASTER—BUT THE TRUTH *HIS*, MAM—THE HOTHER SERVANTS IS SO 'ORRID VULGAR, AND HIGNORANT, AND SPEAKS SO HUNGRAMMATICAL, THAT I REELY CANNOT LIVE IN THE SAME 'DUSE WITH 'EM—AND I SHOULD LIKE TO GO THIS DAY MONTH, IF SO BE HAS IT WONT ILLCONVENIENCE YOU!"



THE SEA-SIDE HAT.

WHAT IS ENOUGH FOR ONE IS ENOUGH FOR TWO.



HOW TO ESCAPE FROM A SCOLDING WIFE.

Patient (inhaling Ether). "THIS IS REALLY QUITE DELIGHTFUL—A MOST BEAUTIFUL DREAM."



A BIT OF HIS MIND.

Edward (to his Military Cousin). "NO! I SHANT! I SHANT GO AND SHOOT BLACK-BIRDS. AND I TELL YOU WHAT, MASTER CHARLEY, YOU DRAGOON SWELLS WON'T HAVE QUITE SUCH A PULL UPON US CIVILIANS NOW, FOR WE ARE ALL GOING TO GROW BEARDS AND MOUSTACHIOS."



HOW TO GET A CONNECTION.

Shopman (to Ancient Party). "YES, MISS—THANK YOU, MISS—IS THERE ANY OTHER ARTICLE, MISS?—CAN WE SEND IT FOR YOU, MISS?"

[Old Lady thinks it SUCH a nice shop, and SUCH well-behaved young men.]



SERVANTGALISM.—No. VII.

'Ousemaid (from Town). "IS HANN JENKINS AT HOME?"

Suburban Cook. "NO. SHE HAS JUST COME TO HER MILLINER'S!"

'Ousemaid. "THEN GIVE HER MY CARD, PLEASE, AND SAY, I 'OPE SHE OOT HOME SAFELY FROM THE BALL."



AN ALARMING MESSAGE.

"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MOTHER'S TOOK THE LOTION, AND RUBBED HER LEG WITH THE MIXTURE!"



A MISTAKEN IMPRESSION.

First Young Lady. "OH, DEAR HOW DULL THE OLD TOWN IS, NOW ALL THE OFFICERS ARE GONE ABROAD!"

Second ditto (a trifle older). "H'M—FOR MY PART, I'M VERY GLAD THEY'RE GONE, FOR THEY WERE ALWAYS FOLLOWING ONE ABOUT!"



TOUCHING SIMPLICITY.

Little Wife (eagerly opening the door for dear Edwin). "OH, SEE, DEAR, WHAT I HAVE FOR YOU—I'M SURE UNCLE HAS GOT YOU AN APPOINTMENT UNDER GOVERNMENT AT LAST—FOR HERE'S A LETTER MARKED IMMEDIATE, AND 'ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE'!"

[Poor little soul! what does she know about Rates and Taxes?



AN AGED JUVENILE.

Miss Flora Macfungus. "I DARESAY YOU THINK ME A VERY ODD GIRL—AND, INDEED, MAMMA SAYS I'M A GIDDY, THOUGHTLESS CREATURE, AND"—

Partner. "OH, HERE'S A VACANT SEAT, I THINK."



JUDICIOUS!

"STAND ON MY HEAD, MARM, FOR A PENNY."

"NO, LITTLE BOY—THERE IS A PENNY FOR KEEPING RIGHT END UPWARDS."



GOOD REASONS.

Railway Official. "YOU'D BETTER NOT SMOKE, SIR!"

Traveller. "THAT'S WHAT MY FRIENDS SAY."

Railway Official. "BUT YOU MUSN'T SMOKE, SIR!"

Traveller. "SO MY DOCTOR TELLS ME."

Railway Official (indignantly). "BUT YOU SHAN'T SMOKE, SIR!"

Traveller. "AH! JUST WHAT MY WIFE SAYS."



POULTRY FANCIES.

NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY A "COCHIN" IT FOR THROWING STONES AT THE FOWLS.



INDISCRETION.

Lydia. "DON'T, HOPAGE!—LOOK AT OLD TOMKINS SITTING AT HIS WINDOW."



QUITE A NOVELTY.

Amiable Experimentalist, "MAKES A DELICIOUS SIDE-DISH. DOESN'T IT? BUT IT IS NOT THE COMMON MUSHROOM; IT'S A LARGE FUNGUS CALLED THE AGARICUS PRO CERUS. IT GROWS SOLITARY IN HEDGE-ROWS, IS CALLED COLUBRINUS, FROM THE SNAKE-LIKE MARKINGS ON ITS STEM. THE PILEUS IS COVERED WITH SCALES, WHICH ARE FORMED BY THE BREAKING-UP OF THE MUD-COLOURED EPIDERMIS. AND— [General panic takes place.]



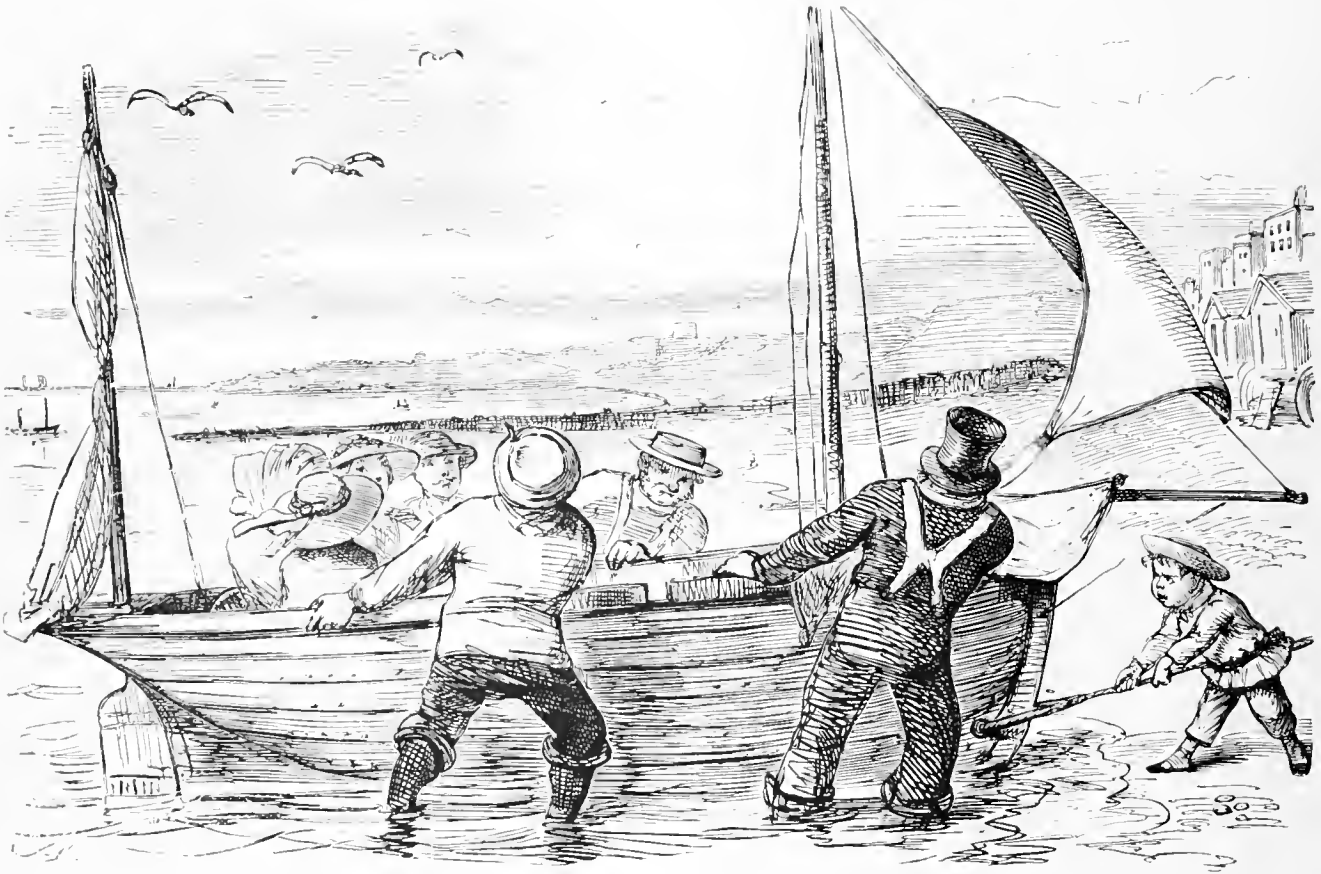
CURIOUS MODE OF CONDUCTING A RETAIL ESTABLISHMENT.



A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

Old Gentleman "WHY, FREDERICK, WHAT A DISGRACEFUL STATE YOU'RE IN, SIR!—WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?"

Frederick "COULDN'T—GET A SEAT—SO—'VE BEEN—TO—TH'—CLUB."



AQUATICS.

Small Boy "NOW, THEN! ALL TOGETHER!"



OVERTAKEN BY THE TIDE.—MARGATE.



EFFECTS OF SALT WATER, AS OBSERVED AT THE
REGATTA BALL.

— Weatherspoon, Esq. (of the *Oriana*, R.Y.S.), "I SAY, TOM, WHAT'S THAT LITTLE CRAFT WITH THE BLACK VELVET FLYING AT THE FORE, CLOSE UNDER THE LEE-SCUPPERS OF THE MAN-OF-WAR?"

Honourable Binnacle (of the *Matilda*, R.V.Y.C.), "WHY, FROM HER FORE AND AFT RIG, AND THE CUT OF HER MAINSAIL, I SHOULD SAY SHE'S DOWN FROM THE PORT OF LONDON; BUT I'LL SIGNAL THE COMMODORE TO COME AND INTRODUCE US."



TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

"WE KNEW HOW IT WOULD BE—GIRLS HOLDING THOSE GREAT ROUND HATS OVER THEIR EYES, SO THAT THEY CAN'T SEE WHERE THEY ARE GOING—WHY HERE'S FLORA PLUMLEY RUN RIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF THAT YOUNG HORACE SPANKER, WHO HASN'T A PENNY."—Extract from our Aunt's Letter.



OFF THE FORELAND.

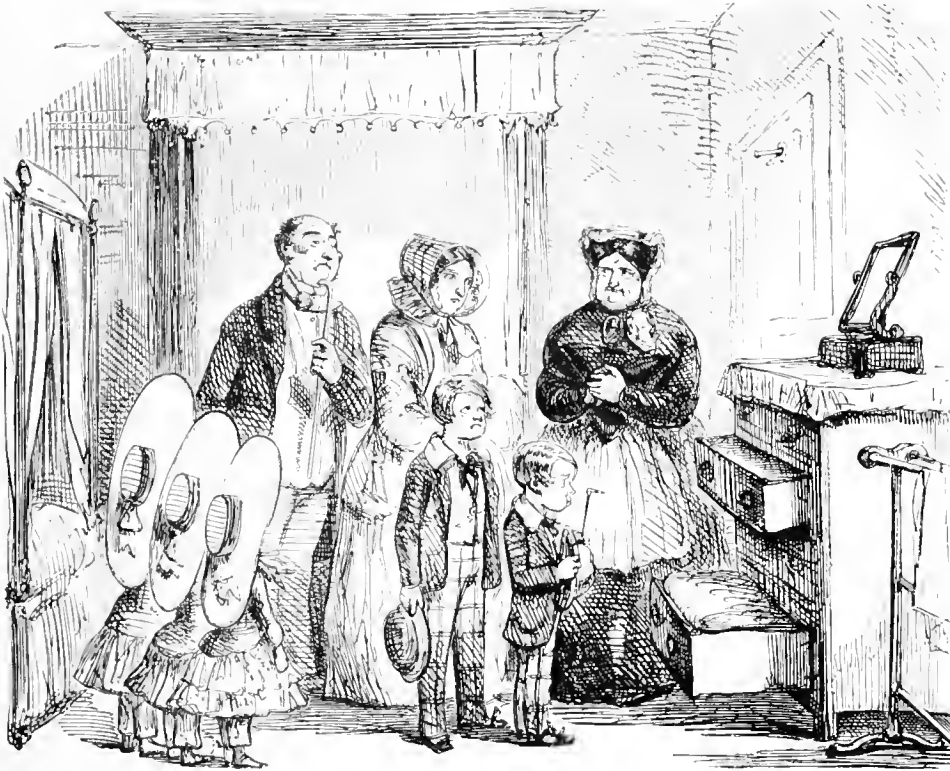
Old Lady (loquutor), "NOW, MY GOOD MAN, I HOPE YOU ARE SURE IT WOULD REALLY DO ME GOOD, BECAUSE I CANNOT TOUCH IT BUT AS MEDICINE!"



THE NEW ARRIVAL.

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.

MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—1851.



No. I.—CROWDED STATE OF LODGING-HOUSES.

Lodging-house Keeper. "ONLY THIS ROOM TO LET, MEM. A FOUR POST—A TENT—AND A VERY COMFORTABLE DUDLE-BEDDED CHEST OF DRAWERS FOR THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN."



No. II.—YOUNG ENGLAND.

"DOOCEO GRATIFYING, AIN'T IT CHARLES, TO SEE SA MUCH IN-DASTRY?"



No. III.—PUZZLED VISITORS.

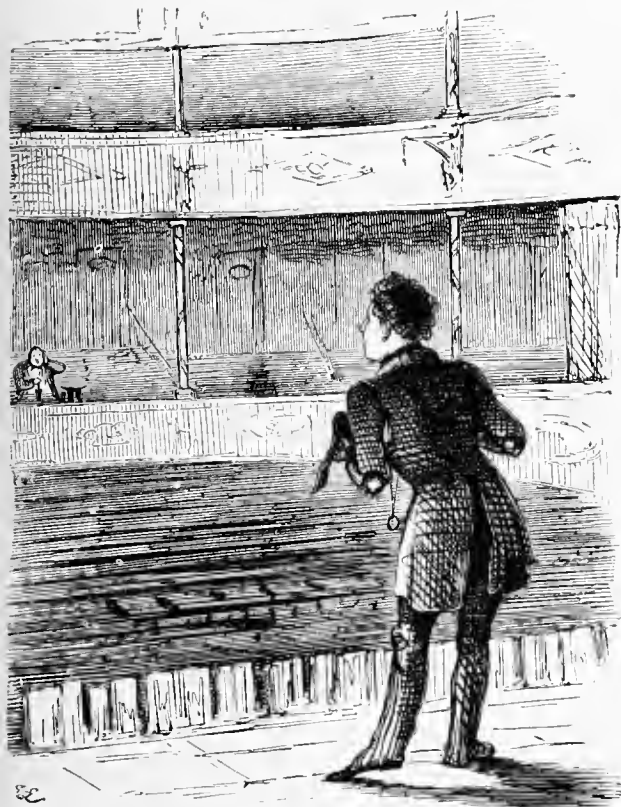
"MON DIEU, ALPHONSE! REGARDEZ-VOUS. COMMENT APPELLE-T-ON CETTE MACHINE LÀ?"
"TIENS, C'EST ORÔLE—MAIS JE NE SAIS PAS."



No. IV.—WONDERFUL OBJECTS.

A GENTLEMAN FROM THE COUNTRY MISTAKES THE CRYSTAL SENT BY THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE FOR THE KOB-I-KHOOR DIAMOND.

MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—1851.



No. V.—THEATRICAL DEPRESSION.

Manager. "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—A—I MEAN RESPECTED INDIVIDUAL, —IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE GREAT ATTRACTION OF THE EXHIBITION OR CRYSTAL PALACE, I BEG TO ANNOUNCE TO YOU THAT THIS RIDICULOUS FARCE OF OPENING MY THEATRE WILL NOT BE REPEATED; AND YOUR ORDER WILL BE RETURNED TO YOU ON APPLICATION AT THE BOX-OFFICE."



No. VII.—HOTELS ARE QUITE FULL.

Waterman. "VAT TIME WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR HOT WATER, SIR?"



No. VI.—A STAGGERER FOR AN EXCURSIONIST.

Foreigner (with profuse gesticulation). "PARDON, M'SIEU! FAUT-IL ALLER A DROITE, A GAUCHE, OU EN FACE, POUR ME RENDRE À PEEK-A-PEEK-A-DELEE?" (Piccadilly)



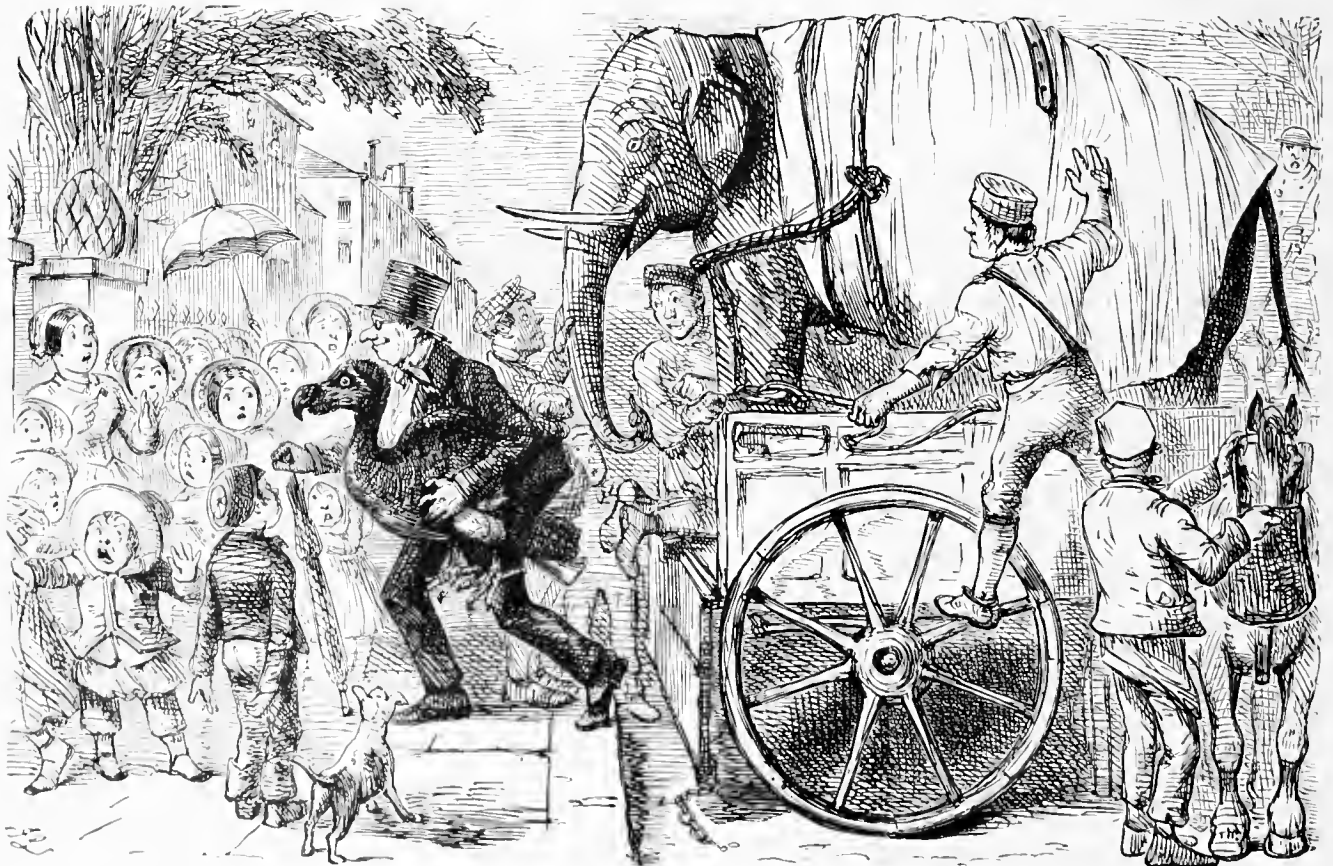
No. VIII.—AWFUL RESULT OF GIVING A SEASON TICKET TO YOUR WIFE.

Mary. "PLEASE, SIR, COOK'S GONE OUT FOR A HOLIDAY; AND MISSUS DIDN'T SAY NOTHING ABOUT NO DINNER. SIR MISSUS WENT EARLY TO THE EXHIBITION WITH SOME LUNCH IN A BASKET, AND SAID SHE SHOULDN'T BE HOME UNTIL TEA TIME."

MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—1851.



No. IX.—THE LOOKING-GLASS DEPARTMENT.



No. X.—A DELICATE ATTENTION.

AN OLD GENTLEMAN, ANXIOUS THAT HIS WIFE SHOULD POSSESS SOME TRIFLE FROM THE GREAT EXHIBITION, PURCHASES (AMONGST OTHER THINGS) THE STUFFED ELEPHANT, AND THE MODEL OF THE DODO.

MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—1851.



No. XI.—NEW FASHIONS.

Hatter. "YOU COULDN'T HAVE A MORE BECOMING HAT, SIR—AND THEY'LL BE A GREAT DEAL WORN AT THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION."



No. XII.—SINCERE GRIEF AT THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Omnibus Man "OH, WHAT A HORRID SHAME TO PULL DOWN SUCH A D-B-B-EE-AUTIFUL B-B-B-UILDING!"



No. XIII.—THE LADIES AND THE POLICE—THE BATTLE OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.

MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—1851.



No. XIV.—AN INTERESTING COUPLE.

THEY CAN'T THINK WHERE MAMMA CAN HAVE GOT TO—THEY HAVE BEEN
LOOKING FOR HER EVERYWHERE
(N.B. The most remote Refreshment-room selected.)



No. XV.—REFRESHMENT ROOM.

Visitor. "PINT O' BEER, MISS, PLEASE."

Miss "DON'T KEEP IT. YOU CAN HAVE A STRAWBERRY ICE AND A WAFER."



No. XVI.—THE NORTH-AMERICAN LODGERS IN 1851.

MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION. 1851.



No. XVII.

PERFIDIOUS ALBION LETS HIS DRAWING-ROOM FLOOR TO A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER.—
THE RESULT.



No. XVIII.—DINING-ROOMS.

Waiter (to Chinaman). "VERY NICE BIRD'S-NEST SOUP, SIR?—YES, SIR!—RAT PIE, SIR. JUST UP—YES, SIR!—AND
A NICE LITTLE DOG TO FOLLER—YES, SIR!"

MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—1851.



No. XIX.

HERE YOU HAVE A REPRESENTATION OF THAT NOBLE CHARACTER, THE BRITISH MERCHANT, TAKING LEAVE OF HIS SENSES—AND HIS BUSINESS—TO LOUNGE ABOUT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



No. XX.

THE TRADESMAN AT THE WEST END IS OBLIGED TO GIVE UP HIS TRADE, AND BREED POULTRY.



No. XXI.

BRITANNIA HAS THE INDUSTRY OF ALL-THE-WORLD AND HIS WIFE, TO SPEND A FEW MONTHS WITH HER.

MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—1851.



No. XXII.

THE CRUSH ROOM AT THE OPERA.—"MR. CHAWBACON'S CART STOPS THE WAY!"



No. XXIII.

MR. CHAWBACON "COMING DOWN."



No. XXIV.

FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO HAS BEEN
HONOURABLY MENTIONED BY PRINCE ALBERT!

"HONOURABLY MENTIONED, INDEED! IS THAT ALL? SCANDALOUS!"

MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—1851.



No. XXV.

DINNER-TIME AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.







FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

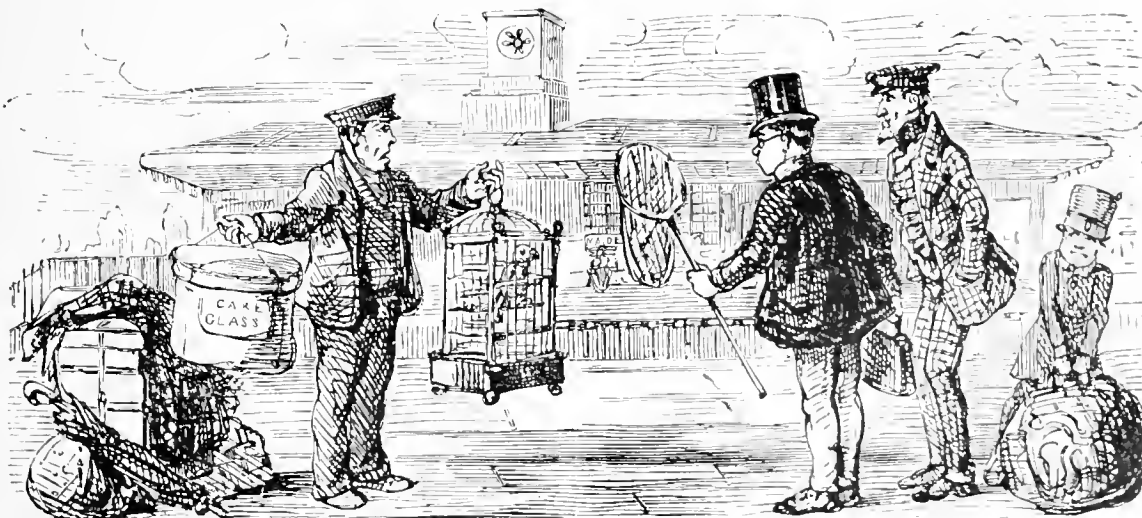
Assiduous Young Curate. "WELL, THEN, I DO HOPE I SHALL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SEEING BOTH OF YOU NEXT SUNDAY!"

Miner. "OI, THEE MAYST COAM IF 'E WULL. WE FOIGHT ON THE CROFT, AND OLD JOE TANNER BRINGS TH' BEER."



WHAT WILL HE DO WITH THEM?

Youthful Costermonger. "NOW THEN, GUV'NER, 'AVE THE LAST ROPE FOR A PENNY!"

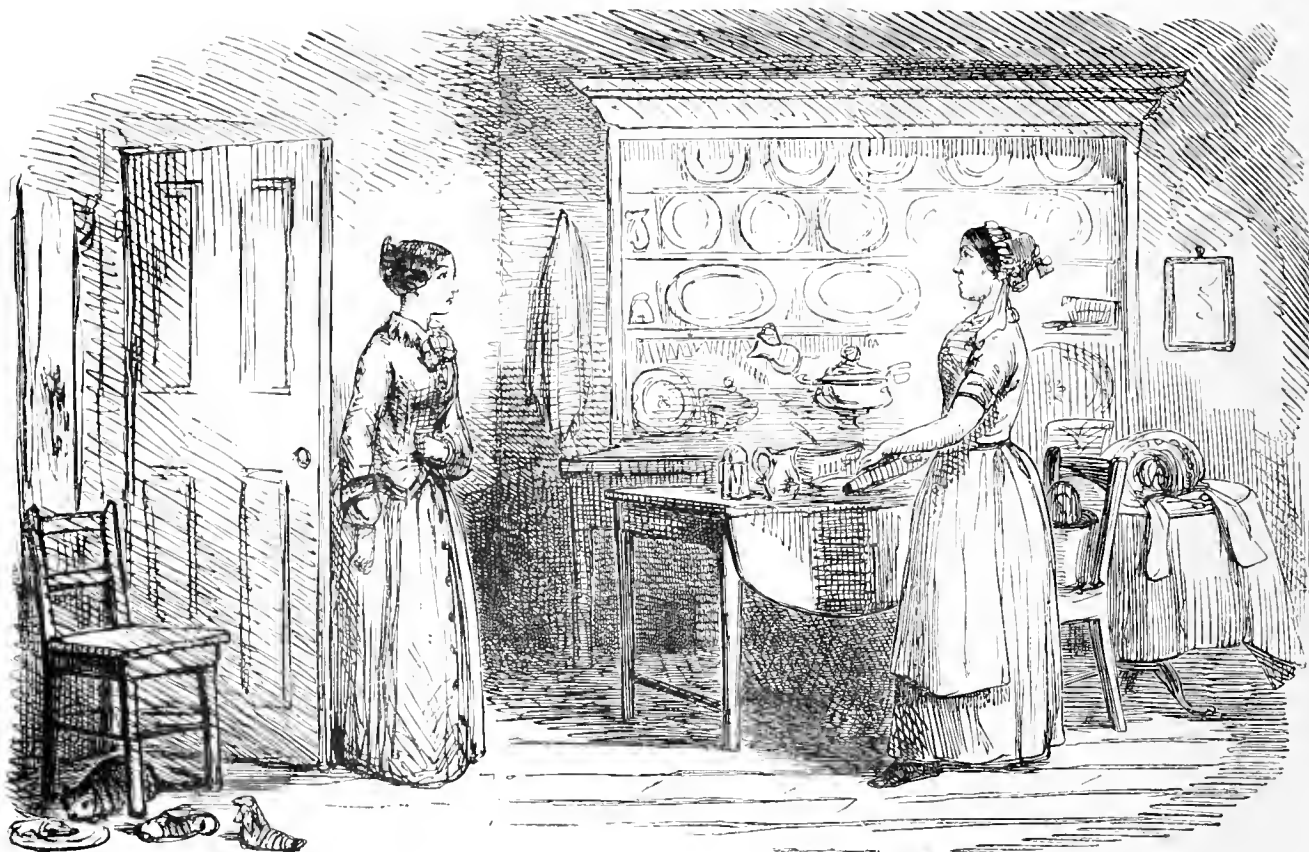


RAILWAY MISERIES.

Porter. "IS THIS YOUR LUGGAGE, SIR?"

Piscator. "CONFOUND IT, NO! WE WANT SOME FISHING-RODS, A CAN OF LIVE-BAIT, AND A HAMPER."

Porter. "OH—DO YOU, SIR? WHY, THEY'RE GONE ON TO BRISTOL."

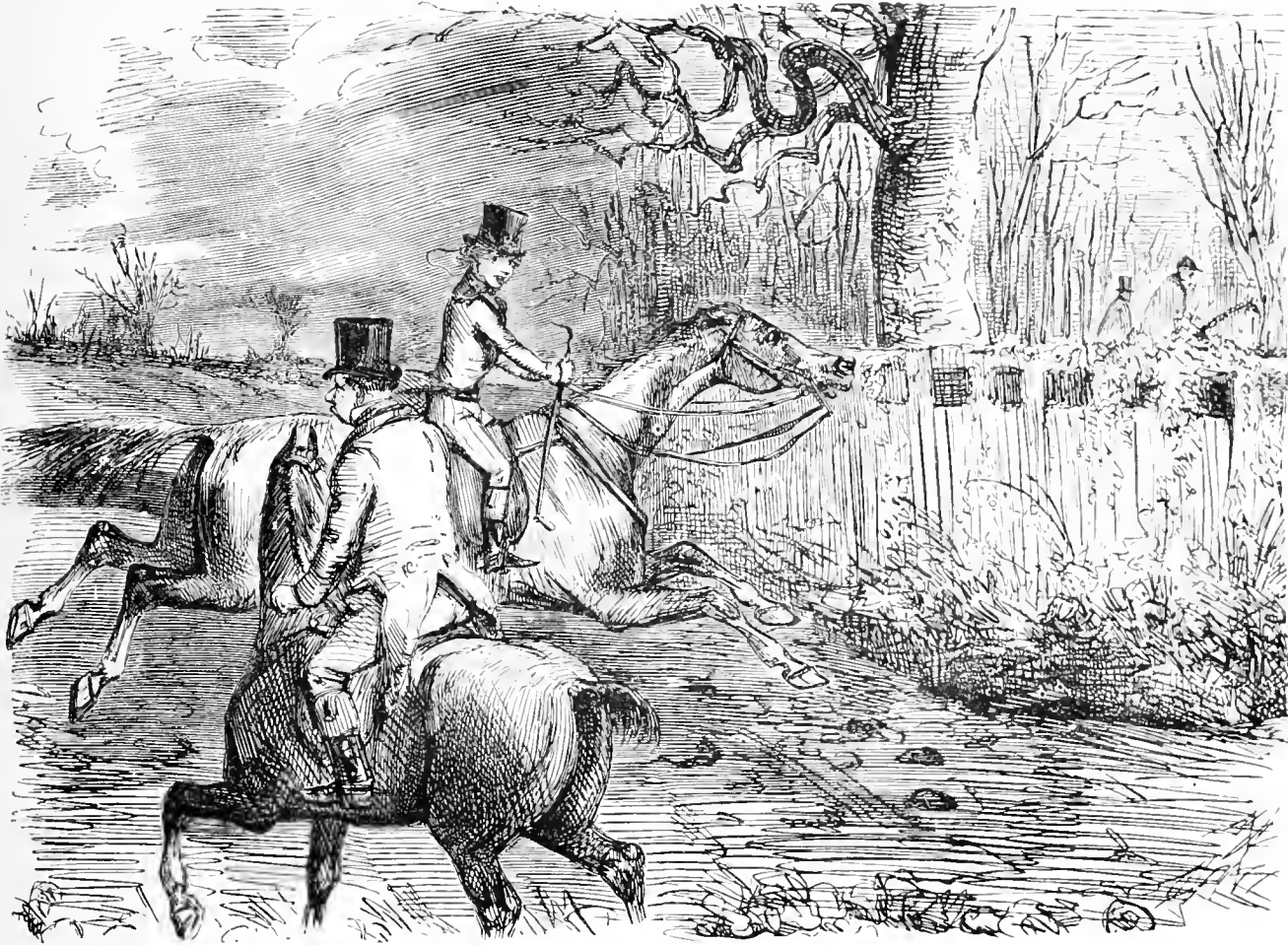


SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?—No. VIII.

Cook. "WELL, TO BE SURE, MUM! LAST PLACE I WERE IN. MISSIS ALWAYS KNOCKED AT THE DOOR AFORE SHE COME INTO MY KITCHEN!!!"



THE ST. BERNARD MASTIFF. A HAPPY DOG—RATHER!

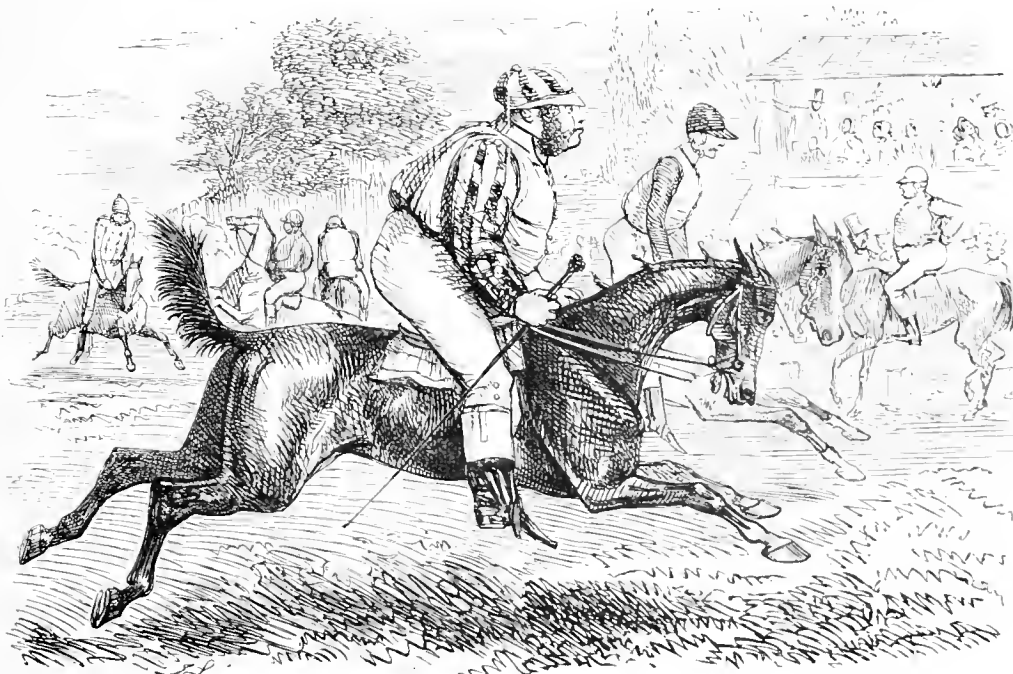


PRUDENCE AND IMPRUDENCE.

Old Gentleman. "A VERY NASTY JUMP, THAT! I SHALL GO ROUND BY SHUFFLER'S BOTTOM."

Juvenile. "COME ALONG, OLD MAN! FOLLOW ME, AND I'LL SHOW YOU ALL THE SPORT."

[Exit YOUNG HOPEFUL over the palings.]



COUNTRY RACES.

GENTLEMEN RIDERS, WHO ARE SO LIKE PROFESSIONAL JOCKS, YOU CAN HARDLY TELL THE DIFFERENCE!



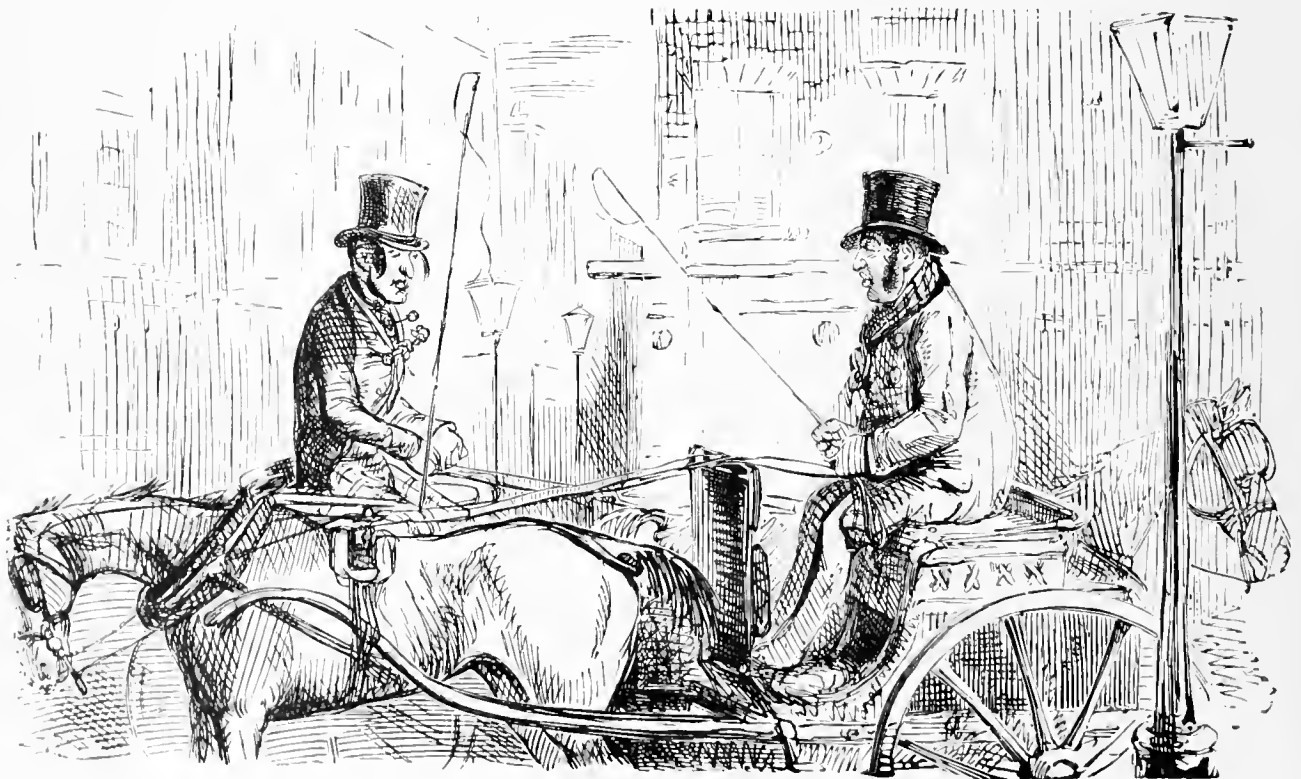
FRIENDLY, BUT VERY UNPLEASANT.

Lively Party (charging ELDERLY GENTLEMAN with his umbrella). "HULLD, JONES!"
(Disgust of ELDERLY PARTY, whose name is SMITH.)



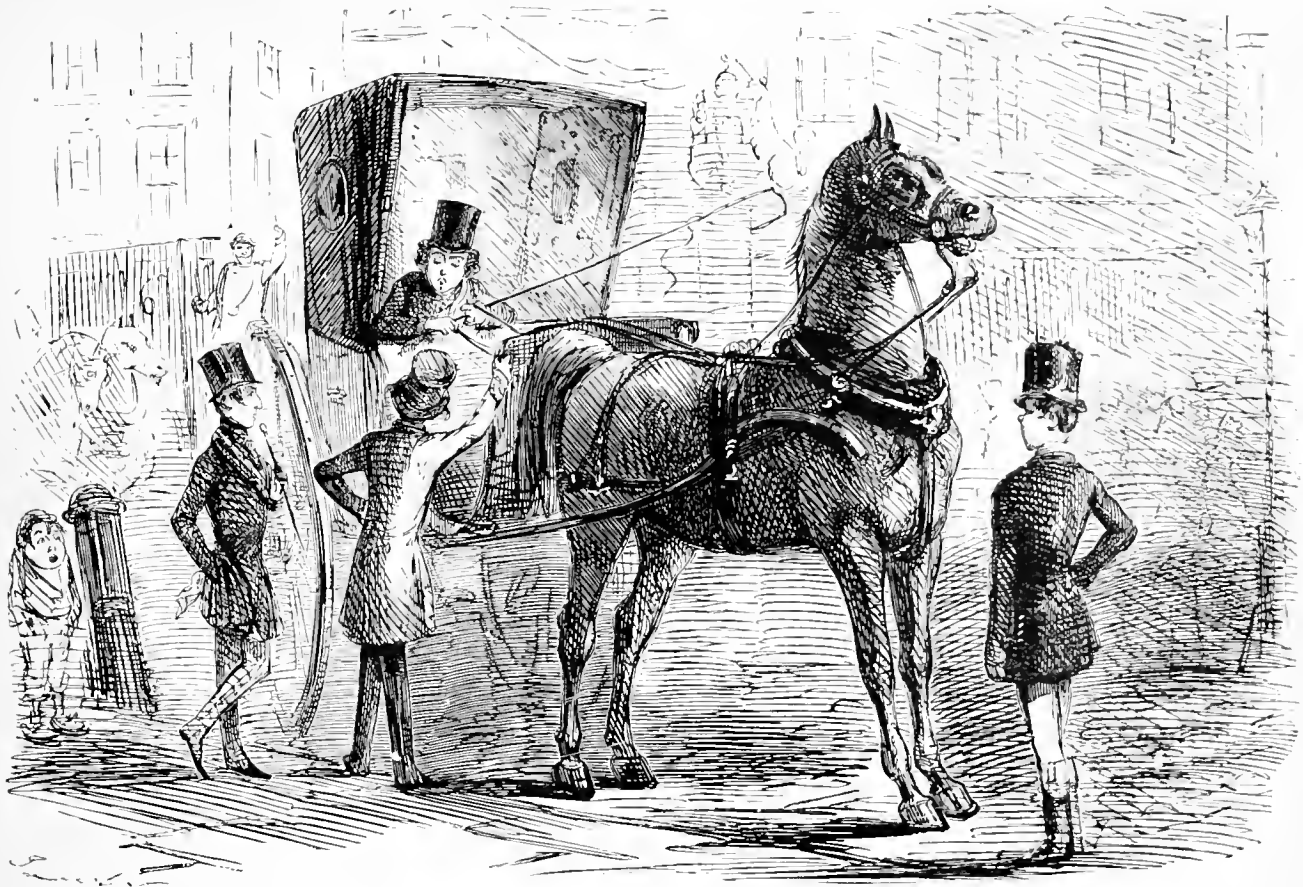
AN EASY FORECAST.

Gipsy. "HAVE YOUR FORTUNE TOLD, MY PRETTY GENTLEMAN?"
Pretty Gent. "OH! LAWK! DON'T MENTION IT!"



GOING OUT ARRESTING.

"VELL, AARON, MY TEAR, 'AVE YER 'AD ANY SPORT?"
"PRETTY VELL. I'VE BAGGED FOUR ALLOTTEES AND TWO PROVISIONALS"



A GREAT MISFORTUNE.

First Juvenile (in Cab). "WELL, CHARLEY, HAVE YOU HAD IT OUT WITH THE OLD BOY?"

Second Juvenile. "YA-AS; AND-AW-WHAT DO YOU THINK THE UNDUTIFUL OLD GOVERNOR SA-AYS?"

First Juvenile. "HAVEN'T THE LEAST ID-EAW."

Second Juvenile. "WHY, HE SA-AYS I MUST DO SOMETHING TO GET MY OWN LIVING!"

First Juvenile. "OH LAW! WHAT A HORRID BAW!"



WHERE IGNORANCE IS NOT BLISS.

Engineer. "DON'T BE ALARMED, MA'AM, IT'S ONLY A DUMPY LEVELLER."

Old Lady. "LAW! DEAR NOW! WELL, I'M SURE I THOUGHT IT WAS A BLUNDERBUST. BUT DON'T FIRE IT OFF, YOUNG MAN, TILL I'M OOT BY, FOR I WAS ALWAYS TERRIBLE FEARED OF GUNS."



MARCH OF LUXURY.

Customer. "HI! JAMES."

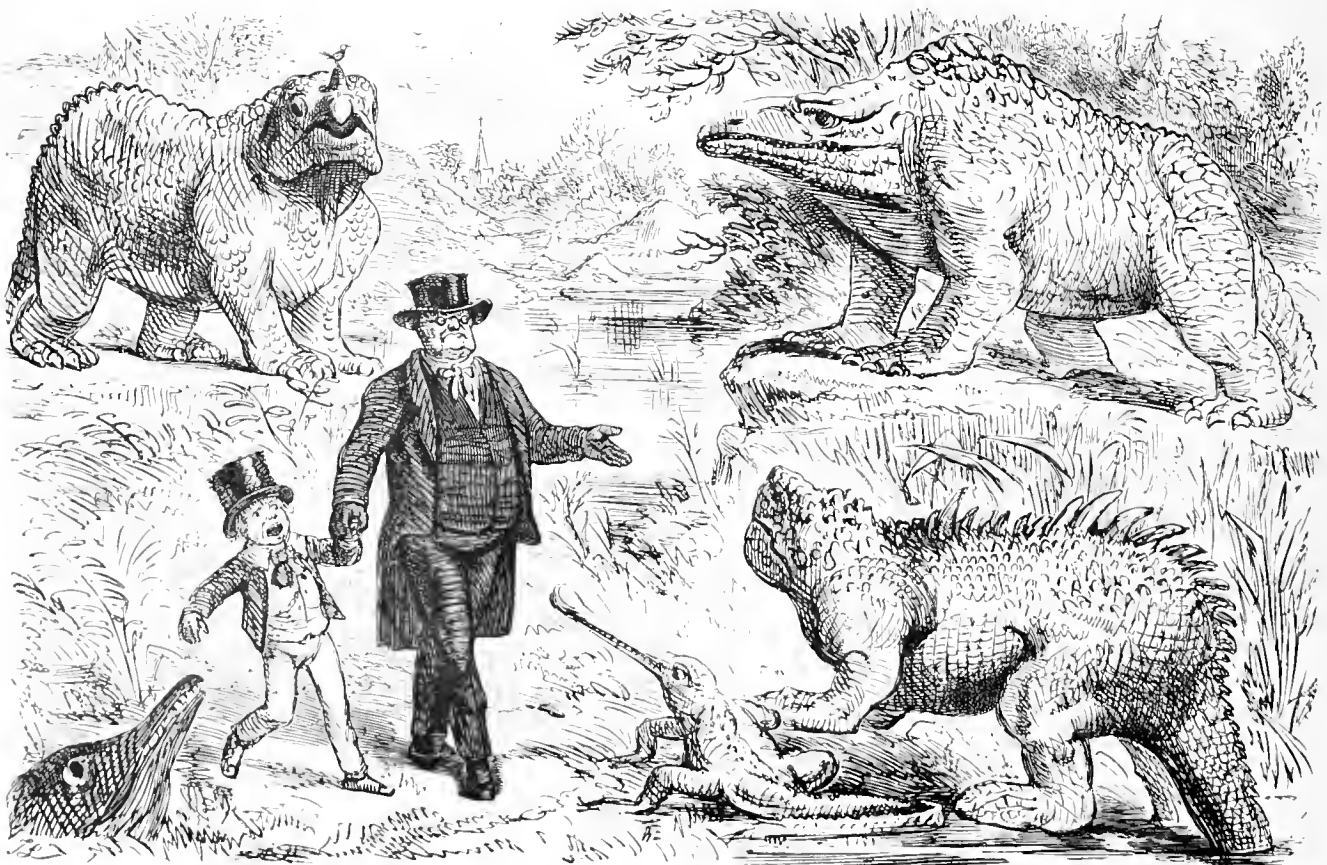
Patboy. "NOW THEN, WHAT IS IT?"

Customer. "JUST POP MY ARF AN-ARF IN THE HICE FOR A MINT THAT'S A GOOD LAD."



COMPLIMENTS.

First Cabby (who is run up against) "NOW, THEN! 'WHERE DID YOU PICK UP THAT OLD STRAWBERRY POTTLE YOU CALLS A CAB?'"
Second Cabby (who retorts). "SAME PLACE WHERE YER FOUND THAT BIT OF OLD RAG YER CALLS A 'ORSE."



VISIT TO THE ANTEDILUVIAN REPTILES AT SYDENHAM—MASTER TOM STRONGLY OBJECTS TO HAVING HIS MIND IMPROVED.



A HORRIBLE IDEA.

First Languid Swell. "GOOD GWACIOUS, ALFRED! ARE YOU ILL?"

Second ditto, ditto (gasping). "ILL! AW! YES! NO! I SHALL BE ALL RIGHT DIRECTLY. BUT—I—CONFESS—THE—SIGHT OF THAT FEMALE'S UMBRELLAW—COMPLETELY—FLAWED ME—MY DEAR CHARLES—CONCEIVE BEING OBLIGED TO CARRY—BUT NO, THE THOUGHT IS—TOO HORRIBLE!"

[They shudder, and walk on.]

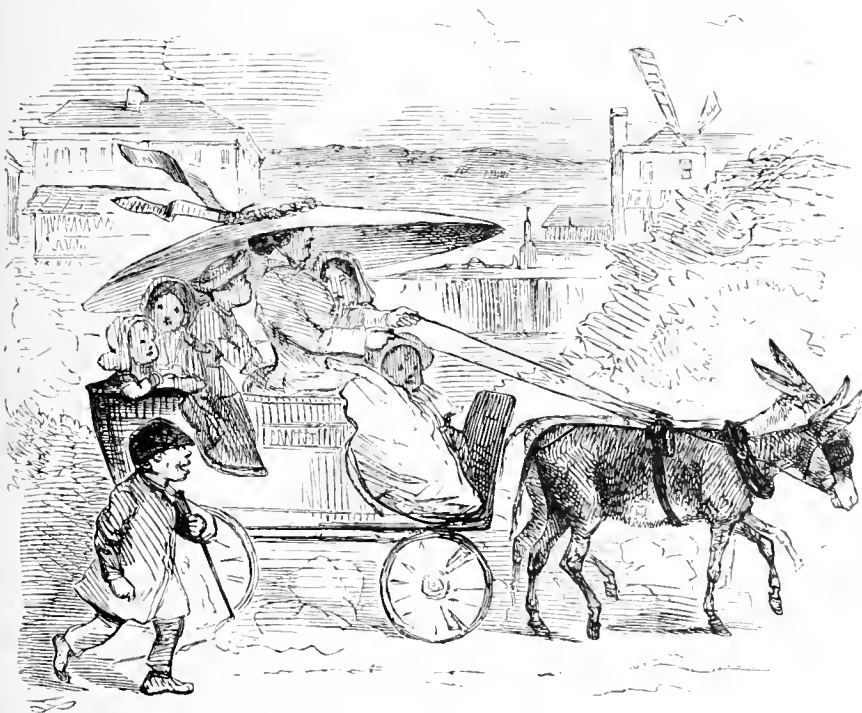


FINE BUSINESS, INDEED! THE WRETCH!

Master of the House. "OH! MARY! WHAT IS THERE FOR DINNER TO-DAY?"

Mary. "I THINK, SIR, IT'S COLD MUTTON, SIR."

Master of the House. "H'M!—OH! TELL YOUR MISTRESS, WHEN SHE COMES IN, THAT I MAY POSSIBLY BE DETAINED IN THE CITY ON BUSINESS, AND SHE IS ON NO ACCOUNT TO WAIT DINNER FOR ME."



THE SEA-SIDE HAT—A HINT TO MATERFAMILIAS.



A FRESH MORNING.

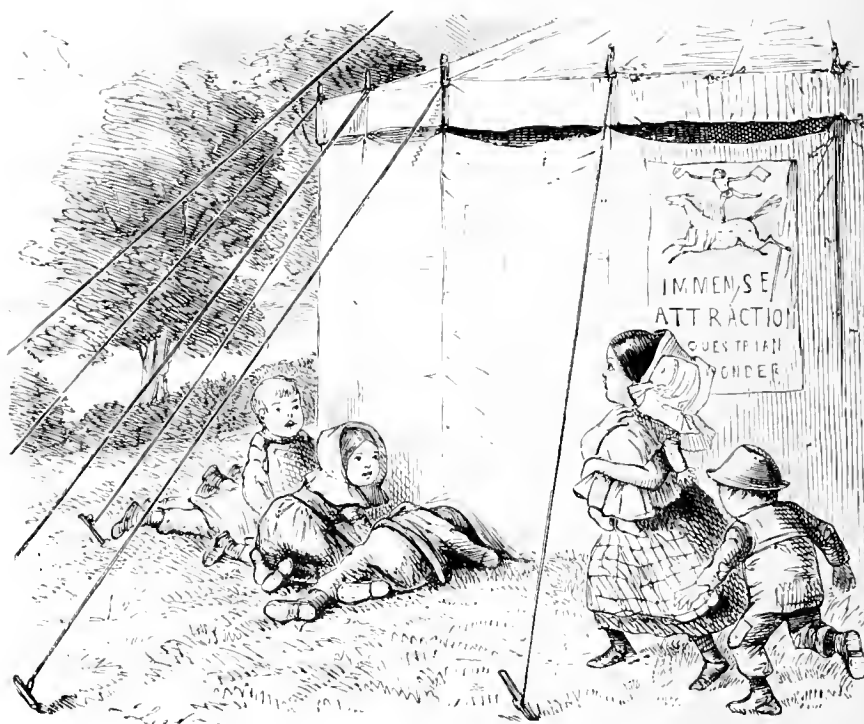
John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



IMPUDENCE.

Horse Guard "NOW, YOU BOY! YOU MUSN'T HANG ABOUT HERE."

Boy "OH! YES, MR HANGABOUT I SUPPOSE I MAY SET MY WATCH BY YOUR CLOCK, AS WELL AS ANY OTHER GENT."



GORGEOUS SPECTACLE.

Sarah Jane "OH, BETSY, COME 'ERE, AND BRING HISABELLER! WE CAN SEE THE 'OOFS OF THE 'ORSES'!"



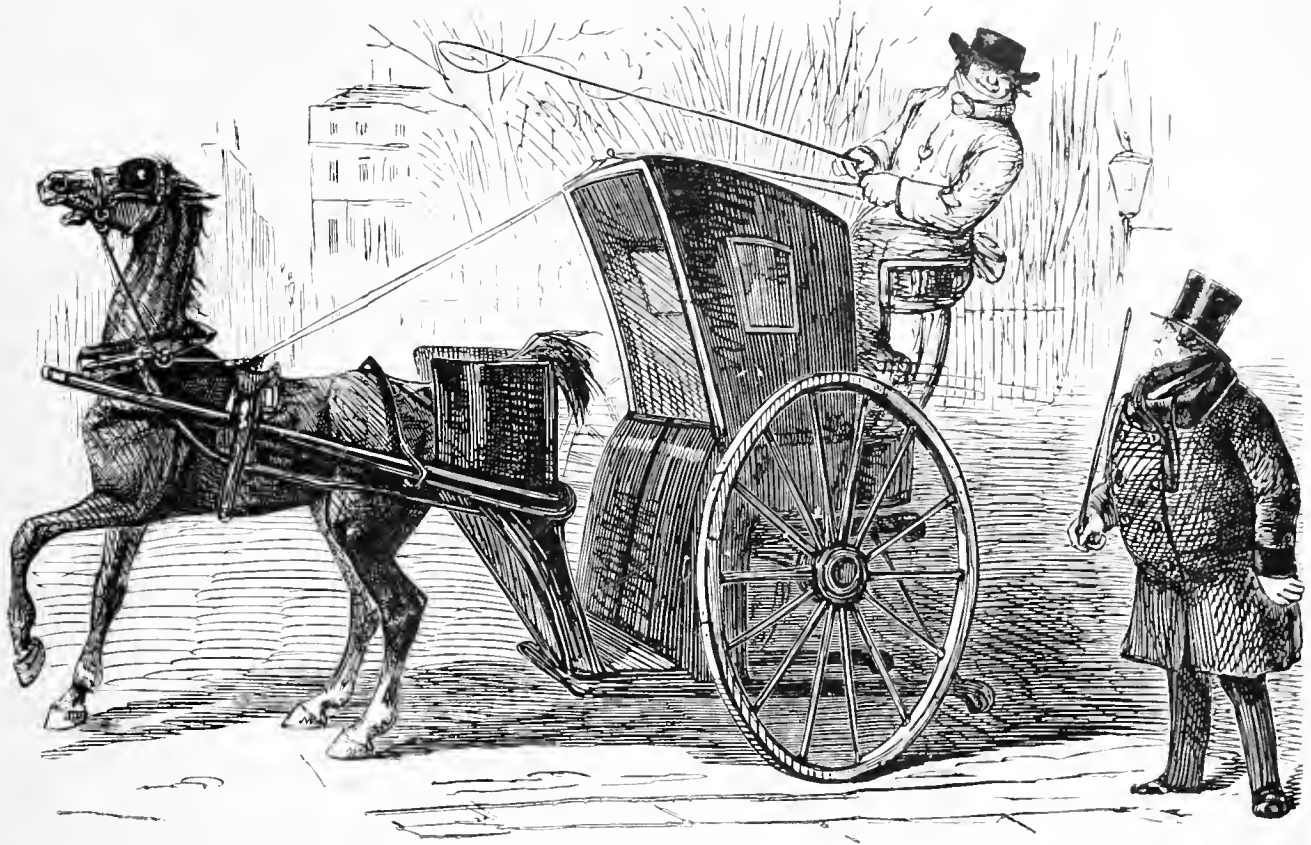
NATIVE POLITENESS.

Boy (to be witching Old Lady of Fashion) "WAS YOU A LOOKING FOR A UROOM, MARM?"



"YOUTH AT THE PROW, AND PLEASURE AT THE HELM."

"THE HAPPY PAIR THEN STARTED FOR THE CONTINENT, VIA FOLKESTONE, TO SPEND THE HONEYMOON."



VERY ACCOMMODATING.

Cabman. "WANT A CAB, SIR? TAKE YER ANYVERE, ANY DISTANCE, ANY PRICE, AND WHEN YER PLEASE TROT YER DOWN TO VITECHAPEL OR 'ACKNEY OR SPIN YER ALONG LIKE ONE O'CLOCK TO HEGHAM, STAINES, OR WINDSOR."

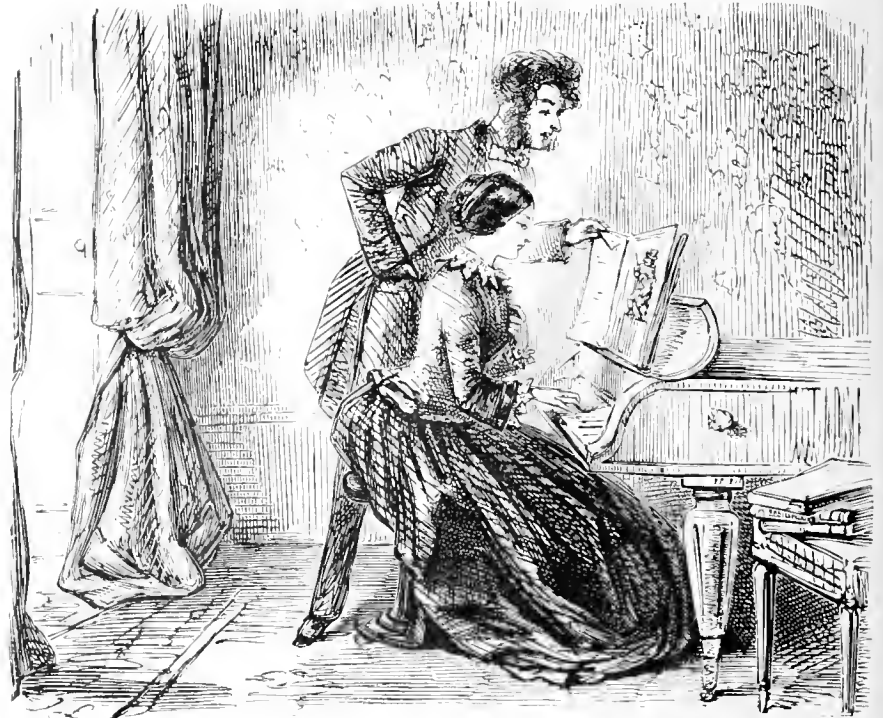


PROBABLE RESULT OF THE COCHIN CHINA FOWL MANIA.



TOO POPULAR BY HALF.

Boy (singing). "LOVER-LY LUCY NEAL, OH, LOVER-LY LUCY NEAL, HIF
I 'AD YOU BY MY SH-HIDE, 'OW 'APPY I SHOULD FEEL!"



TASTE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.—VILLIKINS AND HIS DINAH.

Young Lady (who ought to know better). "NOW, WILLIAM, YOU ARE NOT LOW ENOUGH YET. BEGIN AGAIN AT 'HE TOOK THE COLO PIZEN'!"



THE BATTLE OF THE PIANOS.



FAMILIARITY.

"NOW, THEN, THOMAS, TELL YOUR OLD MAN TO PULL ON A PEG, AND LET ME GET UP TO MY PAWNBROKER'S!"



APPROPRIATE.

First Citizen. "I SAY, BILL—I WONDER WHAT HE CALLS HISSELF?"

Second Ditto. "BLOWED IF I KNOW!—BUT I CALLS HIM A BLOATED HARISTOCRAT."



MIGHT VERSUS RIGHT.

Navigator. "WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?"

Policeman. "WHY, I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE STATION HOUSE, IF YOU DON'T MOVE ON."

Navigator. "YOU TAKE ME TO THE STATION-HOUSE? TEN ON YOU MIGHT!"



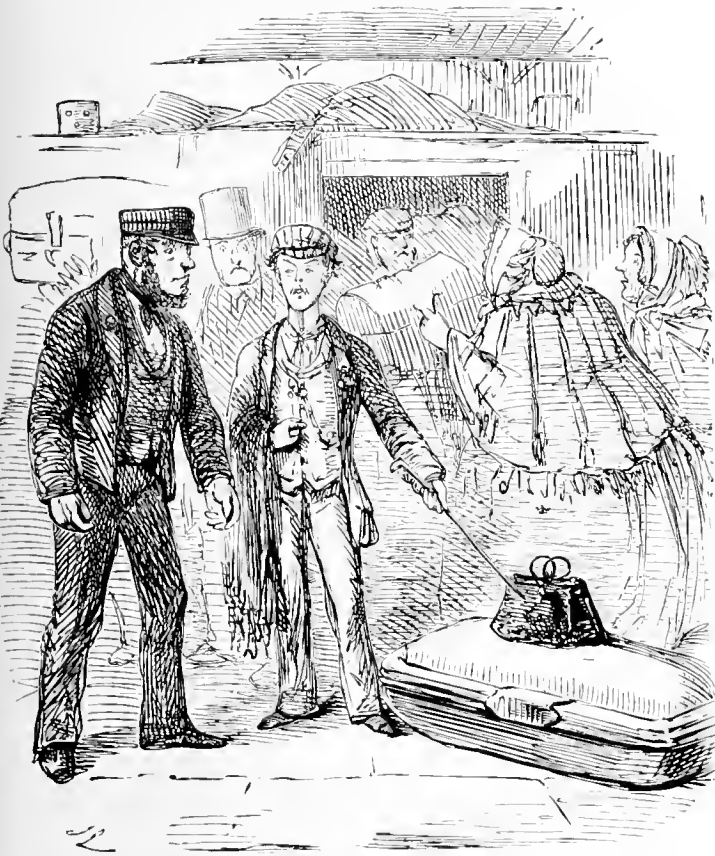
A HANSOM OFFER.

Cabman (condescendingly), "HAMPSTEAD! LET'S SEE—THE FARE'S ABOUT NINE BOB, AS NEAR AS MAY BE; BUT, AS I WANT A DRIVE IN THE FRESH HAIR MYSELF, SUPPOSE WE SAY THREE 'ARF CROWNS?"



POULTRY FANCIES.—THE PETS.

Old Lady, "WELL, HE HAS GROWN; AND REALLY, I THINK HE MIGHT LEAVE OFF THOSE FROCKS, AND HAVE A SUIT OF CLOTHES LIKE HIS BROTHERS."



TRAVELLERS' REQUISITES.

Railway Porter. "ANY LUGGAGE, SIR?"

Traveller. "YAS—CARPET-BAG AND CIGAR-CASE."



MOST DISTRESSING.

POOR STUBBS!—JUST AS HE MEETS THOSE NICE GIRLS HE ADM. RED SO AT M.'S PARTY, AN ENORMOUS BLACK SETTLES ON HIS NOSE. HE LDES ALL PRESENCE OF MIND.



HOW TO FLATTER A GENT.

Mr. Noses. "GOT ANY OLD CLOTHES, SIR? (whispers) ANY LEFT-OFF UNIFORMS, CAPTAIN?"



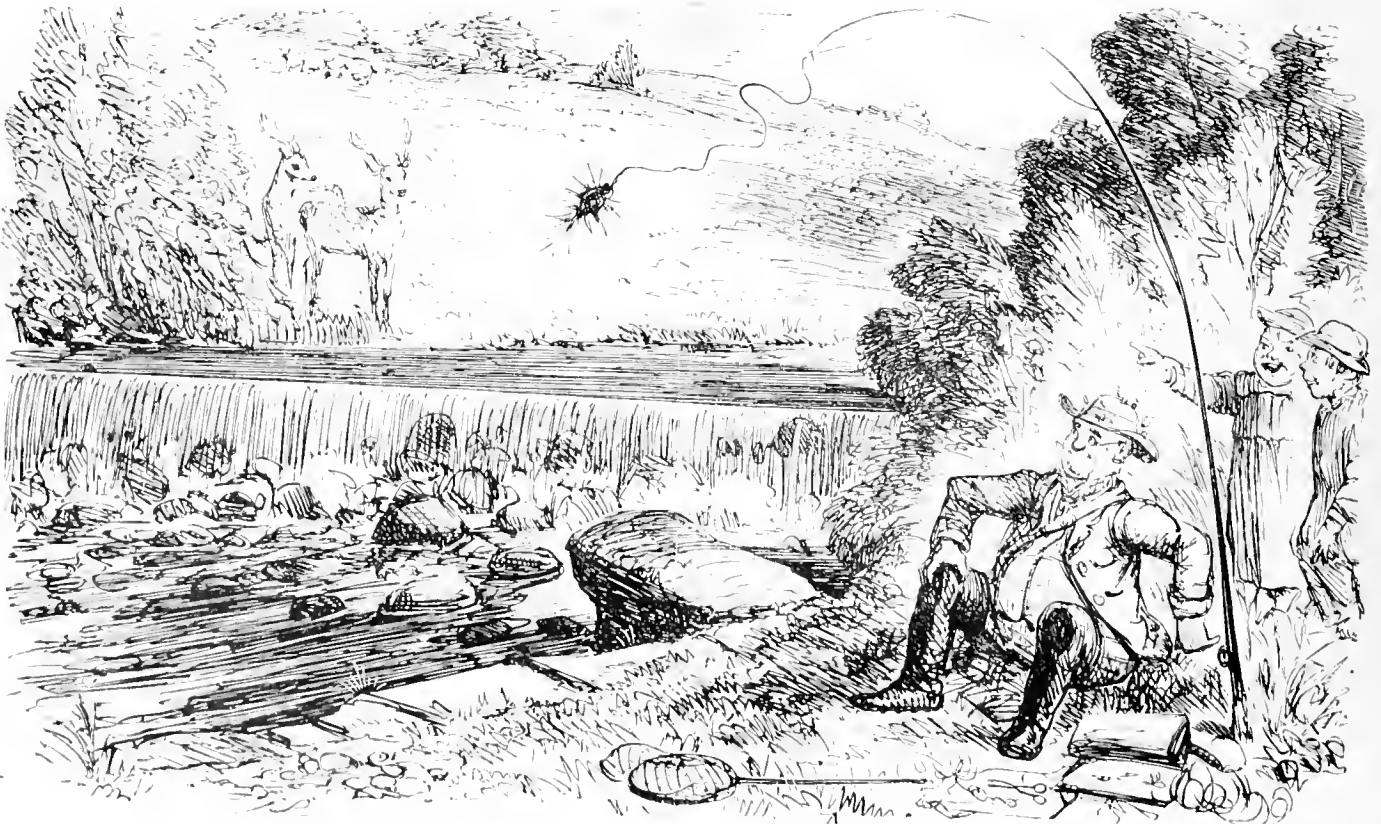
EDUCATIONAL MOVEMENT.

Man of Refinement. "NOW DONT, MY GOOD MAN—PRAY DONT!—I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO SAY. YOU ARE GOING TO SAY 'YA!—HA!—SPARRER-GRASS.' DD ALLOW ME TO PERSUADE YOU TO CALL IT ASPARAGUS—AND HERE IS SIXPENCE FOR YOU."



AN EXCITED NIMROD,

HAVING BEEN THROWN OUT, IS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT HE HAS COME UP WITH SOME OF THE TAIL HOUNDS—"HUIC FOR-R-A-D-E—FOR-R-A-A-O THEN!"
[Great demonstration of disgust on the part of Old Gentleman out shooting.]



FLY-FISHING.

MR. BUNGLE ALWAYS MAKES HIS FLIES ON THE BANK OF THE STREAM. HERE IS ONE OF HIS MOST SUCCESSFUL EFFORTS.



"ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE," &c.

Young Lady (whose birthday it is). "OH, YES! I HAVE HAD A GREAT NUMBER OF NICE PRESENTS; BUT I WONDER WHO SENT ME THIS BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET?"

Handsome Party (with moustaches, presence of mind, and great expression of eye). "AND CAN'T YOU GUESS?" (Sighs deeply.)

[N.B. Poor BINKS, who was at all the trouble and expense of getting the said bouquet from Covent Garden, is supposed to be watching the effect of his gift with some anxiety]



PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

THE INTELLIGENT READER IS REQUESTED TO IMAGINE THAT THE GATES IN THE ABOVE CARTOON HAVE JUST BEEN THOROUGHLY CLEANED, AND FRESH PAINTED. ON HIS RETURN FROM THE CITY, MR. BRIGGS FINDS THAT RUDE BOYS (TOTALLY REGARDLESS OF HIS FEELINGS) HAVE BEEN FURTHER DECORATING THEM.



WHAT'S THE MATTER?

MAN IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE TAKEN THE WRONG TURNING—THAT'S ALL!



A ROUGH COUNTRY.

Boy. "NOA, SIR! THERE AIN'T NO OTHER GATE OUT O' THIS YIELD, YOU MUST FOLLER THAT GENTLEMAN ON THE GRAY HORSE,"
Fox Hunter. "WHAT, THAT GENT? OH! THANK YER!"

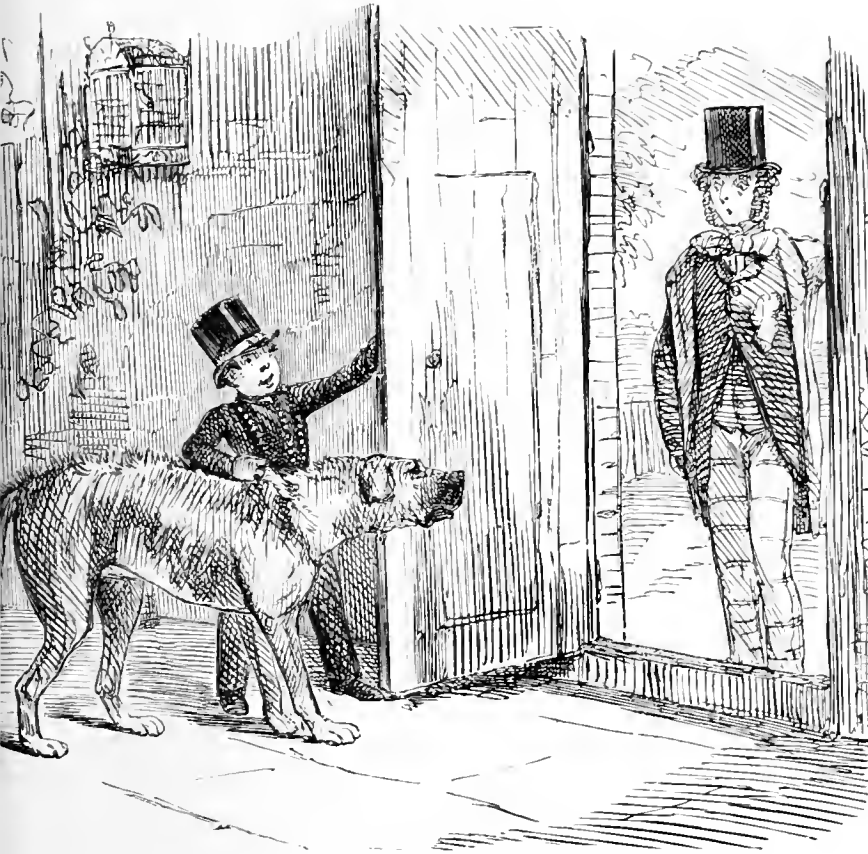


SUGGESTIVE OF A PICTURESQUE FIGURE.

Stout Old Gentleman. "A SHOWER-BATH MAKE YOUR HAIR IN A MESS! NOT A BIT OF IT, IF YOU WEAR AN OIL-SKIN CAP LIKE THIS, AS I DO."



THE RETURN FROM A MASQUERADE.



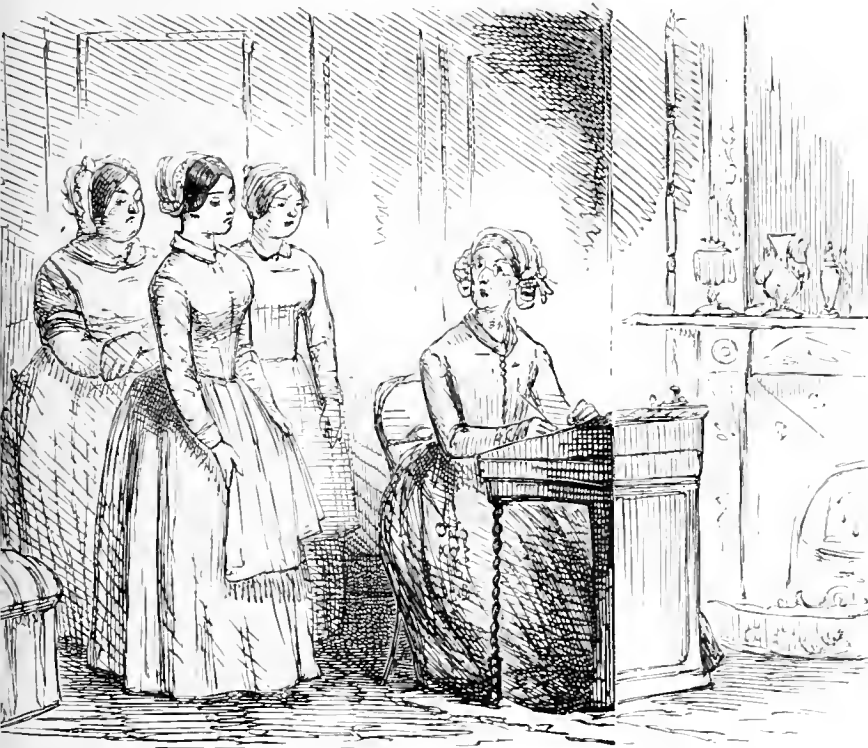
DOUBTFUL.

Boy "COME IN, SIR! YOU'VE NO GALL TO BE AFRAID! I'VE GOT HIM QUITE TIGHT."



A CAUSE FOR REPROOF.

Lady (severely). "JANET, I MUST DESIRE YOU TO GO AT ONCE AND DRESS YOUR HAIR IN A BECOMING MANNER, AND NOT TO IMITATE ME SO ABSURDLY"



AWKWARD CONSEQUENCES OF REMOVING THE SOLDIERS FROM KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

Housemaid, "IF YOU PLEASE 'M, ME, AND COOK, AND MARY, WISHES TO LEAVE, THIS DAY MONTH, MA'AM."



REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES.

Mary. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, IF YOU'VE DONE WITH THE INK, W'LL YOU LET WILLIAM HAVE IT TO CLEAN YOUR BOOTS? BECAUSE IT'S ALL THE BLACKING WE'VE GOT IN THE HOUSE."



THE CONSTITUTIONAL WALK.

Lady, "DEAR, DEAR, IT'S COMING ON TO RAIN! RUN, JAMES! QUICK, AND FETCH AN UMBRELLA, AND TWO PARASOLS. I'M AFRAID MY POOR DEAR COCHINS WILL GET THE RHEUMATISM."



THE DOCCLE HUSBAND.



A MAN OF OPINION.

M.P. "DID YOU SEE THIS ADMIRABLE SUGGESTION IN THE PAPER, TO PULL DOWN THE TEMPLE BAR?"

Swell "PULL DOWN THE TEMPLE BAR! A MOST EARNESTLY HOPE NOT—WHY, GOOD GWACIOUS! IT'S THE PWINCIPAL BARWIER BETWEEN US AND THE HORWID CITY!"



JEALOUSY.

Chorus (of Nice Young Ladies). "OH! OF ALL AND OF ALL I NEVER! ISN'T IT THE DARLINGIST, SWEETEST, PRETTIEST, LITTLE DEAR DARLING DARLING! OH! DID YOU EVER!!!"

Solo (by horrid plain-spoken Boy.) "H'M! I THINK IT'S A NASTY, UCLY LITTLE BEAST, FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE A CAT OR A MONKEY."
[Sensation.]



A NICE TEAM.



A BRILLIANT IDEA.

Matilda. "OH, LOOK YE HERE, TOMMY! S'POSE WE PLAY AT YOUR BEING THE BIO FOOTMAN, AND ME AND LIZZEBUTH 'LL BE THE FINE LADIES IN THE CARRIDGE!"



AN EXPERIENCED VETERAN.

Managing Mamma. "MY GOODNESS, ELLEN, HOW WRETCHEDLY PALE YOU LOOK! FOR GOODNESS' SAKE BITE YOUR LIPS AND RUB YOUR CHEEKS."



EXTREME DELICACY.

Exquisite in Cab. "AW—DE KIND ENOUGH, IF YOU PLEASE, TO FETCH—AW—AN—AW—UMBRELLAW,
AND HOLD IT OV—AW ME WH:LE I—AW—GET OUT."



THE WELLINGTON STATUE.

*AWFUL APPARITION TO A GENTLEMAN WHILST SHAVING, IN THE
EDGEWARE ROAD.*



THE POULTRY MANIA.

Miss —. "GOOD GRACIOUS, EMILY. WHAT HORRID FRIGHTS!"

Emily. "FRIGHTS? MY DEAR? WHY THEY ARE LOVELY COCHIN CHINA FOWLS, AND WORTH—OH! EVER SO MUCH"



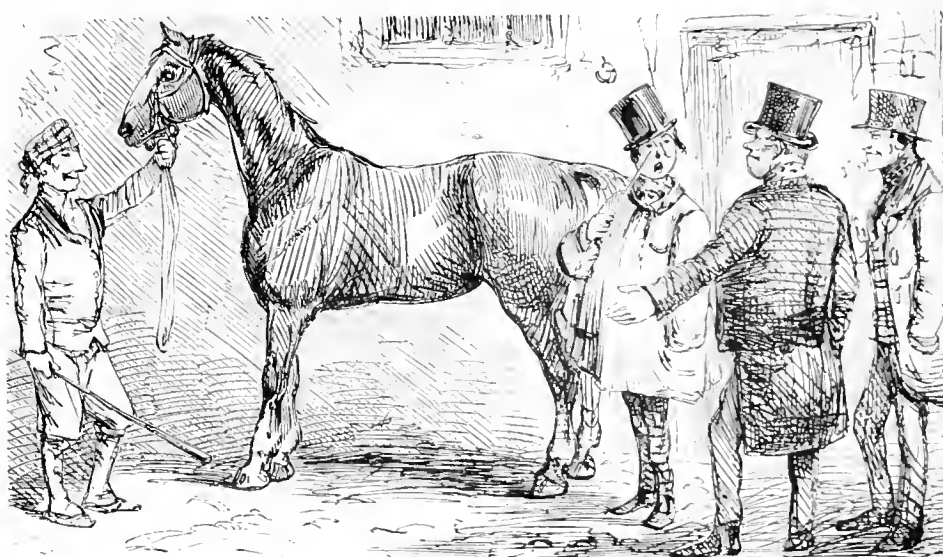
COMPLIMENTARY.

Bus Driver. "NOW THEN, OUT OF THE WAY, YOU TWO!"



AN INQUIRING MIND.

Omnibus Driver. "REELY NOW! AND SO THE 'LECTRIC FLUID TAKES A MESSAGE BETWEEN DOVER AND CALAIS. (Inquiringly.) PRAY, SIR, WOT'S IT LIKE? IS IT ANYTHING LIKE BEER, FOR EXAMPLE?"



SOMETIMES YOU "PICK UP" HUNTERS FOR NEXT TO NOTHING.

Dealer. "THERE NOW! YOU WANT A HUNTER. THERE HE IS. HE'S QUIET, WELL-BRED. AND LAW! WITH YOUR WEIGHT, HE'S UP TO ANY HOUNDS, AND AN UNCOMMON CLEVER FENCER!"

Sporting Gent. "OH! COME NOW! THAT WON'T DO. I'VE HEARD OF A 'ORSE DANCING; BUT I'M NOT SO JOLLY GREEN AS TO BELIEVE A 'ORSE CAN FENCE, YOU KNOW!"



A LUCID EXPLANATION.

Passenger. "SIXPENCE! WHY, IT'S MARKED UP THREEPENCE!"

Conductor. "YES, SIR. THREPPUNSE WHEN YOU DON'T GET IN BETWEEN CHARING CROSS AND THE DANK, OR FROM TUESDAYS TO MILE END DOWN TO THE GATE DY UNGERFOD, OR EDCER ROAD TO BLACK LION LANE OR RATH-BONE PLACE AND BLACKWALL RAILWAY—OR ELSE YOU MUST GET OUT AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, OR YOU CAN GO TO PIMLICO ALL THE WAY IF YOU LIKE—BEYOND THAT DISTANCE—IT'S SIXPUNSE!"



PERFECT SINCERITY, OR THINKINGS ALOUD.—No. IV.

Genius. "BY THE WAY, DID YOU GLANCE OVER THAT ARTICLE OF MINE ON 'THE INTELLECT OF WOMAN, AND HER SOCIAL POSITION?' I DON'T CARE TWO-PENCE ABOUT YOUR OPINION; ONLY IF YOU CAN SAY SOMETHING FAVOURABLE OF COURSE I SHALL BE PLEASED."

Common Sense. "WHY, I TRIED IT, BUT UPON MY LIFE I FOUND IT SUCH CONTEMPTIBLE RUBBISH, THAT I COULDN'T GET ON; AND, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I THINK THAT A SNUG LITTLE THING IN THE CHEESEMONGERING LINE WOULD BE MORE IN YOUR WAY THAN LITERATURE."

Genius. "AH! YOU MUST BE A FOOL!"



THE AGONY COLUMN.

"I WISH, MISTER, YOU WOULD BE SO GOOD AS TO STOP THE PRESS AND PUT THIS IN A GOOD PLACE (reads) 'Hemily, Don't delay, but return to yer broken-arted Adolphus, or there's no knowing what may be the consequence!!!'"



THE INFLUENZA.

"THIS IS REALLY VERY KIND OF YOU TO CALL. CAN I OFFER YOU ANYTHING—A BASIN OF GRUEL, OR A GLASS OF COUGH MIXTURE? DON'T SAY NO."



AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

Gent. "WAITER! CHOP AND A PINT OF STOUT; AND LOOK SHARP."

Waiter. "OH, YES! IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO SAY LOOK SHARP."



BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPING.

Mr. Brown. "PRAY, JANE, WHAT ON EARTH IS THE REASON I AM KEPT WAITING FOR MY BREAKFAST IN THIS WAY?"

Jane. "PLEASE, SIR, THE ROLLS ISN'T COME, AND THERE'S NO BREAD IN THE HOUSE!"

Mr. Brown. "NOW, UPON MY WOROI HOW CAN YOU ANNOY ME WITH SUCH TRIFLES? NO BREAD, THEN BRING ME SOME TOAST." [Exit JANE in dismay.]



A FOOLISH AND A BETTING MAN.



A WISER AND A BETTER MAN.



MISUNDERSTANDING.

*Railway Porter. "FIRST CLASS, SIR?"
Unfortunate Oxonian. "NO! PLUCKED!"*



PLEASANT!

Affectionate Little Wife (who has made many abortive attempts to fathom the secrets of Freemasonry). "WELL, BUT DEAR! TELL ME ONE THING. DO THEY PUT YOU INTO A COFFIN?"



INSULTING A SCOTCHMAN.

Boy. "HERE YOU AIR, SIR! THREE PAIR O' TROWSER STRAPS FOR SIXPENCE."



*THE MAN IN BRASS LAMENTING THE DECLINE OF THE
LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.*



"BOLTED!"



THE BETTING FEVER.



ONE OF THE EFFECTS OF THE BLACKGUARD BETTING OFFICES.

Sporting Character. "I DON'T EXACTLY LIKE ROBBING MASTER, BUT I MUST MEET MY ENGAGEMENTS."



PEPPERING A GENT.

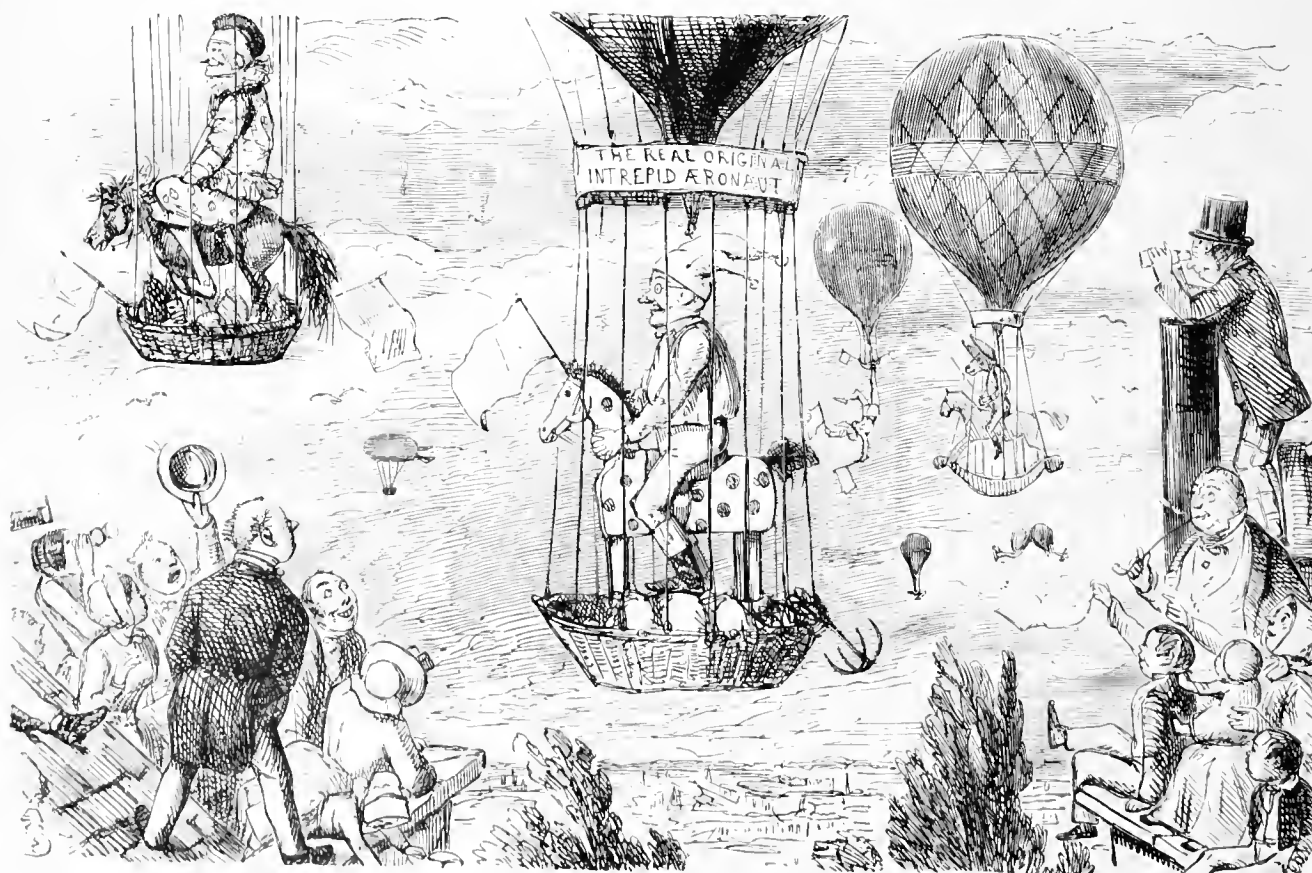
Conductor (very loud). "GO ON, BILL; HERE'S THAT UCLY OLD COVE, WOT ALWAYS KICKS UP SUCH A ROW, AND MAKES HISSELF SO DISAOREEABLE, JUST COT IN!"

Driver. "OH, HAS HE? I'VE A DOOCEED GOOD MIND TO PITCH HIM OVER, AND BREAK HIS STUPID OLD 'ED!!"



GAMMON.

Ostler. "PLEASE TO TAKE 'IM GENTLY OVER THE WOOD-PAVEMENT, SIR; FOR HE'S WERRY FRESH THIS MORNING."



BALLOONING.



EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.

(AFTER A GREAT DEAL OF COAXING AND PERSUASION, MASTER TOM IS PREVAILED UPON TO PAY HIS QUARTERLY VISIT TO THE DENTIST. INCONSIDERATE AND VULGAR STREET BOYS UNFORTUNATELY PASS AT THE MOMENT HIS OBJECTIONS ARE OVERCOME)

First Inconsiderate Street Boy. "OH CRIKEY! IF HERE AIN'T A CHAP GOIN' TO HAVE A GRINDER OUT. MY EYE, WHAT FANGS!"

Second Inconsiderate Do. Do. "OH, I WOULDN'T BE 'IM. WON'T THERE BE A SCR-E-W-A-U-N-CH NEETHER!"

[And of course MASTER TOM relapses into his previous very obstinate state.



WHO WOULDN'T KEEP A FOOTMAN?



DELIGHTFUL OUT-DOOR EXERCISE IN WARM WEATHER.

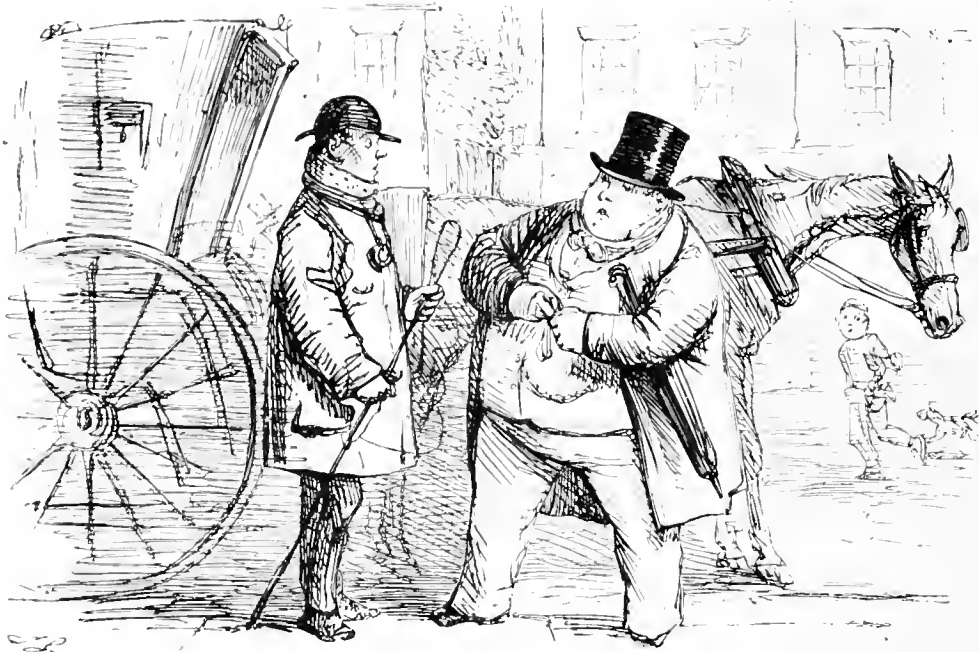
RUNNING AFTER "ANOTHER FOUR!" AT CRICKET, AMIDST DERISIVE SHOUTS OF "NOW THEN, BUTTER-FINGERS!"—"DH! OH!"—"THROW IT IN! LOOK SHARP!"—"QUICK! IN WITH IT!" &C., &C.



A SMART YOUTH.

Old Gentleman. "BLESS MY HEART! THIS VIBRATION OF THE CARRIAGE IS VERY UNUSUAL! PRAY, MY LITTLE MAN, HAVE YOU ANY APPREHENSION OF ACCIDENTS ON RAILWAYS?"

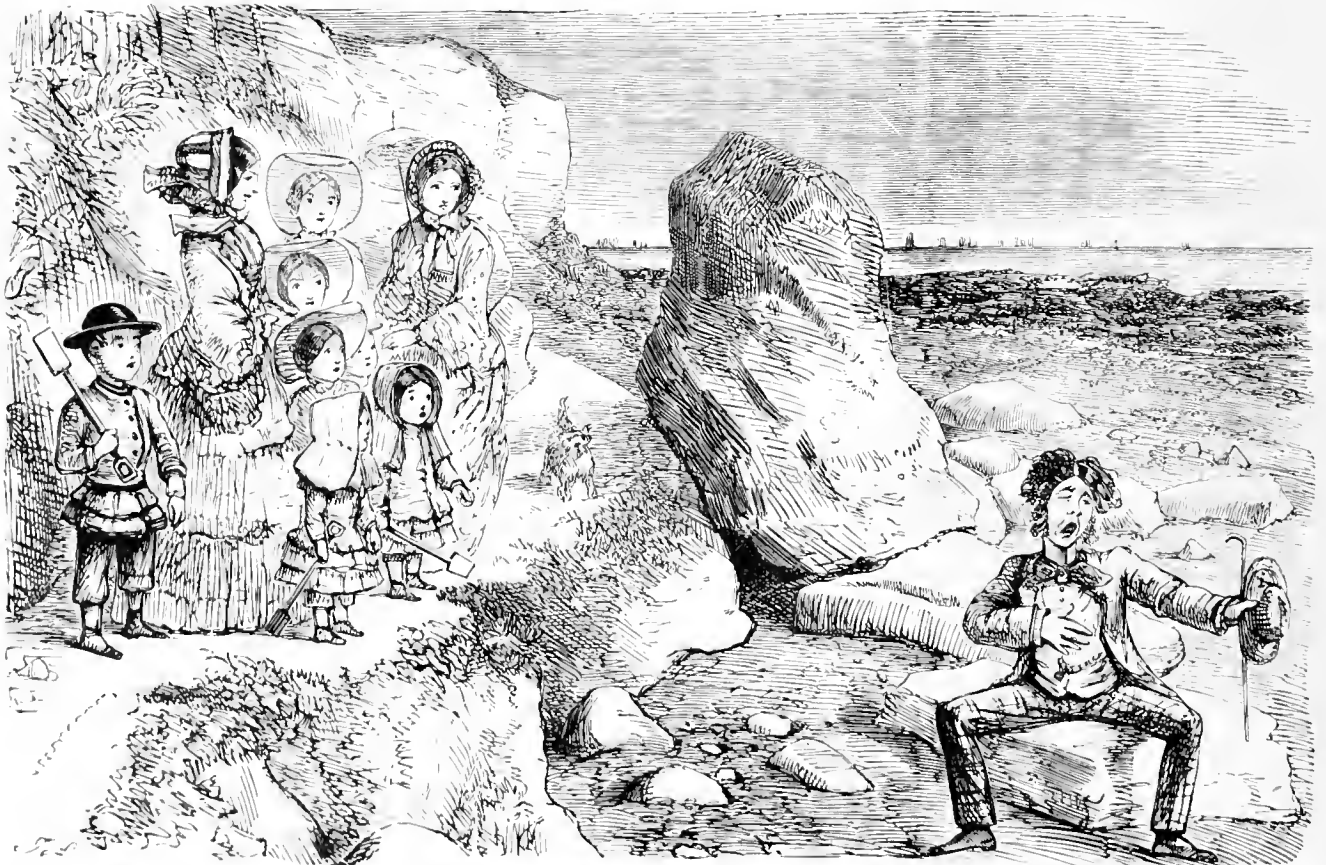
Juvenile. "OH, NONE IN THE LEAST; AND ESPECIALLY WITH SUCH A FAT OLD BUFFER AS YOU TO BE SHOT AGAINST."



AN UNREASONABLE COMPLAINT.

Indignant Party. "WHAT? A SHILLING FOR THE TWO MILES, AND A SIXPENCE DESIDES! WHY, YOU DON'T CALL ME AN EXTRA PERSON?"

Cabman. "OH! DON'T I THO'!"



BY THE "SAD SEA WAVES."

TABLEAU REPRESENTING A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, WHO FANCIES HE IS ALONE, AND TAKES THE OPPORTUNITY OF GOING THROUGH THE LAST SCENE OF "LUCIA."

N.B. The Young Gentleman's voice is of the most feeble and uncertain quality

THE GREAT CHARTIST DEMONSTRATION.



No. I.—A LOYAL CITIZEN.

Magistrate. "NOW, SIR, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

Nervous Gent. "I BEG YOUR PAROON, SIR; BUT I WISH TO BE SWORN IN AS A CH CH-CHARTIST—I MEAN AS A SP SP-SPECIAL C-CONSTABLE!"



NO. II.—SPECIAL CONSTABLE GOING ON DUTY.

Time—Two in the Morning.

Captain of the Beat. "OH! WE HAVE JUST LOOKED IN TO SAY THAT IT IS YOUR TURN TO GO ON DUTY. THE ROOKERY AT THE BACK OF SLAUGHTERER'S ALLEY IS YOUR BEAT, I BELIEVE. YOU WILL LOSE NO TIME, IF YOU PLEASE. FOR IT'S A DREADFUL NEIGHBOURHOOD, AND ALL THE POLICE HAVE BEEN WITHDRAWN--INDEED, SEVERAL MOST BRUTAL AND SAVAGE ATTACKS HAVE TAKEN PLACE ALREADY!"

THE GREAT CHARTIST DEMONSTRATION.



No. III.—DISTRIBUTION OF THE STAVES.



No. IV.—PREPARING FOR ACTION.

SPECIAL CONSTABLE DRYING HIS GUNPOWDER IN THE FRYING-PAN.



No. V.—RELIEF DUTY.

Special's Wife. "CONTRARY TO REGULATIONS, INDEED! FIDDLESTICKS! I MUST INSIST, FREDERICK, UPON YOUR TAKING THIS HOT BRANDY-AND-WATER. I SHALL BE HAVING YOU LAID UP NEXT, AND NOT FIT FOR ANYTHING."

THE GREAT CHARTIST DEMONSTRATION.



No. VI.—IN ACTION.

Special Constable. "NOW MIND, YOU KNOW—IF I KILL YOU, IT'S NOTHING; BUT IF YOU KILL ME, BY JINGO, IT'S MURDER"



No. VII.—OUT OF WORK.

First. "TALK OF INTERRUPTION TO BUSINESS! VY, I GIVE YER MY VORD OF HONOUR, THAT WOT WITH THEM SPECIALS AND THE REGLAR CRUSHERS, I AIN'T SO MUCH AS PRIGGED A SINGLE HANDKERCHER FOR A WEEK."

Second. "OH, IT'S ENUFF TO MAKE VUN TURN RESPECTABLE."



No. VIII.—AN AGREEABLE DUTY.

Special Constable. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, YOUNG LADIES, BUT YOURS IS A VERY DANGEROUS PROCESSION, AND WE MUST TAKE YOU IN CHARGE—WE MUST, INDEED."

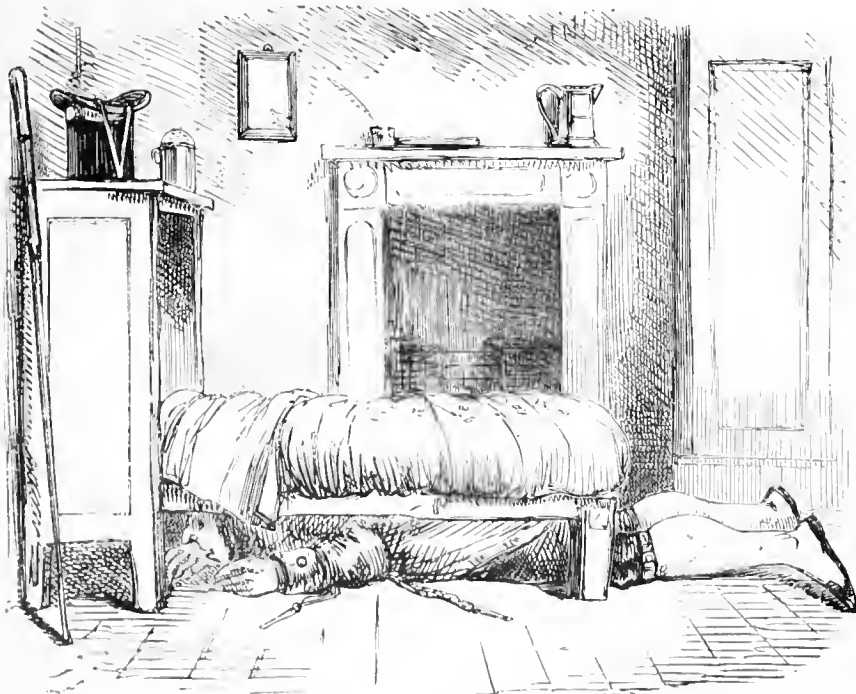
THE GREAT CHARTIST DEMONSTRATION.



No. IX.—THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

Leader, "HOORAY! VEEVE LER LIBERTY!! HARM YOURSELVES!!! TO THE PALIS!! DOWN WITH HEAVERYTHINK!!!!"

Leader, "OH, SIR—PLEASE SIR—IT AINT ME, SIR—I'M FOR 'GOD SAVE THE QUEEN' AND 'RULE BRITANNIA.' BOO—HOO—OH DEAR! OH DEAR!!"
[Bursts into tears.]



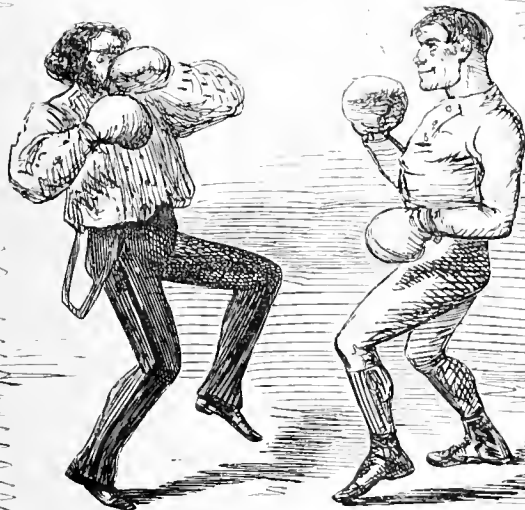
HEROISM.

JOHN THOMAS, THE BELGRAVIAN FLUNKEY, AS HE APPEARED WHILE THE MOB WERE BREAKING HIS MISSUSSES WINDOWS



ADVANTAGES OF THE NEW POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.

Excuse my glove!



STUNNING POLITENESS.



LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

"IS THIS A LIBRARY?"
 "YES."
 "THEN LET ME HAVE THE LAST NUMBER OF HEMILY FITZ
 HOSBORN."



THE GREAT LINEN-DRAPERY NUISANCE.

First Linen-draper. "WHAT'S THE NEXT ARTICLE, SIR?"—Victim. "NOTHING MORE, THANK YOU."—Second Linen-draper. "WE'VE SOME SWEET THINGS IN SHAWLS, SIR—QUITE NEW."—Third Linen-draper. "ALLOW ME, SIR, TO TEMPT YOU WITH ONE OF THESE BEAUTIFUL HANDKERCHIEFS."—Fourth Linen-draper. "THESE DRESSES, SIR," &c.—Fifth Linen-draper. "HERE ARE LADIES' APRONS, SIR, MOST BEAUTIFULLY WORKED, QUITE ELEGANT, VERY TASTY, AND FASHIONABLE," &c.

[VICTIM resolves never to enter the shop again.]



AN AMBITIOUS YOUTH.

Old Gentleman. "NOW, AUGUSTUS;	Aug. "NO."
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE?"	Old Gent. "A PARSON?"
Augustus. "I KNOW WHAT I SHOULD	Aug. "NO."
LIKE—BUT YOU WOULDN'T LET ME."	Old Gent. "A SOLDIER?"
Old Gent. "WHAT IS IT—A LAWYER?"	Aug. "NO."
Aug. "NO; IT AIN'T A LAWYER."	Old Gent. "WHAT, THEN?"
Old Gent. "A SURGEON?"	Aug. "WHY—A CLOWN AT ASTLEY'S."



APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

Officer (log). "WELL, MY FINE FELLOW SO YOU'VE BEEN IN THE REGULAR ARMY?—IN THE WARS, TOO, I SEE—EH?"

Stout Yeoman. "NOA, COLONEL, I NEVER WASN'T IN NO WARS; BUT MY OLO SOW GAINED A SILVER MEDAL LAST COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, SO I THOT AS OW I MIGHT WEAR UN!"



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

MASTER SMITH, AS HE APPEARED TRYING TO FORCE HIS MOUSTACHES FOR THE BROWNS' PARTY.



THE WEDDING-DAY—FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

PRESENTS—BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET OF FLOWERS FROM COVENT GARDEN, AND SUCH A LOVELY BRACELET!"



OXFORD COSTUME.

First Swell. "AWFUL SHIRT! EH?"

Second ditto. "YA'AS, LINEN'S SO DEUCED COMMON NOW—I'M GOING TO SPDRT EMBROIDERED SILK."

First Ditto. "HAH! CHEESY IDEA TOO! BUT OUR GILLS WANT ELEVATING!"



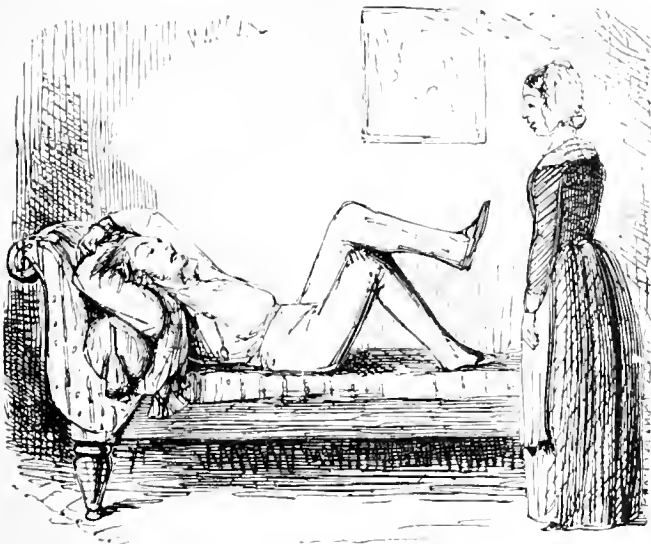
THE WEDDING-DAY—FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

PRESENTS—BEAUTIFUL BUNDLE OF ASPARACUS FROM COVENT GARDEN, AND THE NICEST DOUBLE PERAMBULATOR IN THE WORLD!!



NOT THE FIRST TIME.

"I BEG YOUR PARDON, MA'AM, BUT I THINK YOU DROPPED THIS."



OUR LAZY CONTRIBUTOR.

"PLEASE, SIR, HERE'S THE PRINTER'S BOY CALLED AGAIN."
"OH, BOTHER! SAY I'M BUSY."



WHICH IS BEST?

Matilda. "I WONDER, MARIA, YOU DIDN'T PUT AUGUSTUS INTO JACKETS AND TROUSERS; REALLY HE GROWS TOO TALL FOR THAT KIND OF COSTUME."

Maria. "PERHAPS, MATILDA, YOU WILL BE KIND ENOUGH TO ALLOW ME TO DRESS MY OWN CHILD IN MY OWN WAY. I AM MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU ALL THE SAME. I DON'T LIKE THE PRACTICE SOME PEOPLE HAVE OF DRESSING LITTLE BOYS LIKE LITTLE MEN!!!"



WHISKERANDOS.

"THERE, MY BOY! IT ISN'T EVERYBODY WHO COULD DO THAT!"



A DAY'S PLEASURE.

SKETCH OF A "LORD OF THE CREATION" ON HIS RETURN FROM THE DERBY



YACHTING.

SPARE BED (BERTH, WE MEAN) ON BOARD OUR FRIEND'S SCHOONER.



A VERY YOUNG MARINER.



A YOUNG MARINER.



AN ANCIENT MARINER.



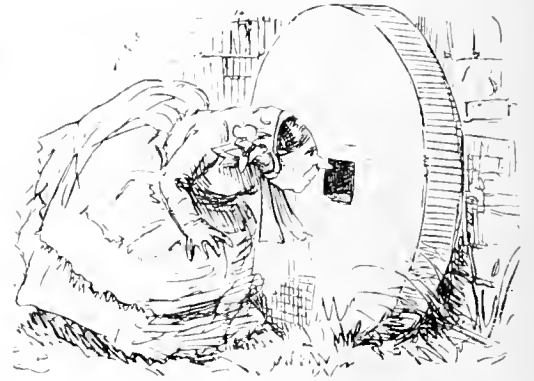
A GOOD SIZED FLOAT.

Little Gent (with undue familiarity). "I SAY, MY OLD COCKYWAX,—I S'POSE THE FISH AIN'T VERY LARGE OFF RAMSGIT—ARE THEY?"

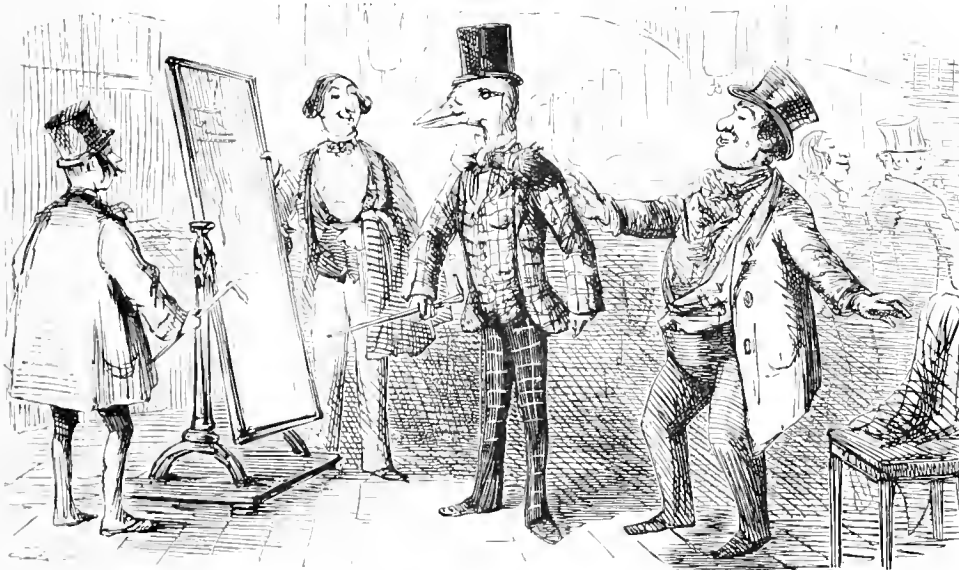
Fisherman. "WELL I SHOULDNT SAY AS THEY WAS WERRY SMALL—WHEN WE'RE OBLIGED TO USE SICH FLOATS AS THEM TO OUR FISHIN' TACKLE! MY YOUNG COCKYWAX!" (Gent is shut up.)



A SPORTING GENT PRACTISING FOR THE HUNTING SEASON.



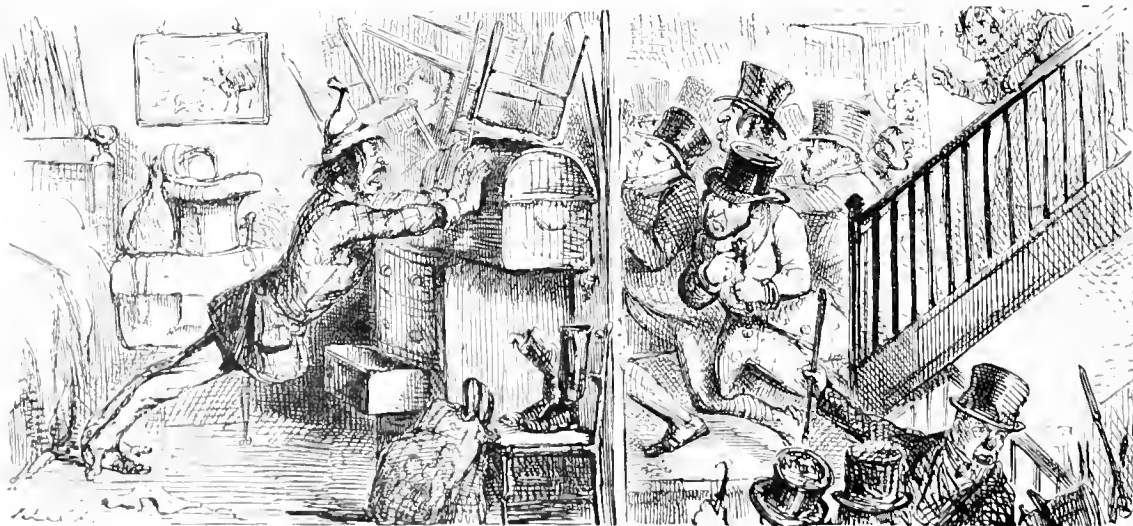
A CURIOUS PERSON.



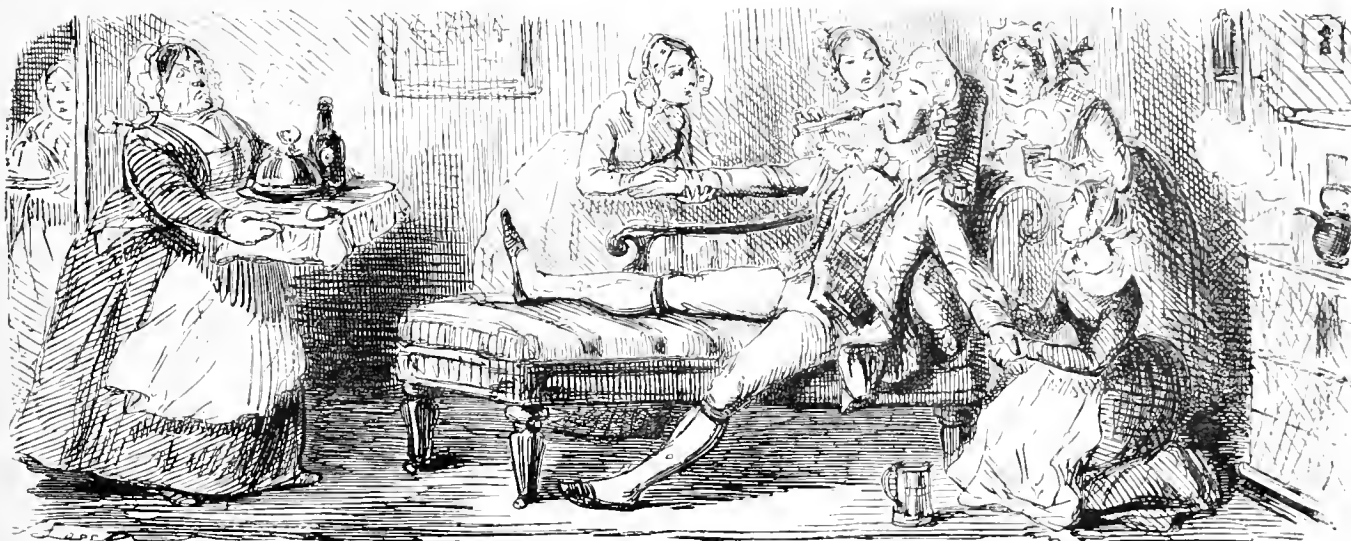
MICHAELMAS DAY. THE CHEAP TAILOR'S GOOSE PROVIDES HIMSELF WITH A SHOOTING JACKET AND VEST.



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS," &C.



THE STAG AT BAY.



CLOSE OF THE SEASON—THE LONDON FOOTMAN EXHAUSTED.

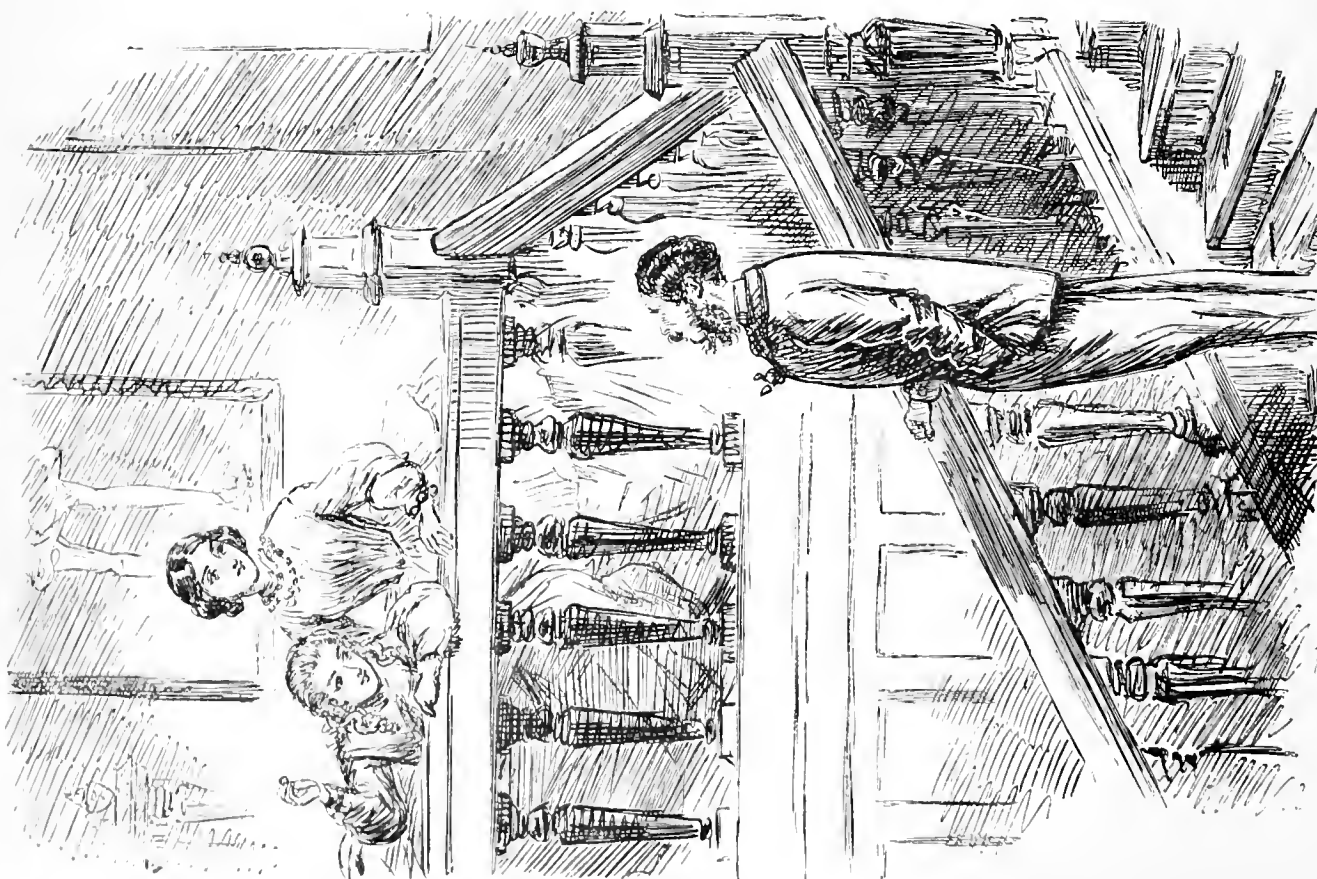


BEGINNING FIRES FOR THE WINTER—SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE CHIMNEY.

Sweep (loq.). "THIS CHIMLE ALWAYS WAS A BAD UN TO SMOKE, SIR; THE PARTY AS LIVED HERE BEFORE YOU CAME HAD A DEAL OF TROUBLE WITH IT."



AN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE ON AN EXCURSION.

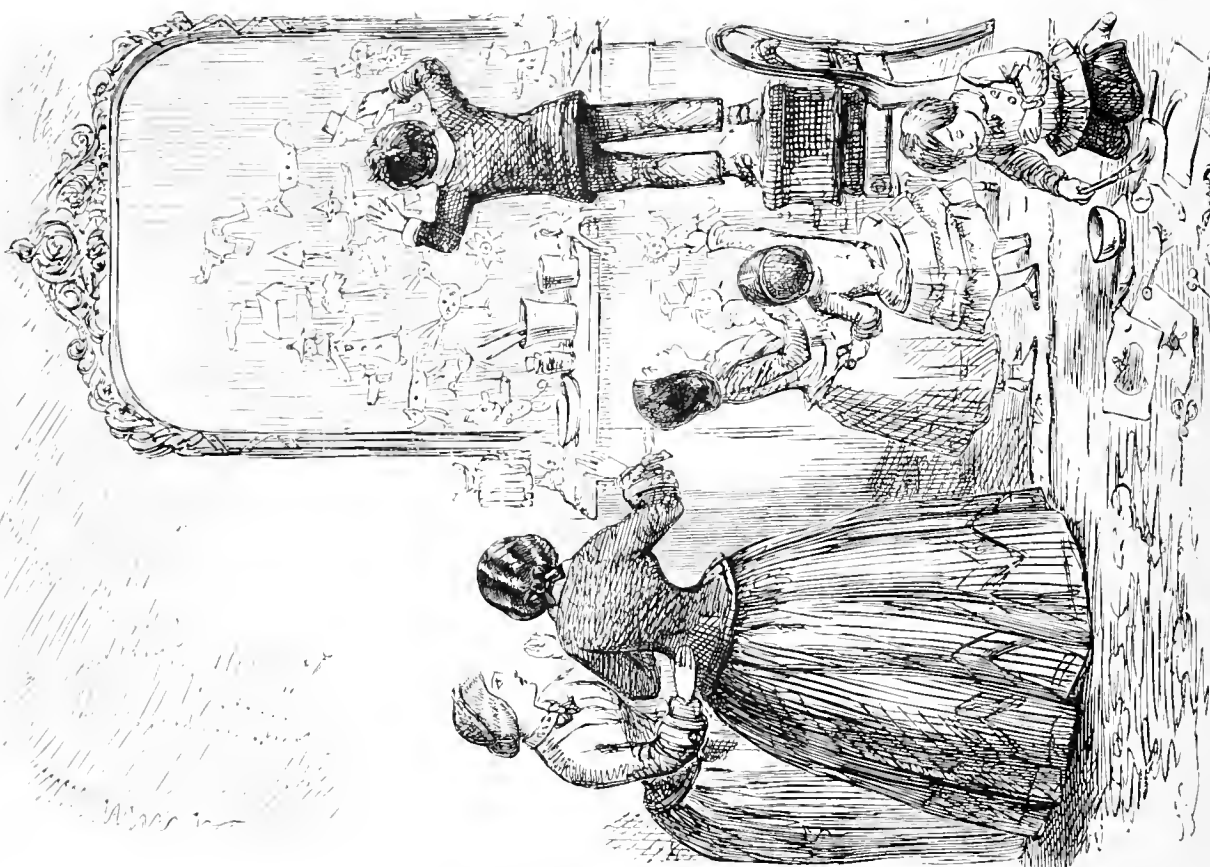


AMUSEMENT FOR A RAINY DAY.

GLORIA. "I SAY, GUS—COME HERE! STAND STILL AND OPEN YOUR MOUTH, AND WE'LL DROP CHOCOLATE INTO IT! WE'VE NOTHING TO DO!"

GUS. "ALL RIGHT, GIRLS! FIRE AWAY!"

[After an hour of this interesting occupation, Gus retires slightly uncomfortable.]



POTICHOMANIA (THE ART OF DECORATING GLASS),

AS CARRIED OUT BY MASTER TOM DURING THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

John Leech's Pictures

OF
LIFE AND CHARACTER.



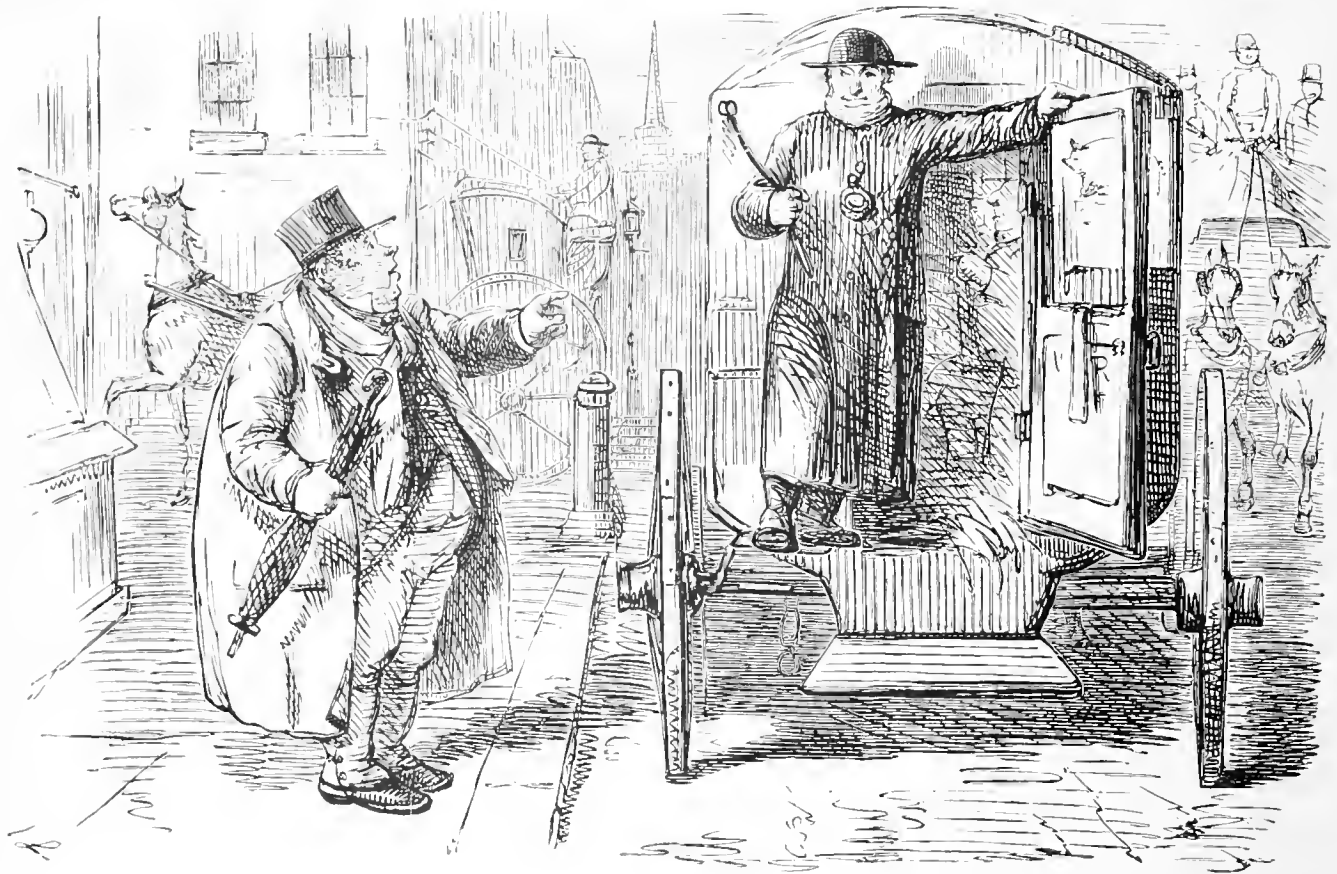
CAUTION DURING THE MISTLETOE SEASON.

Pretty Cousin. "WHAT A TIRESOME GREAT AWKWARD BOY YOU ARE!—JUST SEE HOW YOU HAVE SCRATCHED MY CHIN!" [Young Gentleman apologises amply]



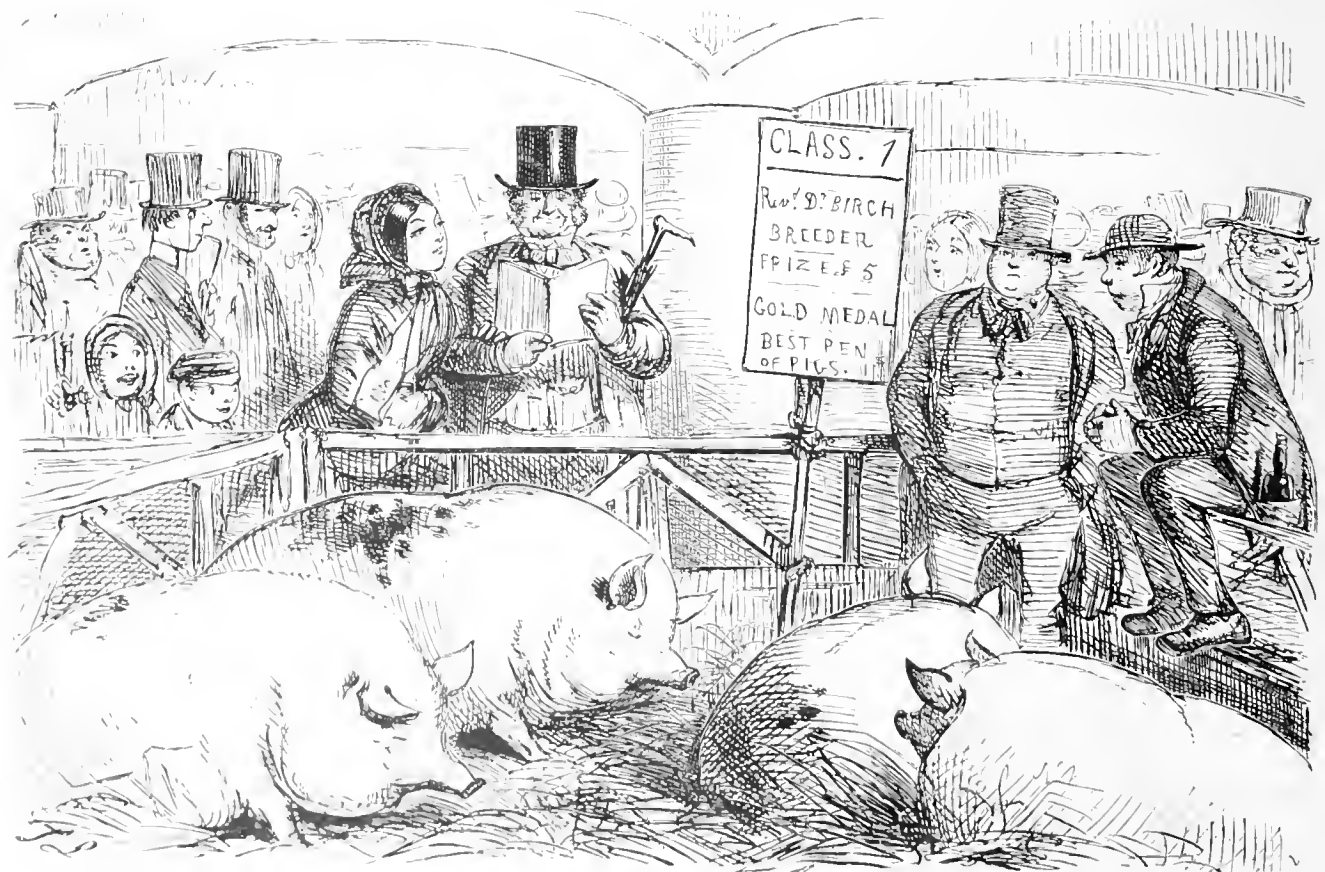
NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR.

Augustus. "NOW, I'VE GOT YOU!"



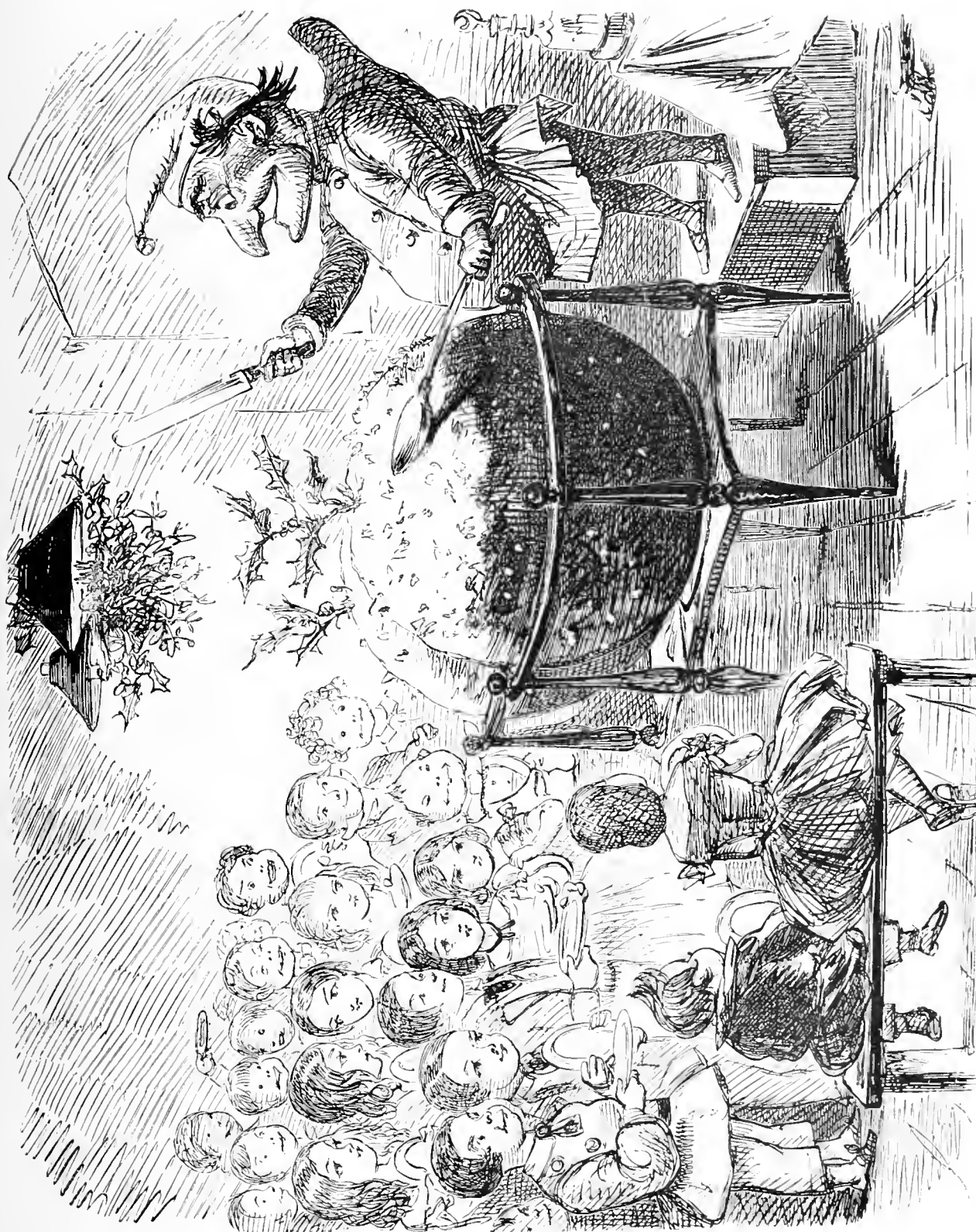
OBVIOUS.

Old Party from the Country (with much wheezing and embarrassment) "I—I—WANT TO GO TO—TO—TO—"
Conductor (with alacrity). "ALL RIGHT, OLD DOY! JUMP IN! I KNOW—CATTLE SHOW!"



A PIG PEN AT A CATTLE SHOW.

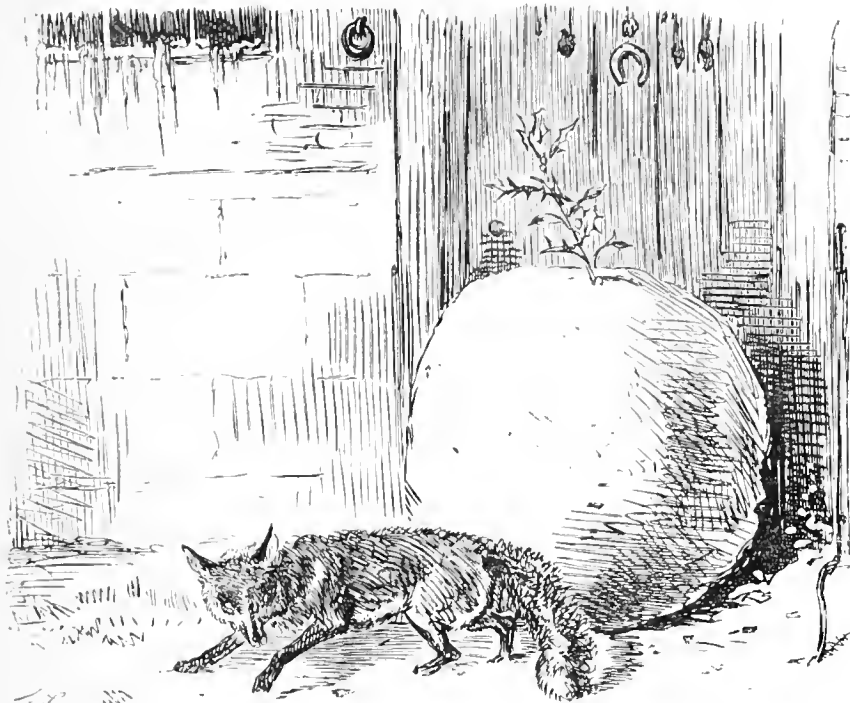
Harriet. "THEN I SUPPOSE PAPA DEAR, THAT THESE ARE LEARNED PIGS, AS THEY HAVE ALL GOT GOLD MEDALS?"



A PLEASANT HOLIDAY TASK.

Mr. Punch "NOW, BOYS AND GIRLS! YOU MUST FIND OUT THE USE OF THESE GLOBES BEFORE YOU GO BACK TO SCHOOL!"

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Reynard the Fox. "HERE'S AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS, MY BOYS, FOR YOU, AND MANY OF 'EM."



THE SNOW.

"NOW, YOU BOYS HAD BETTER BE QUIET, OR I SHALL CALL THE POLICE, AS SURE AS YOU'RE BORN."



JUVENILE ETYMOLOGY.

Master Jack. MAMMA, DEAR! NOW ISN'T THIS CALLED KISSMAS TIME, BECAUSE EVERYBODY KISSES EVERYBODY UNDER THE MISTLETOE? ADA SAYS IT ISN'T."



MISS AND MISTLETOE.

Miss Gushington. "OH, DON'T YOU LIKE CHRISTMAS TIME, MR. BROWN, AND ALL ITS DEAR OLD CUSTOMS?"
[BROWN don't see] to see it.



CHRISTMAS EVE.

Ellen (who is so simple). "NOW, PRAY TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, FRANK! WHAT IS IT THESE DREADFUL GAROTTERS CALL 'GIVING ONE THE HUG?'"
[FRANK shows her presently.]



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.



A FAMILY GROUP—BABY STIRRING THE PUDDING.



"A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!" A JUVENILE PARTY.

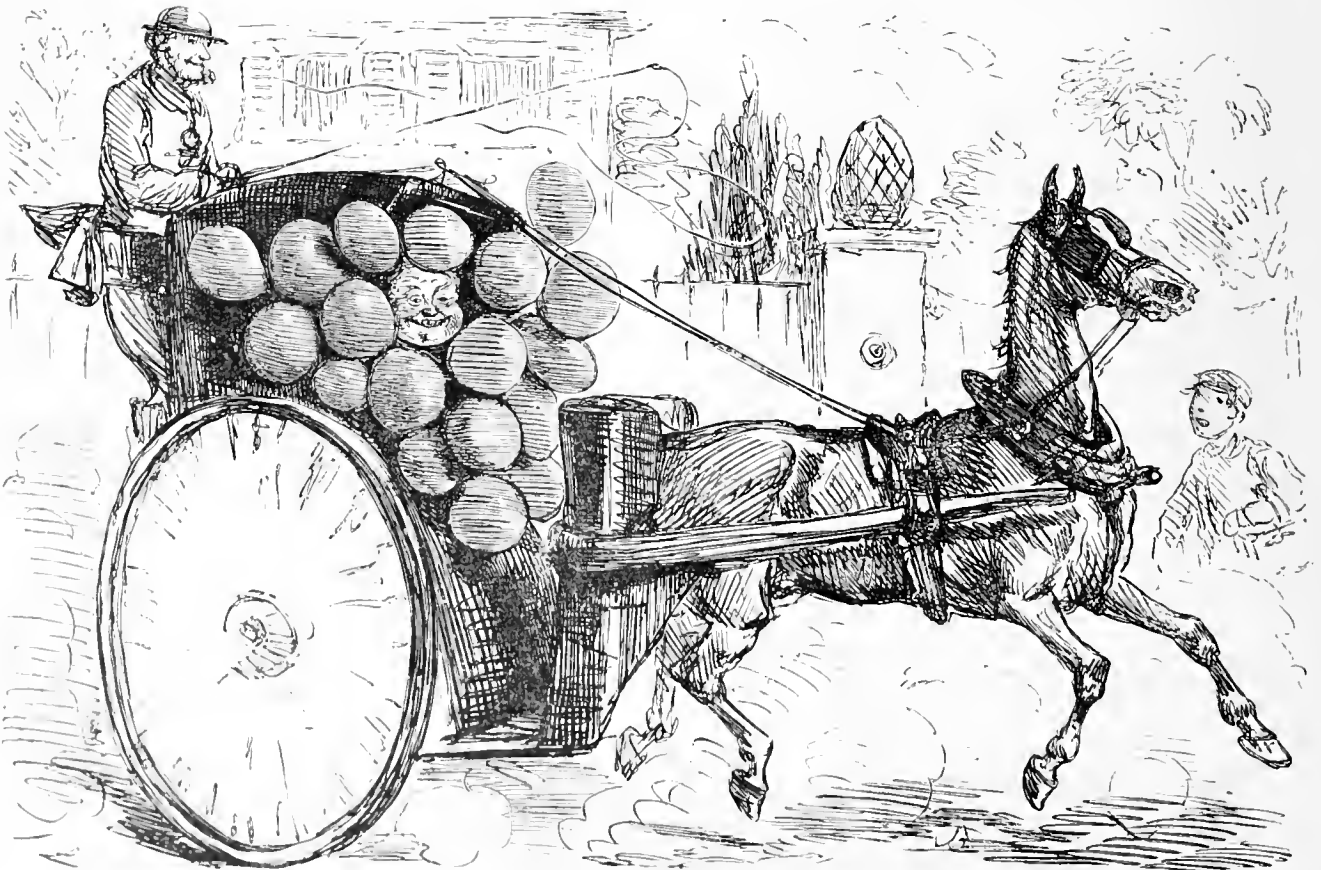


GOOD CHEER.

RICH OLD LADY IS OVERWHELMED WITH BARRELLED OYSTERS FROM DISTANT RELATIVES



ROOTI-TOOIT—I'VE GOT CHER!



A JOLLY OLD PATERFAMILIAS, WITH SOME AIR-BALLOONS FOR THE CHICKS.

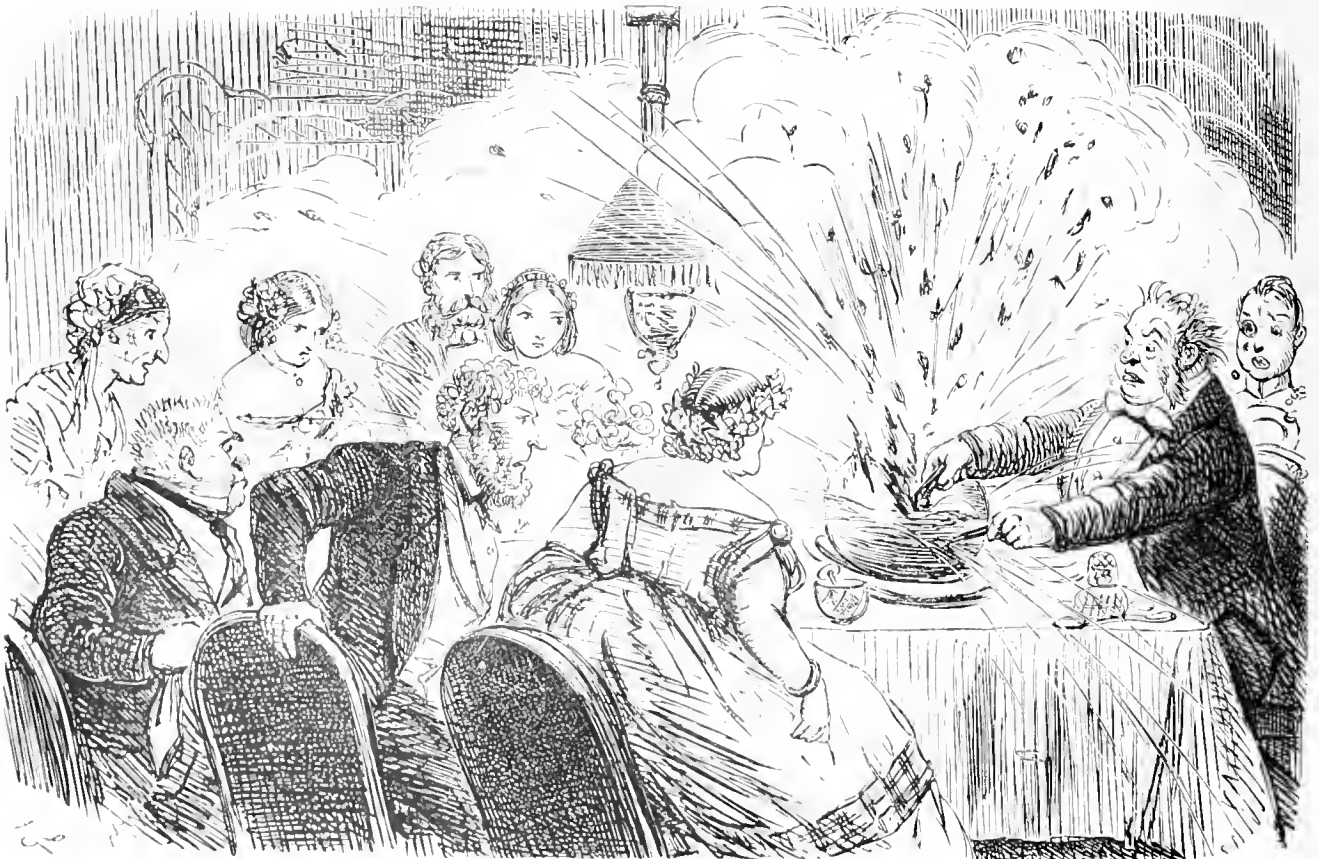


A CHRISTMAS PARTY.—GRANDPAPA DANCES "SIR ROGER"—AND MAY HE DANCE IT FOR MANY.
MANY YEARS TO COME.



VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

THAT DISTINGUISHED RIFLE-SHOT, MR. PUNCH, HAVING DONE HIS DUTY LIKE A MAN, THROWS HIMSELF UNDER THE MISTLETOE, AND RECEIVES HIS JUST REWARD.



BROWN ENTERTAINS HIS FRIENDS WI' A HAGGIS!



A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!



OF A VERY STUDIOUS TURN.

Mamma. "WHO IS THIS HAMPER FOR?—WHY, FOR POOR JERRY, WHO IS AT SCHOOL, YOU KNOW"

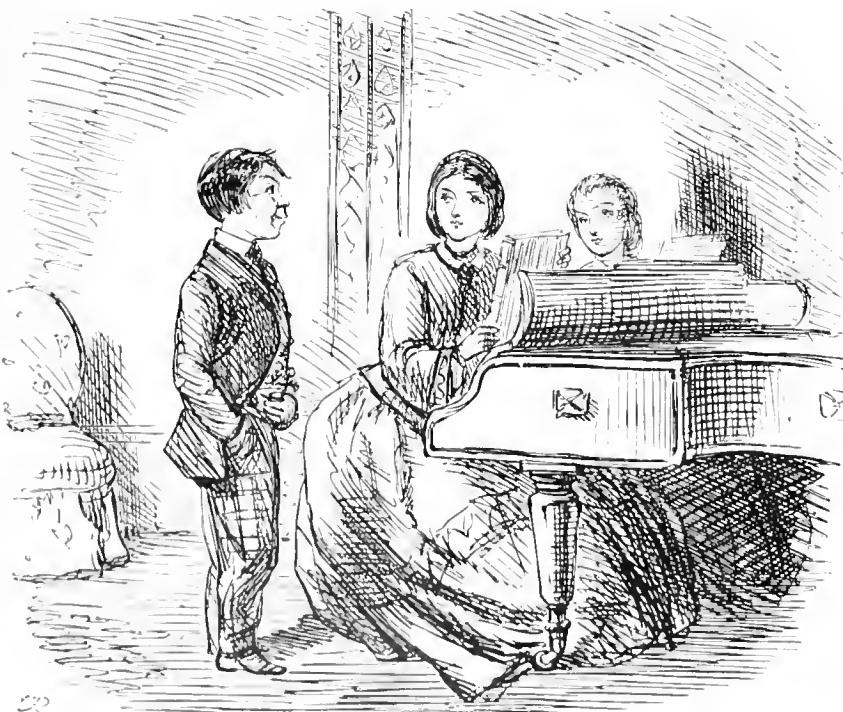
Darling (reflectively). "OH!—DON'T YOU THINK, MA, I HAD BETTER GO TO SCHOOL?"



WHOLESOME FEAST.

Jessie. "AND SO, WALTER, YOU HAVE LITTLE PARTIES AT YOUR SCHOOL, EH?"

Walter. "AH! DON'T WE, JUST!—LAST HALF THERE WAS CHARLEY BOGLE, AND GEORGE TWISTER AND ME—WE JOINED YOU KNOW—AND HAD TWO POUNDS OF SAUSAGES, GOLD, AND A PLUM CAKE, AND A BARREL OF OYSTERS, AND TWO BOTTLES OF CURRANT WINE!—OH, MY EYE! WASN'T IT JOLLY, NEITHER!"



QUITE A NICE PARTY.

Georgia. "WELL, GUS! AND HOW DID YOU LIKE YOUR PARTY LAST NIGHT?"

Gus. "OH, JOLLY—I GOT ELEVEN ICES, AND NO END OF NEGUS, AND WENT DOWN FOUR TIMES TO SUPPER!"



LITTLE MEN.

"BEEN TO THE PLAY MUCH THESE HOLIDAYS, FRED?"

"AW—I WENT THE OTHER NIGHT. BUT, AW—I DON'T KNOW—SOMEHOW, PANTOMIMES ARE NOT WHAT THEY USED TO BE IN MY TIME; AND AS FOR THE GURLS, THERE WASN'T A GOOD-LOOKING ONE IN THE HOUSE."



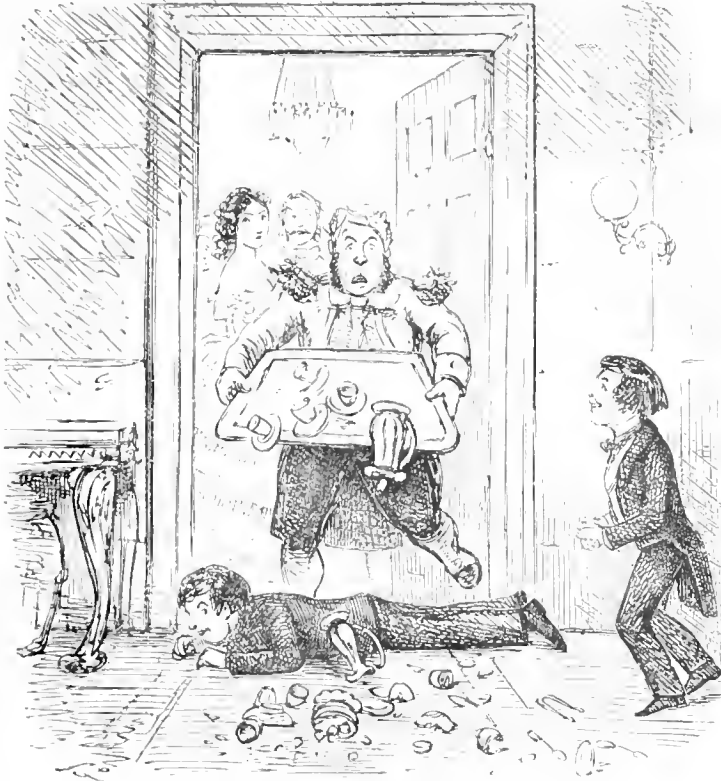
HOME ENJOYMENTS.

A DISCREET (1) FRIEND HAVING PRESENTED MASTER TOM WITH A TOOL-BOX AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT—THE FURNITURE IS PUT INTO THOROUGH REPAIR



HOME AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND PEACE DEMONSTRATION IN OUR NURSERY!



AMATEUR PANTOMIME.



A HAPPY NOTION.

Delightful Boy. "OH! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL GO AND PLAY MY DRUM AT UNCLE FOZZLE'S DOOR!"



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Arthur (on Pony): "HOLLO! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT ON YOUR HEADS?"

Juvenile Swell: "WHY, YOU SEE, EVERY SNOB WEARS A CAP OR A WIDE-AWAKE NOW! SO THE MEN OF OUR SCHOOL HAVE RETURNED TO THE OLD CHIMNEY-POT!"

[As Paterfamilias, we are sorry to say that we have observed this monstrosity many times this Christmas.



IN SOCIETY.

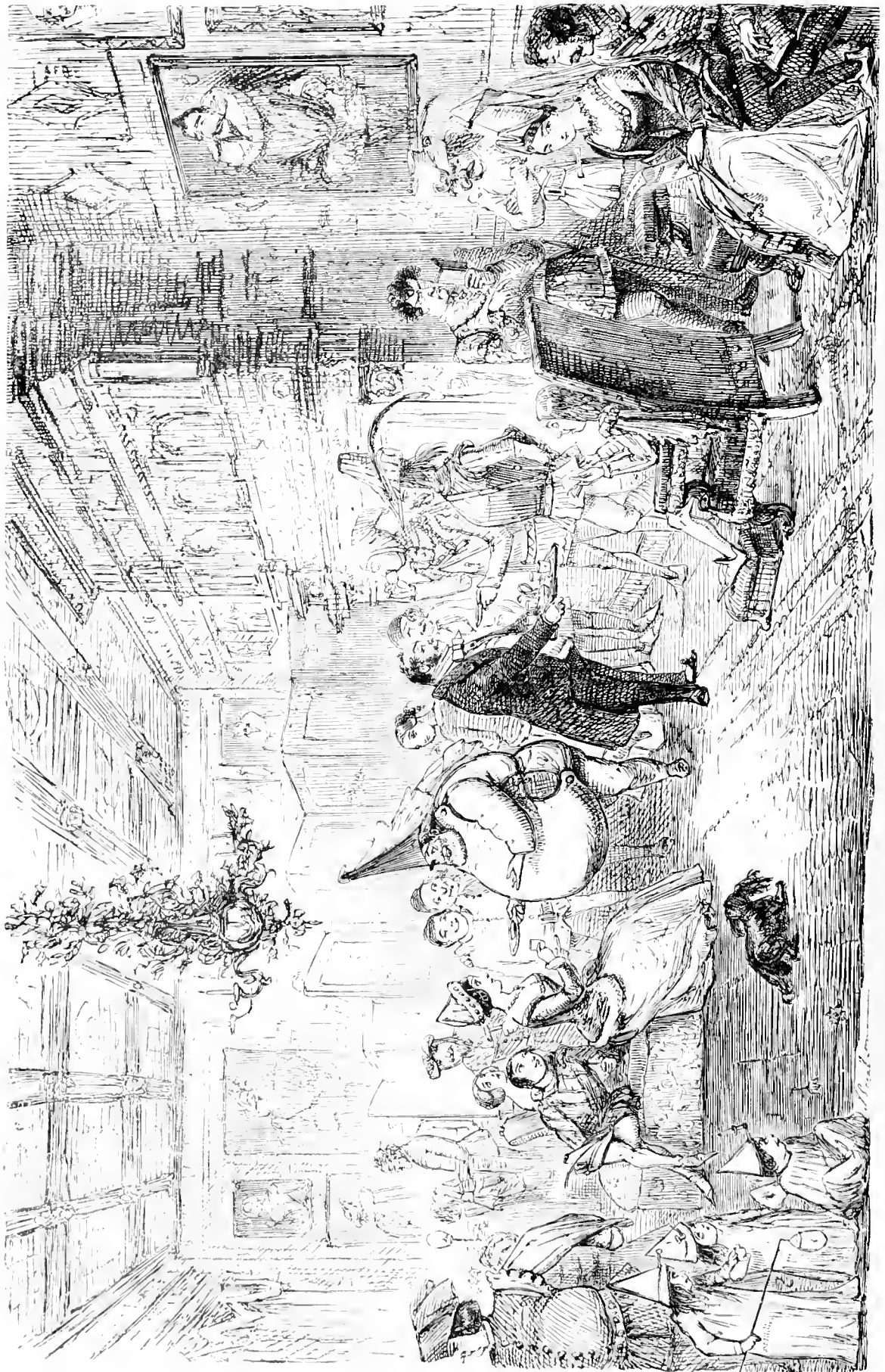
Small Boy. "GOING TO THE PANTOMIME, CLARA, THIS AFTERNOON?"

Clara. "A—NO—I'M AT HOME—AND HAVE A KETTLEDRUM AT THREE O'CLOCK!"



PATRONISING.

"PRETTY SIGHT, AINT IT, CHARLEY, TO SEE THE YOUNGSTERS ENJOYING THEMSELVES?"



PRIVATE THEATRICALS.



THE JOLLY GAME OF SNOWBALLING, AS PLAYED IN OUR SQUARE.



THE JUVENILE PARTY.—A GREAT LIBERTY.

Juvenile. "MAMMA, DEAR! DO YOU KNOW THAT GENTLEMAN TICKLED ME WITHOUT BEING INTRODUCED



THE MORNING AFTER THE JUVENILE PARTY.

Papa "WHY, TOM, I'M AFRAID YOU MUST HAVE EATEN TOO MUCH CAKE LAST NIGHT YOU LOOK QUITE SEEDY THIS MORNING!"

Little Sister. "OH, NO, PAPA DEAR, IT CAN'T BE THAT HE EAT THE THINGS OUT OF THE CRACKERS, BUT HE DIDN'T TOUCH THE SEED CAKE!"



AN ENVIOUS YOUTH.

Sensitive Young Lady. "POOR CREATURES! NOTHING BUT EATING AND SLEEPING! WHAT A DREADFUL EXISTENCE!"

Stout Youth. "DREADFUL EXISTENCE!—OH, AH! I DARE SAY WHY, THAT'S JUST THE VERY THING OF ALL OTHERS I SHOULD LIKE THE BEST!"



THROWING STONES THROUGH ICE.

DELIGHTFUL RECREATION FOR YOUTH WHICH COMBINES HEALTHFUL EXERCISE WITH THE LUXURY OF WINDOW BREAKING, WITHOUT DANGER OR EXPENSE



URGENT.

Street Boy. "I SAY, COOKY? THEY JUST ARE A-FININ' OF 'EM ALL ROUND THE SKVARE—GIVE US A SHILLIN' AND I'LL SWEEP YOUR DOOR AFORE THE PLEECESMAN COMES"



THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.—IN LEAP YEAR, THE LADIES TAKE THE INITIATIVE.

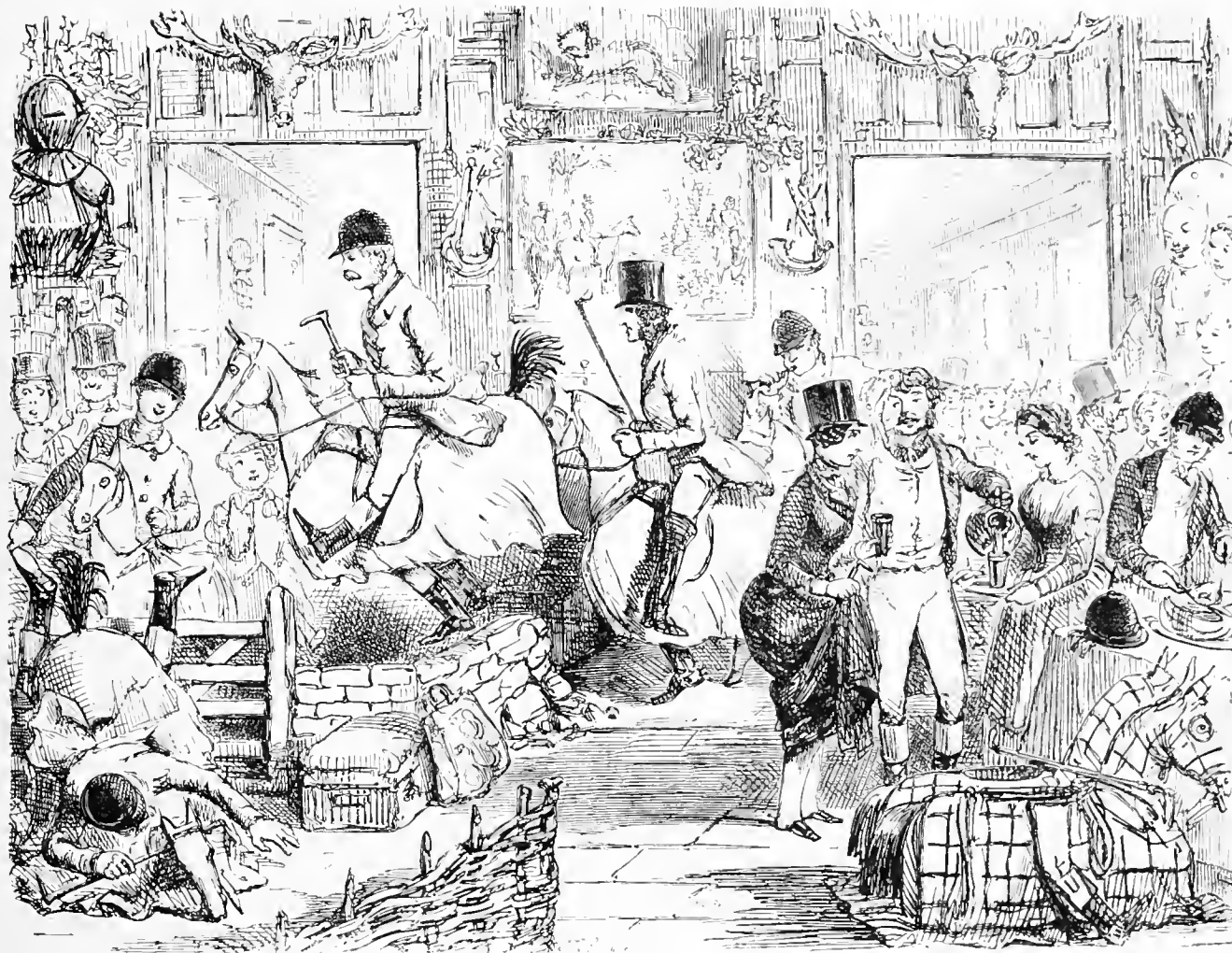


THE CHAMPION.



THE WEATHER IN THE PARKS.

State Proprietor "NOW MARM! AVE A PAIR ON?"



NEW CHRISTMAS GAME FOR FOX-HUNTERS DURING A LONG FROST.



THE CRACKER BON-BON.

Two little Stoopids (with one voice). "I KNOW I SHALL SCREAM—I'M SURE I SHALL!"



A MAN OF SOME CONSEQUENCE.

Elder Sister "WHY, GEORGE! NOT DRESSED! PRAY ARE YOU NOT GOING WITH THE OTHER CHILDREN?"

George. "HM! I SHOULD RATHER FANCY NOT.—YOU DON'T CATCH ME GOING OUT OF AN EVENING JUST TO FURNISH PEOPLE'S ROOMS. WHERE I GO—
I DINE!"



THE WEATHER AND THE STREETS.

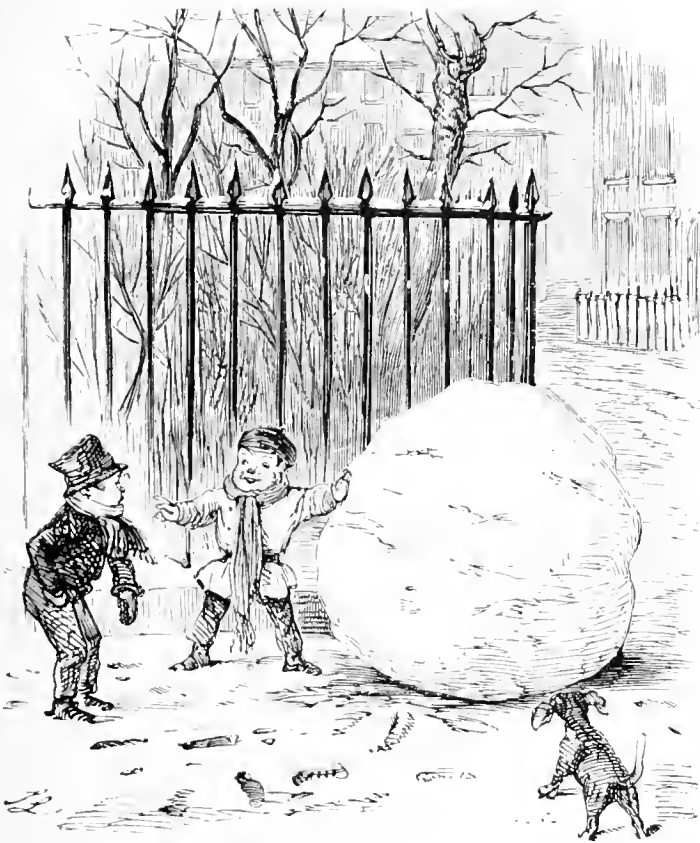
boy of the Period "GO IT, TOMMY! THERE'S NO PERIL, AND THE OLD GENT'S AFRAID TO COME OUT!"



PATERFAMILIAS SUPERINTENDS IN PERSON THE REMOVAL OF
THE SNOW FROM THE ROOF OF HIS HOUSE.—



PLEASING EFFECT BELOW.



WHAT A TERRIBLE TURK!

"OH! HERE'S A JOLLY SNOWBALL. LET'S TAKE AND PUT IT AGIN SOMEBODY'S DOOR!"



PUTTING A GOOD FACE ON IT.

OF ALL FOOLISH THINGS, THE MERE PUN IS PERHAPS THE MOST FOOLISH—NOW, HERE'S A FELLOW (PROBABLY A MEMBER OF THE ST—GK EXCH—GE) WHO, IN SPITE OF HIS REALLY PERILOUS CONDITION, SAYS, "THAT HE CAME OUT FOR A (W)HOLE HOLIDAY—AND HAS GOT IT!"



FLUNKEIANA RUSTICA.

Mistress "NOW I DO HOPE, SAMUEL, YOU WILL MAKE YOURSELF TIDY. GET YOUR CLOTH LAID IN TIME—AND TAKE GREAT PAINS WITH YOUR WAITING AT TABLE!"

Samuel (who has come recently out of a *Strawyard*). "YEZ, M! BUT PLEAZ M', UE OI TO WEAR MY DR'ECES?"



IMPUDENCE.

"NOW, LOBSTER! KEEP THE POT A-BILING!"



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Amy (to Rose). "GOOD GRACIOUS, ROSE—I'M AFRAID, FROM THE WAY THE MAN TALKS, THAT HE IS INTOXICATED!"

Cabby (impressively). "BEG PARD'N. MISS!—N-N-NOT HIC)—INTOSSIT-TOSSI-CATED (HIC)—ITSH ONLY SHLIGHT 'PED-PED-PEDIMENT IN SPEESH. MISS!"



THE NOSE-COMFORTER.

Sensible Man (who despises conventionality). "HAH! THE WORLD MAY SMILE, BUT IT'S VERY WARM AND COMFORTABLE."



DELIGHTFUL PRIVILEGE DURING THE WINTER MONTHS.

YOU MAY BATHE IN THE SERPENTINE FROM 6 UNTIL 7 IN THE MORNING, AND 7 UNTIL 8 IN THE EVENING



ARTIFICIAL ICE—GRAND PAS DES PATINEURS.



HOW DISAGREEABLE THE BOYS ARE.

Boy, "MY EYE, TOMMY! THERE'S THE HELEPHANT FROM THE S'LOGICAL GARDENS GOING A-SKATING!"



HOW TROUBLESOME THE BOYS ARE.

Juvenile, "I SAY, HARRIET—DO US A FAVOUR?"

Pretty Cousin, "WELL, WHAT IS IT?"

Juvenile, "GIVE US A LOGK OF YOUR HAIR TO TAKE BACK TO SCHOOL."



WINTER IN THE SUBURBS.

OUR DEAR OLD PATERFAMILIAS TAKES HIS OFFSPRING TO SEE THE PANTOMIME. UNFORTUNATELY, "THE ROADS" (AS THE CABMAN SAYS) "IS SO ORRIBUL CAD AND SLIPPY," THAT HE IS OBLIGED TO WALK WITH HIS DARLINGS THE GREATER PART OF THE WAY HOME.



THE FOG IS SO VERY THICK THAT FREDERICK AND CHARLES ARE OBLIGED TO SEE CLARA AND EMILY HOME.



THE JUVENILE PARTY.

Paterfamilias (to Youth who goes with his Pony, well across country). "HOLLO! HUCH, MY BOY! DON'T YOU LIKE DANCING?"
 Youth "A—NO! I DON'T SEEM TO CARE FOR DALLS—FEW HUNTING MEN DO!!!"



COLD WEATHER.

Omnibus Driver, "BILL! JIST BREAK THIS 'ERE ICICLE OFF MY NOSE WITH YER WHIP, THAT'S A GOOD FELLER! IT TAKES BOTH MY HANDS TO KEEP THESE 'OSSES ON THEIR LEGS."



A VERY GREEN-EYED MONSTER!

First Juvenile, "I WONDER WHAT CAN MAKE HELEN HOLDFAST POLK WITH YOUNG ALBERT GRIG?"

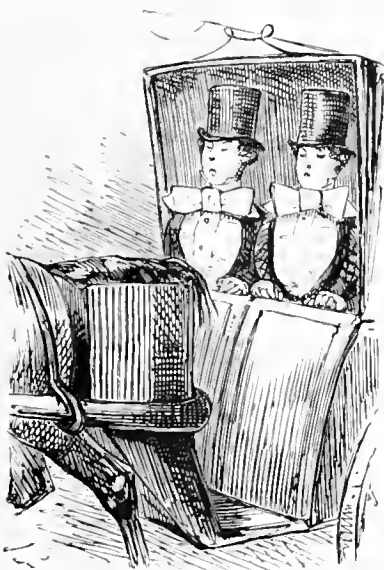
Second Ditto, "DON'T YOU KNOW? WHY, TO MAKE ME JEALOUS! BUT SHE HAD BETTER NOT GO TOO FAR!"



WHAT A SHAME!

Grandpapa, "HEYDAY! WHAT MAKES MY LITTLE DARLING SO CROSS?"

Little Darling, "WHY, GRANDPA, MAMMA WANTS ME TO GO TO A PANTOMIME IN THE DAY-TIME, AS IF I WAS A MERE CHILD!"



THE NEW STYLE.

HOW YOUNG GENTLEMEN FROM SCHOOL GO
TO SEE A PANTOMIME NOW-A-DAYS.



UNDIGNIFIED REMINDER.

Boy. "I SAY, JOHN, AIN'T YOUR MASTER A LOOKIN' FOR YOU, NEETHER!"



FAIR AND EQUAL.

Sister. "NOT GIVE A BALL, CHARLES! FIDDLE! WHY NOT? I TELL YOU WHAT,—IF YOU WILL FIND THE ROOM, AND THE MUSIC, AND THE SUPPER,
AND THE CHAMPAGNE, AND THE ICES,—I'LL FIND THE LADIES! COME NOW!"



FROZEN-OUT FOXHUNTERS.



ODIOUS TYRANNY.

PATERFAMILIAS INSISTS THAT THE GIRLS SHALL WEAR VERY STOUT BOOTS IN THE WET WEATHER; BUT THE GIRLS DON'T AT ALL LIKE "THE NASTY, GREAT, UGLY, CLUMSY, THICK THINGS!"



SERIOUS ACCIDENT DURING THE FROST.

AS MAJOR — AND CAPTAIN — OF THE 13TH LIGHT POLKERS WERE SKATING WITH THE LOVELY AND ACCOMPLISHED EMILY D — AND HARRIET V —, THEIR FEELINGS SUDDENLY GAVE WAY; THEY BROKE THE ICE, AND WE HEAR THEY HAVE NOT YET BEEN EXTRICATED FROM THEIR PERILOUS SITUATION.



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Paterfamilias. "WELL, BOYS! I DARE SAY YOU'RE GLAD TO GET HOME; AND HOW YOU AND THE DOCTOR AGREE!"
 Harry. "OH! WE LIKE HIM VERY MUCH."
 Paterfamilias. "HAH! AND DO YOU THINK YOU ARE MAKING GOOD PROGRESS?"
 Harry. "OH! PRETTY GOOD! I CAN LICK THREE FELLOWS! BUT FRED, HERE, CAN LICK SIX, COUNTING ME!"



A BON-BON FROM A JUVENILE PARTY.

First Juvenile. "THAT'S A PRETTY G'RL TALKING TO YOUNG ALCERON DINKS!"
 Second Juvenile. "HM-TOL-LOL! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HER SOME SEASONS AGO!"



TOO BAD.

Rude Boy. "AH! HERE'S THE P'LEECE A-COMIN'; WON'T YOU CATCH IT FOR SLIDING ON THE PAVEMENT!"



OLD MR. JONES AS HE APPEARED WHEN ASKED FOR THE TWENTIETH TIME IF HE WOULD HAVE HIS DOOR DONE.



THE THEATRE OF WAR

A PRIVATE BOX FOR ENGLAND'S DEAR BOYS ON FOREIGN SERVICE



A KINDLY OFFER.

Skate Proprietor to Spectator with wooden legs. "AVE A PAIR ON, SIR!—AX YER PARDIN, SIR—DIDN'T TWIG YER MISFORTIN I'VE A HODD 'UN YOU CAN 'AVE, SIR!"



DISTRESSING RESULT OF EATING TURKEY DAY
AFTER DAY.

THE POOR OLD PARTY HAS COME OUT ALL OVER FEATHERS



GLORIOUS NEWS FOR THE BOYS.

Billy Wilkins. "HI! LOOK HERE! COME! SUCH A LARK! HERE'S A PERLICEMAN FELL ON A SLIDE!"



THE THAW AND THE STREETS!

TOMKINS, WHO HAS JUST PAID HIS RATE FOR PAVING, CLEANSING, &C., GOES FOR A WALK IN HIS IMMEDIATE NEIGHBOURHOOD. HE IS, OF COURSE, MUCH GRATIFIED AT THE WAY IN WHICH THE CLEANSING PART OF THE BUSINESS IS MANAGED.



DELICIOUS.

Party in Bed. "HEY! HOLLO! WHO'S THAT?"

Domestic. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, IT'S SEVEN O'CLOCK, SIR! YOUR SHOWER-BATH IS QUITE READY. I'VE JUST BROKEN THE ICE, SIR!"



SYMPTOMS OF MASQUERADING.

Better-Half (log). "IS THIS WHAT YOU CALL SITTING UP WITH A SICK FRIEND, MR. WILKINS?"



THE NURSERY FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB.—THE FIRST MEET OF THE SEASON.

Master Robert (log). "HERE, JAMES, JUST STAND BY THAT BAY FILLY.—SHE'S RATHER FRESH THIS MORNING!"



THE OPERA.

Door-Keeper. "BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR—BUT YOU MUST, INDEED, SIR, BE IN FULL DRESS!"
Snob (excited). "FULL DRESS!! WHY, WHAT DO YER CALL THIS?"



THE DAY AFTER THE JUVENILE PARTY.—AWFUL APPEARANCE OF THE DOCTOR.



INNOCENT MIRTH—THE SLIDE ON THE PAVEMENT.



HAVING A PAIR ON!

Skater. "HI!—HOLLO!—WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT?—IT'S GOING INTO MY FOOT!"
State Proprietor. "NEVER MIND, SIR!—BETTER 'AV 'EM ON FIRM!"



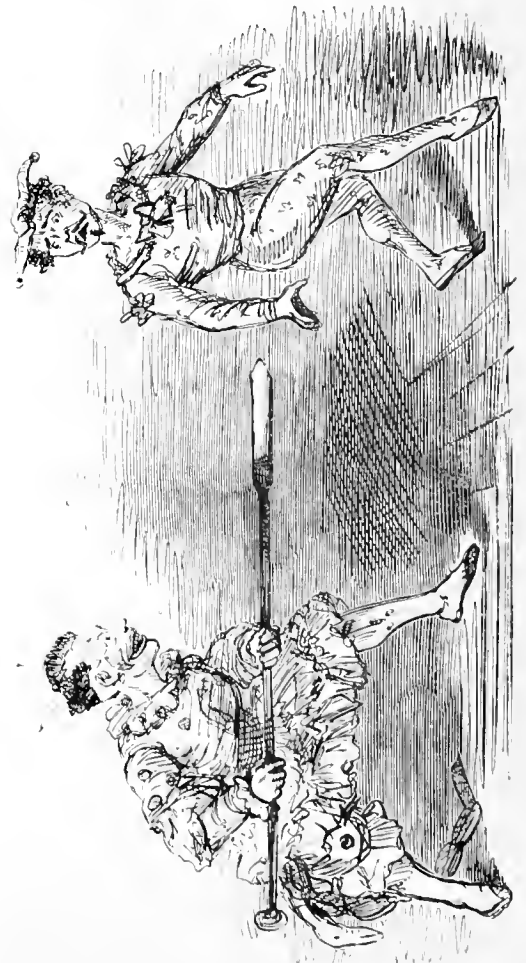
STAGE FRIGHT.

OH, JOEY! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?"



DELIGHTFUL.

OH! HERE'S A JOLLY SLEDGE!"



A GOOD OLD COMIC CLOWN.



A DECEIVER.

"IT'S QUITE TRUE, MUM!"

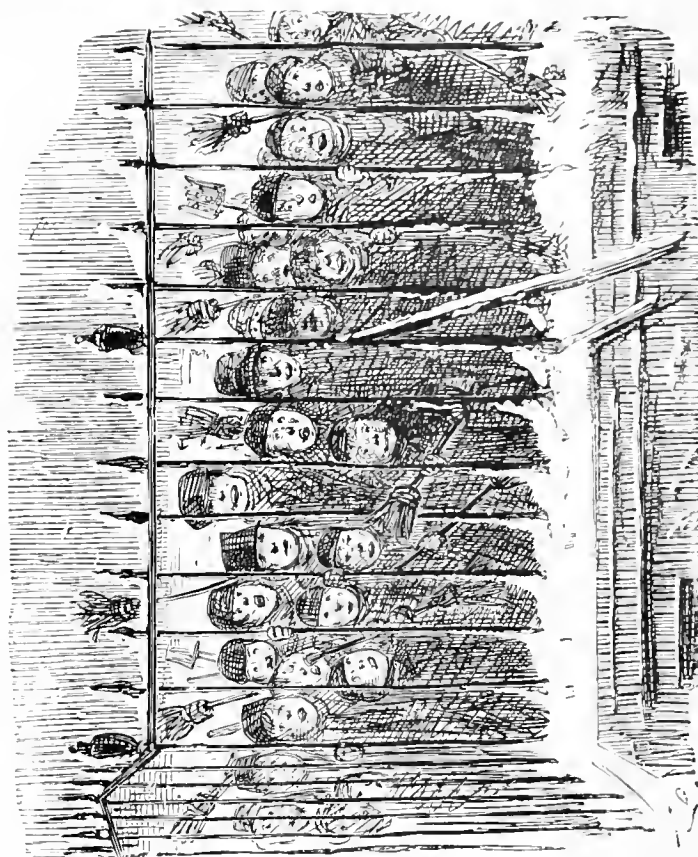


SAME OLD GAME.



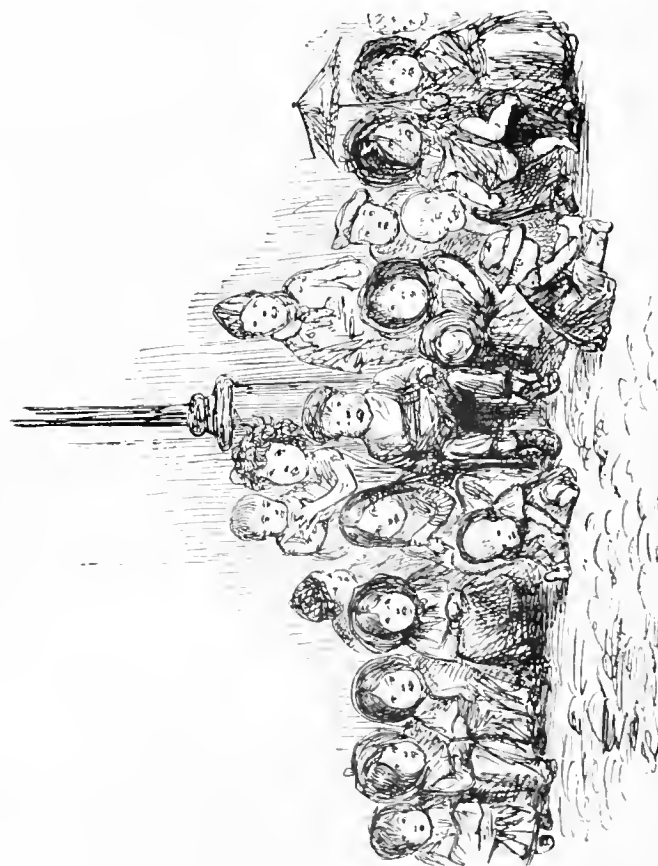
AN OLD JOE.

Clown (log.). "PRETTY GREECHUR!"



EAGER APPLICANTS.

"WANT YOUR DOOR DONE, MUM?"



DRESS CIRCLE AT PUNCH AND JUDY.



RETURN FROM A SUBURBAN PARTY.

Flyman. "WERRY SORRY, MUM, I'M SURE, MUM—BUT THE OSS AINT ROUGHED, AND HE CANT GO A STEP FURDER!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF FISHING.



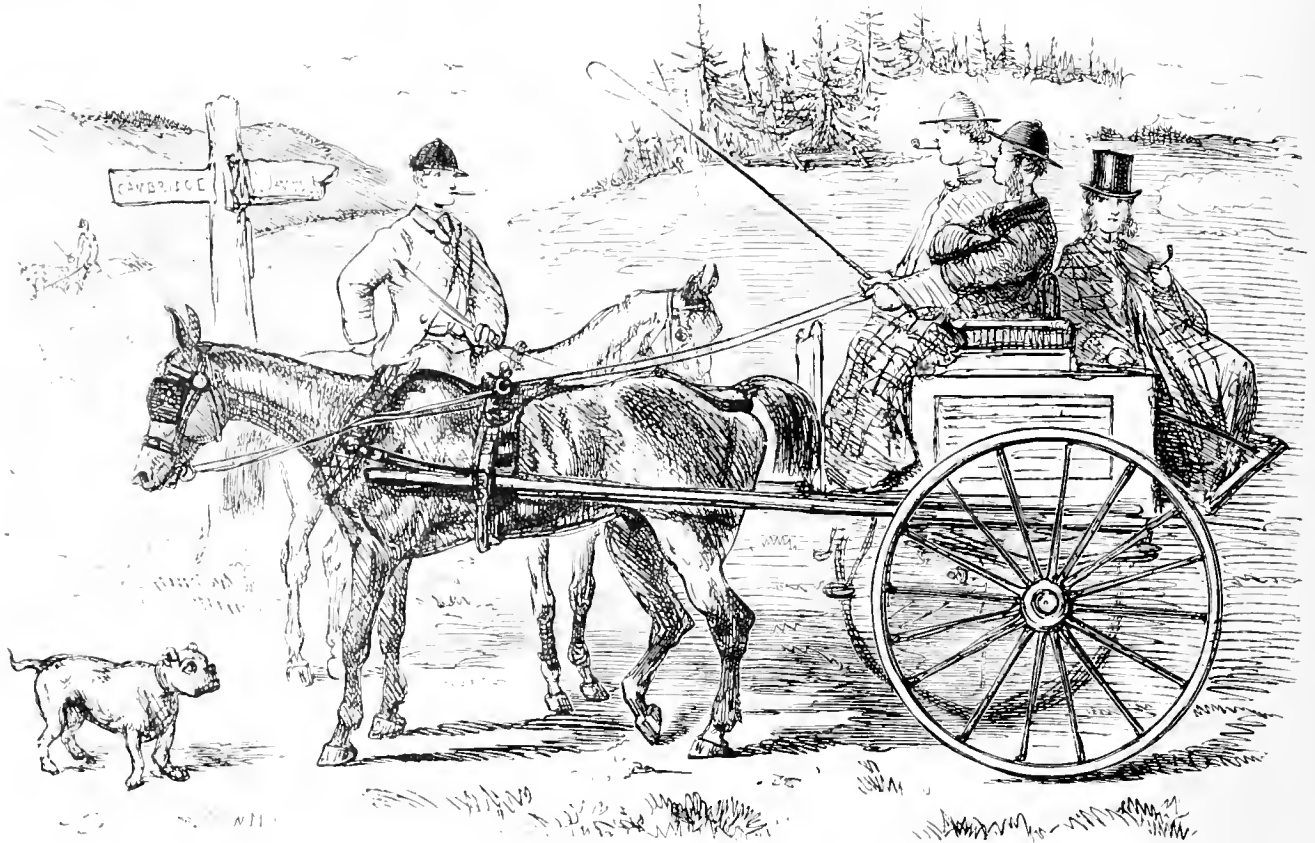
No. X.

MR. B. AS HE APPEARED FROM SIX IN THE MORNING UNTIL THREE IN THE AFTERNOON, WHEN——



No. XI.

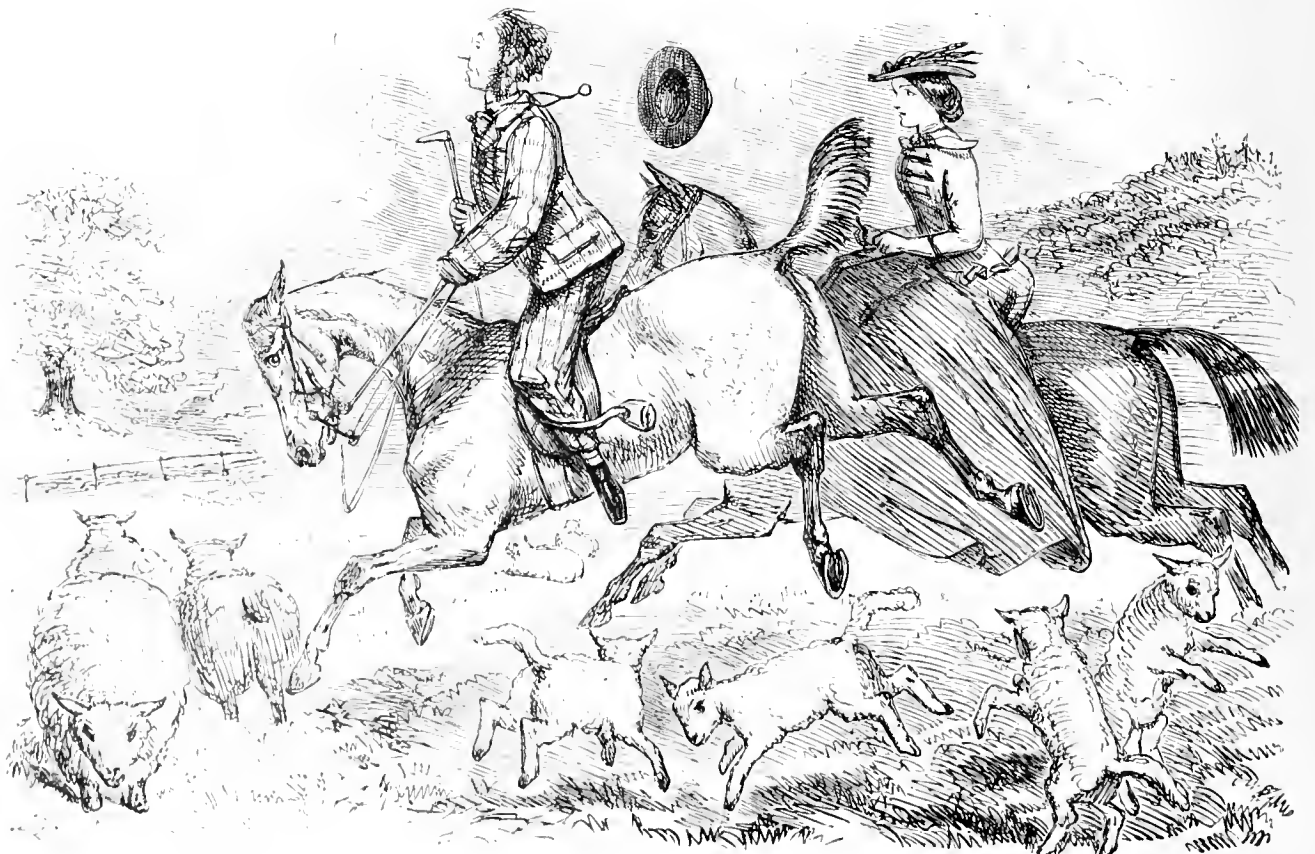
HAVING HOOKED A "FISH," HE IS LANDED TO PLAY IT. THE FISH RUNS AWAY WITH HIM—AND MR. B. IS DRAGGED ABOUT A MILE AND A HALF OVER WHAT HE CONSIDERS A RATHER DIFFICULT COUNTRY



MODERATION.

First Undergraduate "HOLLO, CHARLEY! AIN'T YOU GOING OUT TO-DAY?"

Second Undergraduate (driving) "WHY, NO—NOT THIS MORNING. YOU SEE I'M ONLY A ONE-HORSE MAN, AND AS I HAVE HUNTED HIM THREE TIMES THIS WEEK, I THOUGHT TO GIVE HIM A DAYS REST IN THE DOG-CART!"



JONES TRIES HIS NEW HACK, WHICH IS AS QUIET AS A LAMB—JUST ABOUT!

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF FISHING.



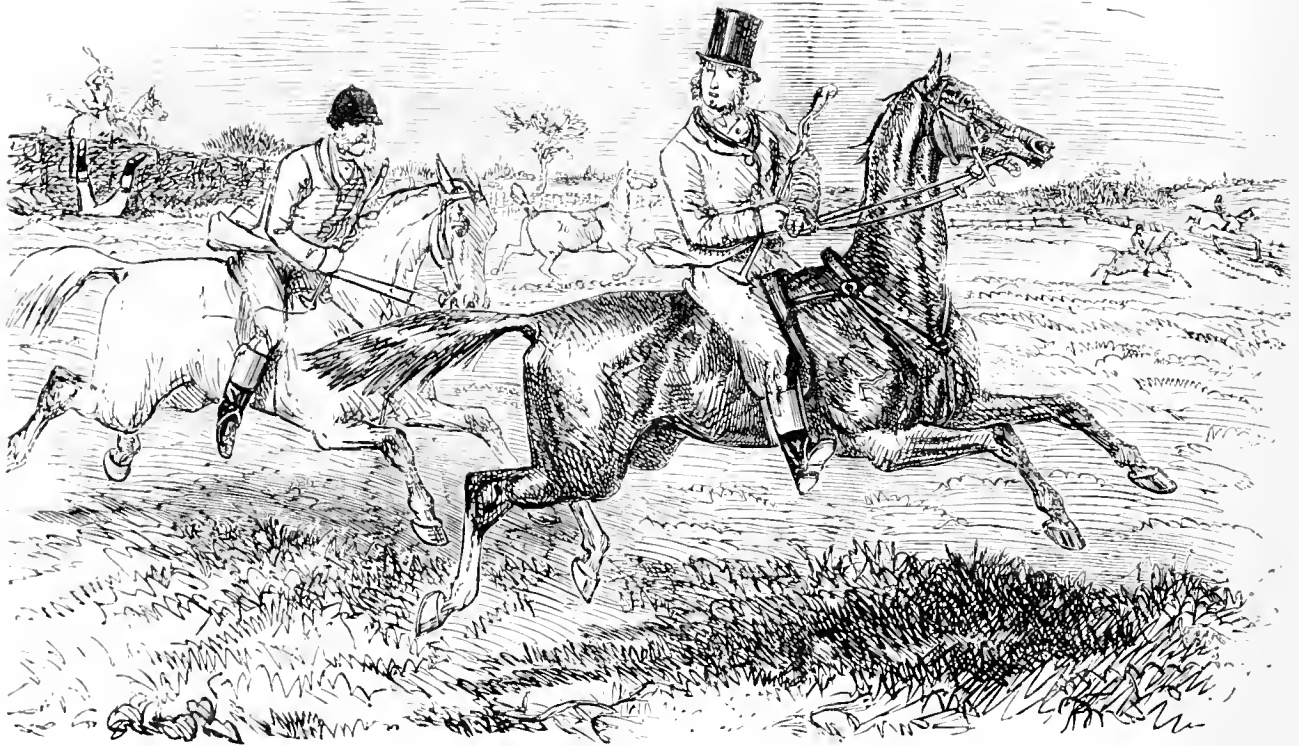
No. XII.

ON ARRIVING AT "HELL'S HOLE," HE IS DETAINED FOR THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR, WHILE THE FISH SULKS AT THE BOTTOM.—



No. XIII.

THE FISH HAVING REFRESHED HIMSELF, AND RECOVERED HIS SPIRITS, BOLTS AGAIN WITH MR. B.



NO CONSEQUENCE.

"I SAY, JACK! WHO'S THAT COME TO GRIEF IN THE DITCH?"

"ONLY THE PARSON!"

"OH, LEAVE HIM THERE, THEN! HE WON'T BE WANTED UNTIL NEXT SUNDAY!"



THE REVIEW.

"NOW, MARM, HERE'S A PLACE TO STAND ON. YER MAY SEE EVERY THING; AND ONLY SIXPENCE!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF FISHING.



No. XIV.

AFTER A LONG AND EXCITING STRUGGLE, MR. B. IS ON THE POINT OF LANDING HIS PRIZE, WHEN—THE LINE UNFORTUNATELY BREAKS!



No. XV.

HOWEVER, IN MUCH LESS TIME THAN IT HAS TAKEN TO MAKE THIS IMPERFECT SKETCH—ACCOUTRED AS HE IS—HE PLUNGES IN—AND AFTER A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER, HE SECURES A MAGNIFICENT SALMON, FOR WHICH HE DECLARES HE WOULD NOT TAKE A GUINEA A POUND!—AND IT IS NOW STUFFED IN THE GLASS-CASE OVER THE ONE WHICH CONTAINS HIS LATE FAVOURITE SPOTTED HUNTER.



AN APRIL FOOL.

Equestrian. "HERE, BOY! COME AND HOLD MY HORSE"

Boy. "DOES HE KICK?"

Equestrian. "KICK! NO!"

Boy. "DOES HE BITE?"

Equestrian. "BITE! NO! CATCH HOLD OF HIM"

Boy. "DOES IT TAKE TWO TO HOLD HIM?"

Equestrian. "NO"

Boy. "THEN HOLD HIM YOURSELF"

[Exit BOY, performing "Pop goes the Weasel,"



THE SEA-SIDE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

"ALL THE NEW WORKS ARE OUT, MISS. BUT HERE'S THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE 'SCOTTISH CHIEFS'—OR HERE'S 'CAMPBELL'S PHILOSOPHY OF RHETORIC,' IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO READ THAT."



DREADFUL JOKE.

William. "THERE, AMY! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THOSE FOR A PAIR OF MOUSTACHES?"

Amy. "WHY, I SHOULD SAY THAT CALLING THOSE MOUSTACHES WAS GIVING TO 'HAIRY NOTHINGS A LOCAL HABITATION AND A NAME.'" [For shame, AMY!]



GOOD NEWS! REAL SENTIMENT.

The Lady Emmeline. "NO, DEAREST CONSTANCE, I AM NOT UNHAPPY. THESE ARE TEARS OF JOY! FOR SEE HOW THE DEAR LORD AUBREY WRITES—(Reads an advertisement)—'I have much pleasure in giving my testimony to the skill of Professor Puffenburg, who has extracted two very troublesome corns without causing me any pain.—De Belgrave.' DEAR, OEAR AUBREY, THEN YOU ARE HAPPY!"



A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

Foxhunter. "HERE'S A BORE, JACK! THE GROUND IS HALF A FOOT THICK WITH SNOW, AND IT'S FREEZING LIKE MAD!"



BROAD CARICATURE.



RATHER ALARMING.

Lady "YOU WISHED, SIR, I BELIEVE, TO SEE ME RESPECTING THE STATE OF MY DAUGHTER'S AFFECTIONS, WITH A VIEW TO A MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE WITH THAT YOUNG LADY IF YOU WILL WALK INTO THE LIBRARY, MY HUSBAND AND I WILL DISCUSS THE SUBJECT WITH YOU"

Young Corydon. "OH, GRACIOUS!!!"



GOOD SECURITY.

Boy "PLEASE, SIR, GIVE ME A DROWN?"

Swell. "SIXPENCE IS THE SMALLEST MONEY I HAVE, MY LITTLE LAD"

Boy "VEL, SIR, I'LL GET YER CHANGE, AND IF YER DOUBTS MY HONOUR, HOLD MY BROOM!"



UNCONSCIOUS SATIRE.

Stout Party "WELL, I'M SURE! WHAT CAN POSSESS THOSE SKINNY CREATURES TO WEAR ROUND HATS, I CAN'T THINK,—MAKING THEMSELVES SO CONSPICUOUS!"



SCENE—PALAIS ROYAL.

Garçon (to London Gent). "VOILÀ! M'SIEU! LE CHARIVARI—FRENCH PUNCH. GOOD MORNING SARE! OH, I SPEAK INGLEES VERRA WELL—I LIVE IN INGLEES COFFEE TREE MUNSE. OH YAS—ALL RIGHT! NEVARE MIND!"
(Jumps over three chairs and vanishes to the great astonishment of TOMKINS.)



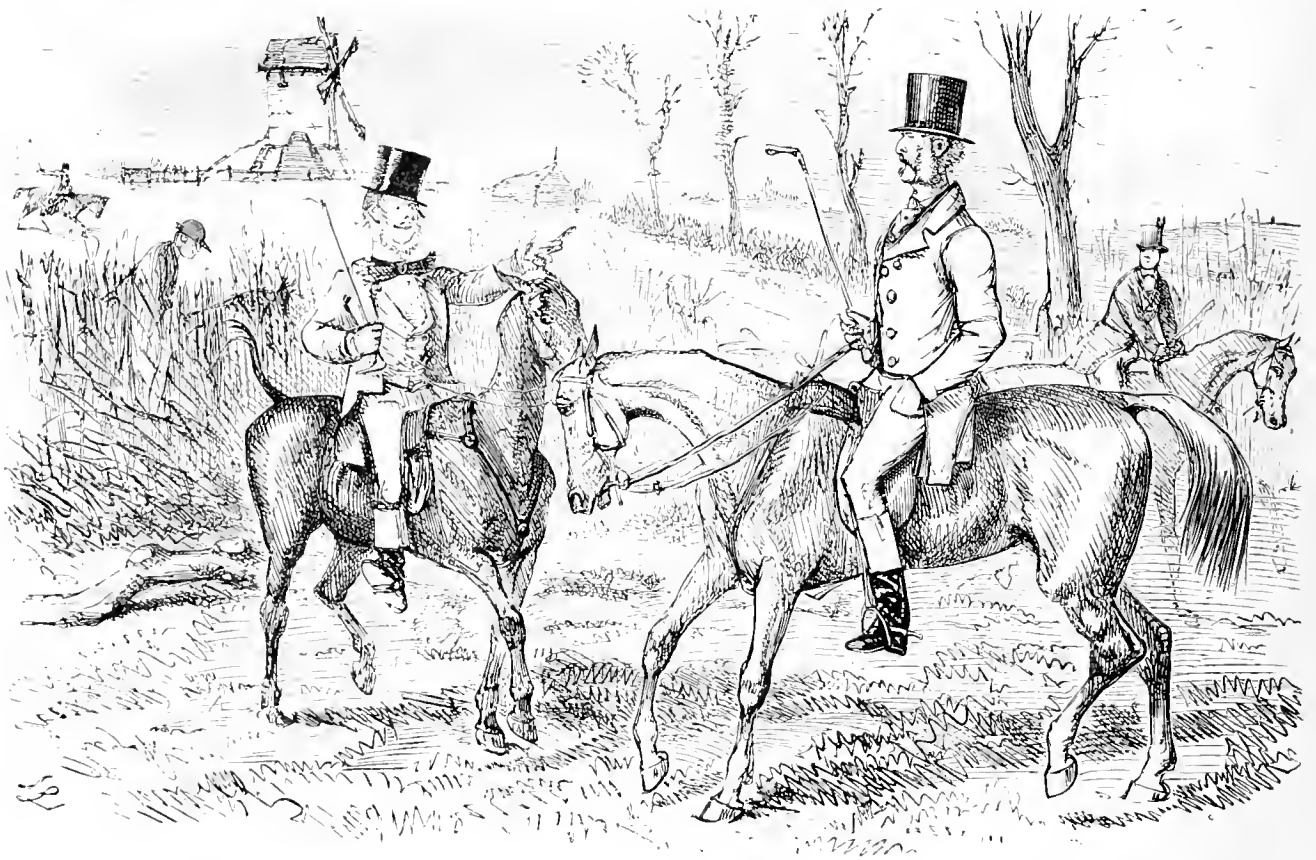
POOR MUGGINS!

Smythe (to MUGGINS, who, in the heat of the moment, has been drinking his wine out of tumblers). "THERE, MY BOY! THAT'S SUCH A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE AS YOU DONT GET EVERY DAY—AND BETWEEN YOU AND ME (very confidentially) BETWEEN—YOU—AND ME—I ONLY GAVE FOUR AND TWENTY SHILLINGS A DOZEN FOR IT!"
(Exit MUGGINS for an antidote.)



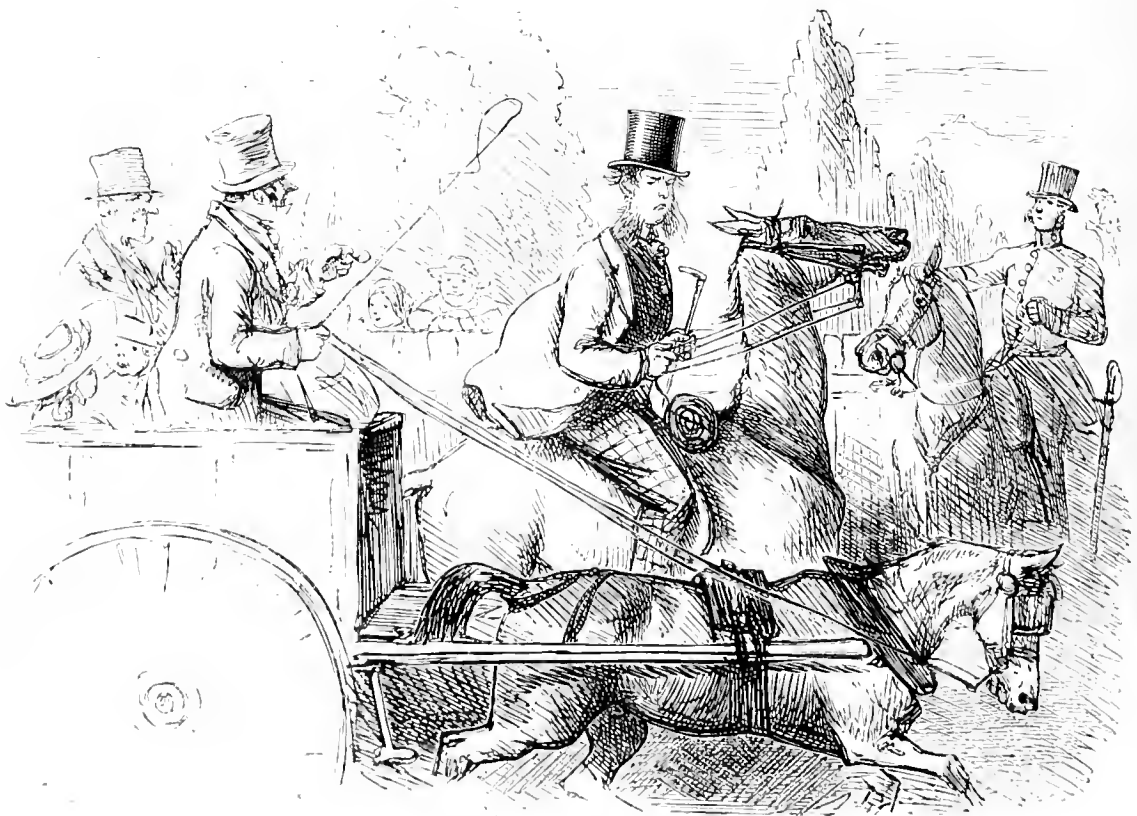
INCREDIBLE!

Mrs. Muggins. "WHAT! FOURTEEN ON YE SLEEP UNDER THAT GIG UMBRELLER OF A THING? GET ALONG WITH YER!"



VERY FRIENDLY.

Little Gent, "MORNIN' MY LORO!—GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT AGAIN!—WHAT I LIKE ABOUT FOX-UNTING IS, THAT IT IMPROVES THE BREED OF 'ORSES—AND BRINGS PEOPLE TOGETHER AS WOULDN'T OTHERWISE MEET!"



THE ROAD.

Party in the Cart (to Turkies, who is immensely proud of his Steeds): "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT YOU DON'T 'APPEN TO 'AV ANOTHER CAMEL AS YOU WANT TO DISPOSE OF?"



LATEST FROM PARIS.

Beautiful Being. "WELL, I MUST SAY, PARKER, THAT I LIKE THE HAIR DRESSED A L'IMPÉRATRICE. IT SHOWS SO MUCH OF THE FACE"



A MOMENTOUS DECISION.

Augustus. "ARE YOU FOND OF MOUSTARCHERS, EMILY?"

Emily. "YES! I THINK THEY LOOK VERY WELL UPON SOME PEOPLE."

Augustus. "AH! THEN THAT SETTLES THE POINT. I SHALL LET MINE GROW."



THE FINISHING TOUCH TO A PICTURE.

Artist. "NOW, DON'T HESITATE TO SAY IF YOU SEE ANYTHING I CAN ALTER OR IMPROVE"

Candid Friend. "HM! WELL! NO! I DON'T SEE ANYTHING—UNLESS, PERHAPS, YOU-A MIGHT REPAINT THE PRINCIPAL FIGURES, AND—I—YES—I SHOULD CERTAINLY GET A NEW BACKGROUND IN."



FINE HAUT-BOYS!

THIS JOLLY OLD PATER KNOWS WHAT A SMILING WELCOME AWAITS HIM WHEN HE BRINGS HIS TREASURES HOME.



JACK ASHORE.

Policeman. "HULLO, JACK! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE NOT SORRY TO COME ON LAND FOR A DIT?"

Jack (who hasn't got his shore legs yet). "WELL, IT AINT SUCH A BAD PLACE FOR A DAY OR TWO—ONLY IT'S SO PRECIOUS DIFFICULT TO WALK STRAIGHT!"



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.



AFFECTING INCIDENT AT BOULOGNE.

OUR FRIEND ARRY DELVILLE, IS SO KNOCKED ALL OF A HEAP BY THE BEAUTY OF THE FOREIGN FISH GIRLS, THAT HE OFFERS HIS 'AND AND 'ART TO THE LOVELY PAULINE.



EXCITEMENT.

"RUN, BILL—RUN AND BRING HISABELLER—
HERE'S A CHIMNEY A-FIER!!"



ROMANCE OF A BOTTLE.

Mr. Bounce. "I TELL YOU WHAT, OLD BOY, FINISH
THAT, AND YOU SHALL HAVE SOME OF MY PECULIAR
OLD PORT. I'VE HAD IT IN BOTTLE MYSELF NINE
YEARS."

THIS IS THE PECULIAR OLD PORT.



AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

THE DISTURBER OF THE PEACE OF PRIVATE FAMILIES.

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Foot Boy "WELL, SIR, MASTER HIS AT OME, BUT HE'S CONFINED TO HIS ROOM HE'S A GROWIN' OF HIS MOOSTARSHERS, AND AINT ALLOWED TO SEE NOBODY BUT HIS AIRDRESSER."



QUITE AN EXQUISITE.

Commercial Gent "TH'S WAR, SIR, WILL BE A TERRIBLE HINDRANCE TO ALL KINDS OF BUSINESS!"
Swell "AW—DESSAY! DLIGHTED TO HEAR IT—A ALWAYS HAD THE CWEATEST AVERSION T' ALL KINDS OF BUSINESS."



FLUNKEIANA.

Lady M. "WELL, IM SURE MR ROBERT, I THINK YOU MIGHT FIND SOMETHING BETTER TO DO THAN LOLLING ABOUT IN THAT GREAT EASY CHAIR. YOU MIGHT GO AND HELP IN THE HAY FIELD, ONE WOULD THINK!"

Flunke "OH YEAH! AND A NICE FIGER I SHOULD BE! WOT WOULD MISSUS SAY PRAY IF I WENT AND SPYLED MY COMPLEXION, AND MADE MY 'ANDS 'ARD?"



PRIVATE OPINION.

Lieutenant Whobble (who has just been embodied). "HAH! THIS IS SOMETHING LIKE! INFINITELY BETTER THAN THE RIDICULOUS OLD COATES!!"



A PRETTY GENERAL DELUSION.

Mr. Kiddlums "WELL, ELIZABETH—I HOPE WE SHALL HAVE A PRIZE BABY SHOW HERE—AND THEN—I FLATTER MYSELF—"

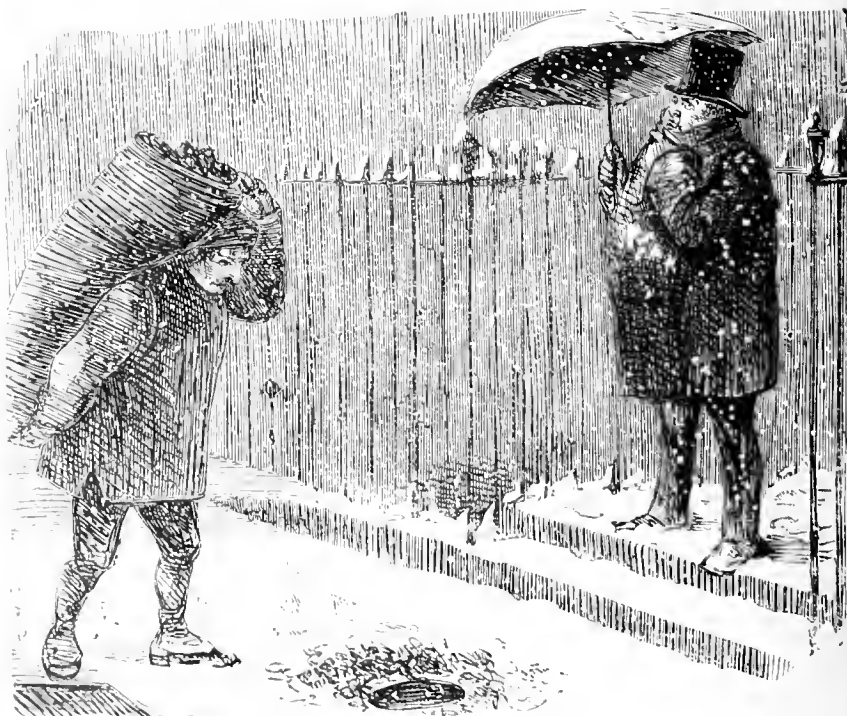


WHAT MUST BE THE NEXT FASHION IN BONNETS.

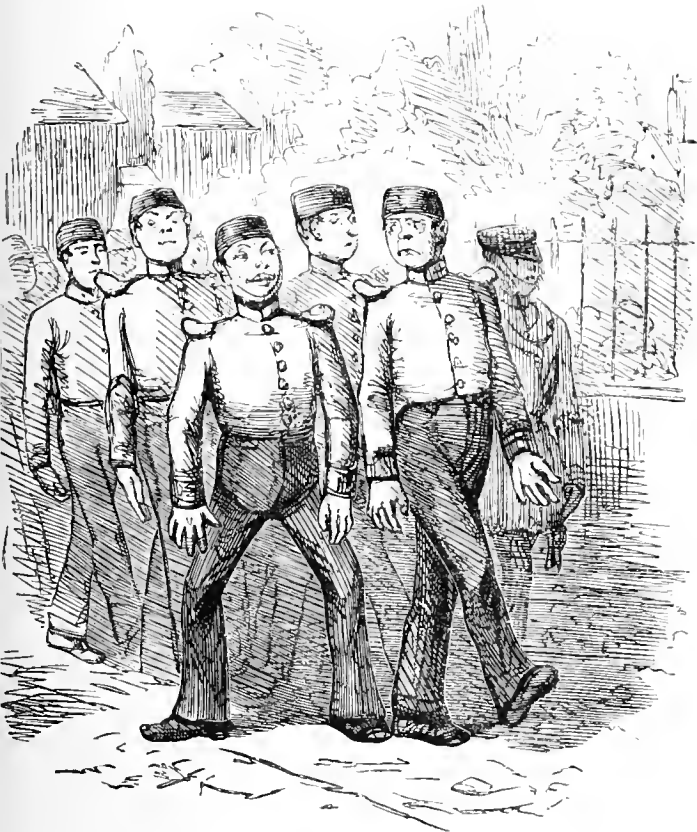
Servant (rushing in): "OH! GRACIOUS GOODNESS, MASTER! THERE'S THE KITCHEN CHIMLEY A-FIRE--AND TWO PARISH INGENS KNOCKING AT THE STREET DOOR!"



[Loudly] AW, DRIVEAW—HAVE YOU A GOOD HORSE?
 [Calmly] Y-E-S, I'R A WERRY GOOD ONS.
 [Loudly] AW! THEN DRIVE ME TO NEXT DOOR!



WHEN COALS ARE SO DEAR, IT BEHOVES EVERY FAMILY MAN TO SEE THAT HE GETS THE PROPER NUMBER OF SACKS FOR HIS MONEY. PATERFAMILIAS DOES HIS DUTY LIKE A MAN. ALTHOUGH THE COALS ARRIVE JUST AT HIS DINNER TIME, AND THE WEATHER IS RATHER INCLEMENT



IN THE RANKS.

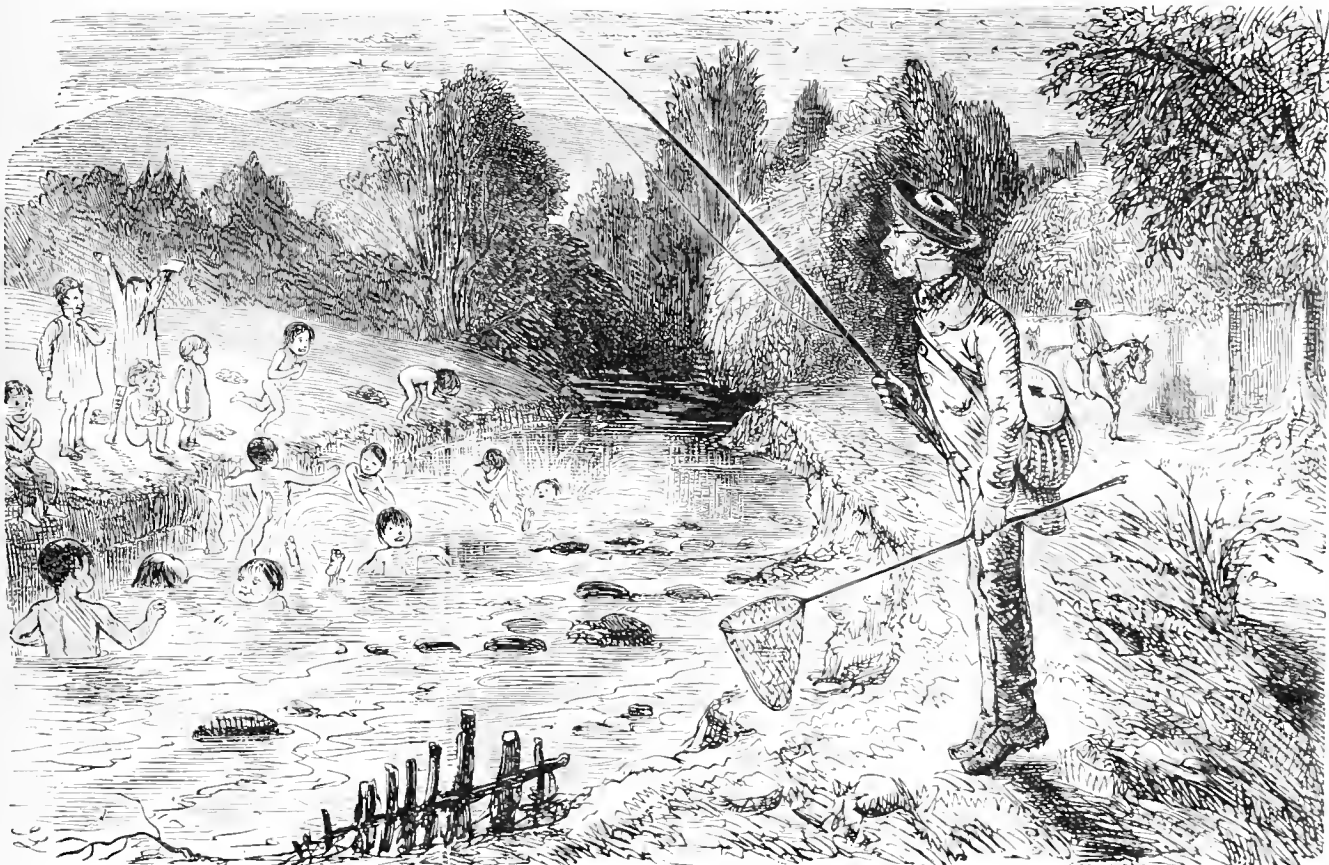
First Militia man. "JIM, YOU BAIN'T IN STEP."

Second Ditto. "BAIN'T I? WELL, CHANCE YOUR'N."



MORE LIGHT.

Irritated Swell. "RING? YES, OF COURSE I RUNG! HOW THE DEUCE DO YOU SUPPOSE I'M TO DO MY BACK HAIR WITH ONLY ONE CANDLE?"



FLY-FISHING.

MR. HACKLE ARRIVES AT HIS FAVOURITE SPOT, WHERE HE KNOWS THERE IS A GOOD TROUT



WHAT A SHAME!

Young Lady (inclining to embonpoint). "I SHALL WANT HIM AGAIN THIS AFTERNOON—FROM TWO TO FOUR."



EVERY LADY HER OWN BATHING-MACHINE, OR AN UGLY CONTRIVANCE MADE A USEFUL APPENDAGE.



SCENE—DRAWING-ROOM.

Enter HORRID BOY.

Horrid Boy (capering about). "OH, LOOK HERE, CAPTAIN! I'VE FOUND OUT WHAT CLARA STUFFS HER HAIR OUT WITH. THEY'RE WHISKERS LIKE YOURS!" [Sensation.]



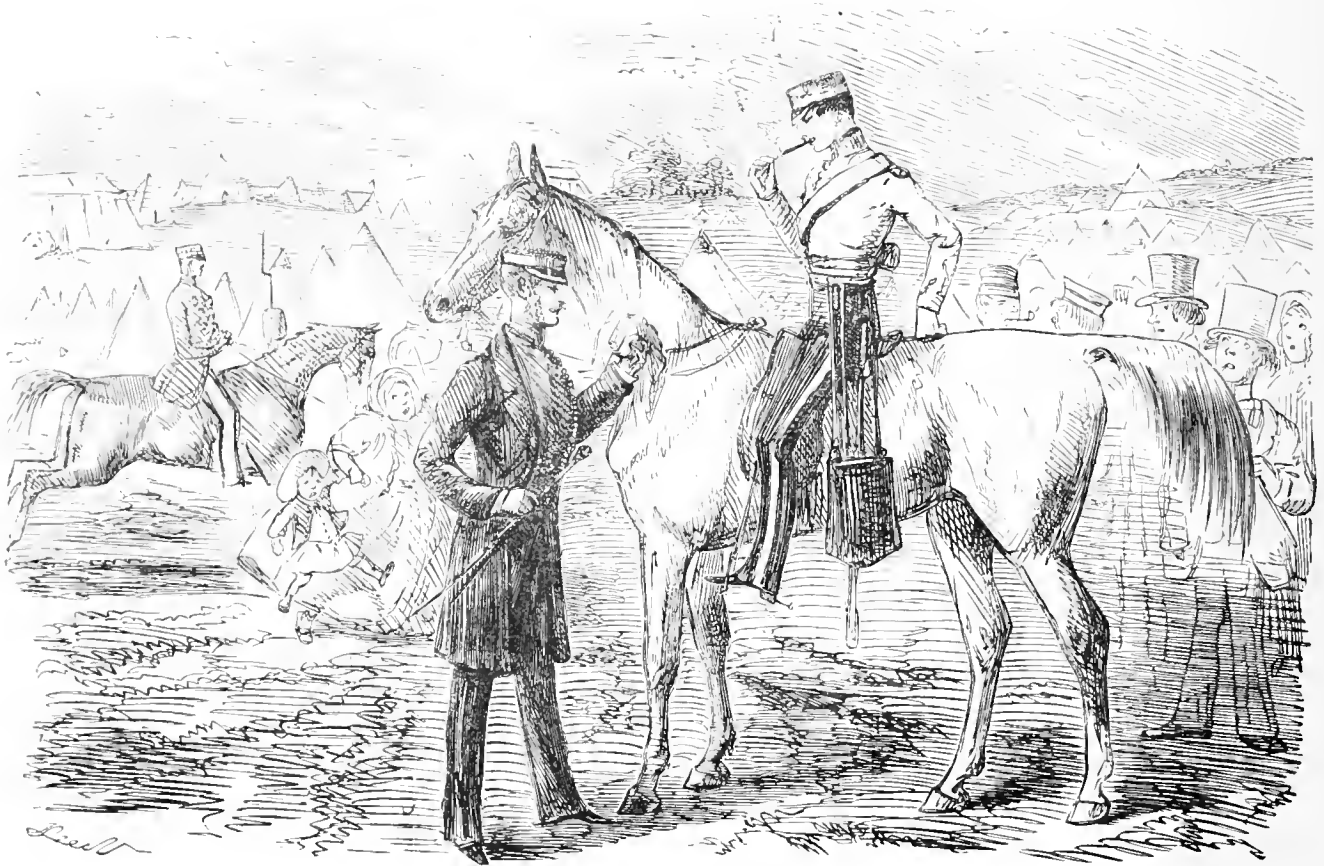
A LITTLE BIT OF SENTIMENT.



A VERY PARTICULAR PARTY.

Mr. — "OH, HERE YOU ARE AT LAST! NOW YOU MUST COME AND DANCE THIS WALTZ WITH A FRIEND OF MINE—CHARMING GIRL, I ASSURE YOU!"

Mr. — (who prides himself upon his dancing). "HAW! THANK YOU—YOU'RE VERY GOOD!—BUT I NEVER WALTZ WITH STRANGE GIRLS, I DON'T MIND GIVING HER A QUADRILLE FIRST, JUST TO SEE HOW SHE MOVES!"



CAMP LIFE—A BIT OF SENTIMENT.

"WELL, FRANK! THIS DELIGHTFUL CAMP IS NEARLY OVER."

"HM, HAW! YA-ASI! AND IF YOU'LL ALLOW ME, I'LL TAKE A LAST FOND LOOK, AND A—A—LEAN UPON MY WHAT D'YE CALL IT, AS THE SONG SAYS, AND A—WIPE AWAY A TE—AR!"



"WHO WOULDN'T BE A RIDING-MASTER?"



A FRIENDLY MOUNT.

Party (whose nerve is not what it used to be). "YOU ARE QUITE SURE, CHARLES, THAT HE'S TEMPERATE?"

Charles. "OH, YES! COME ALONG! DO YOU THINK I SHOULD LET YOU RIDE HIM IF HE WASN'T? WHY, YOU MIGHT KILL THE HORSE!"

[Nervous Party is much flattered by the consideration of Friend.



SOMETHING LIKE SPORT.

Jolly Angler. "HOORAY, TOM! I'VE GOT ONE—AND, MY WORD! DIDN'T HE PULL!"



SLANG.

"MY EYE, 'ARRY, THAT'S A STUNNING GREAT-COAT."

"AH! I FLATTER MYSELF IT'S RATHER 'DOWN THE ROAD.'"

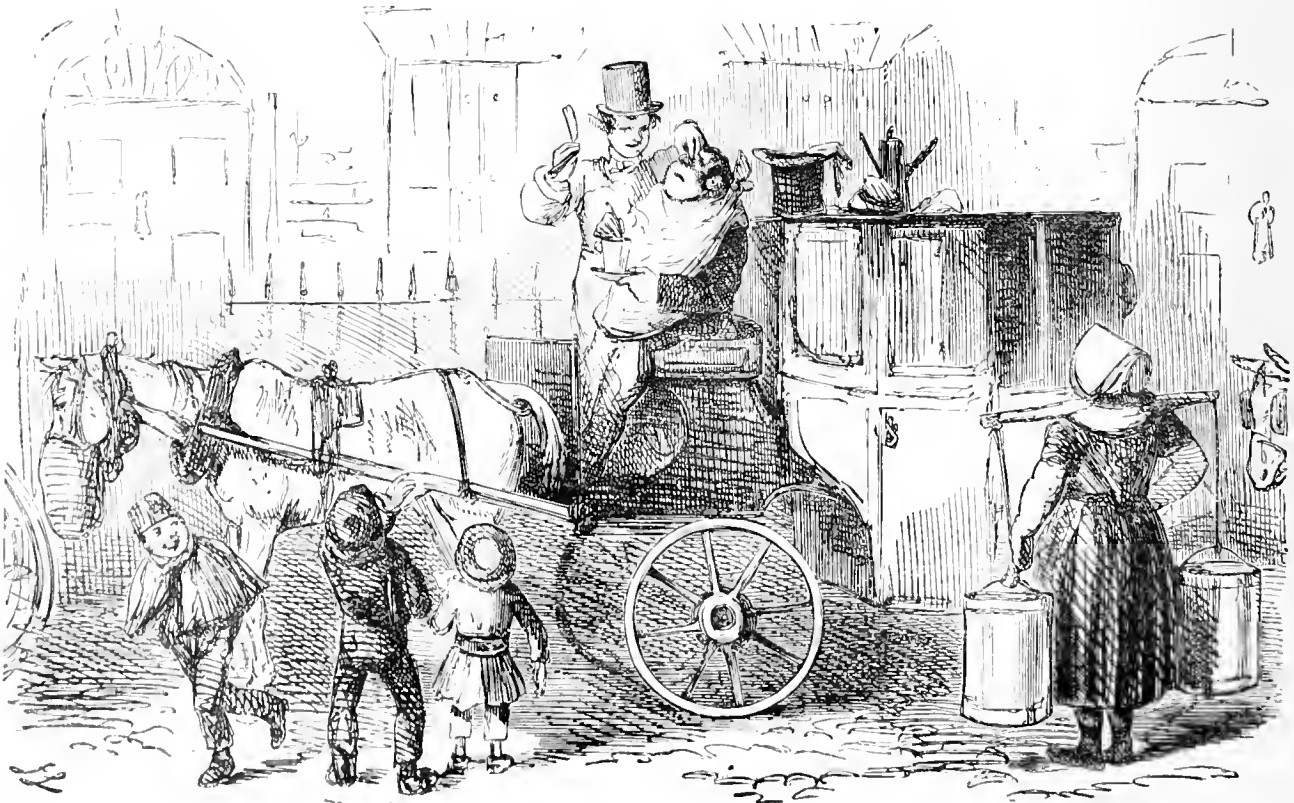


THE HORRORS OF WAR.

First Newmarket Boy. "AWFUL WORK THIS, BILL. WE'RE A GOIN' TO WAR WITH ROOSIA!"

Second Ditto. "WELL, WOT ODDS?"

First Ditto. "WOT ODDS? WHY, THERE WONT BE NO HEMPEROR'S CUP NEXT YEAR, THATS ALL!"



THE NEW CAB REGULATION.

SHOWING THE SHIFTS TO WHICH THE POOR CADMAN IS REDUCED, NOW THAT HE IS NOT PERMITTED TO LEAVE HIS SEAT WHILST ON DUTY.



LIFE IN LONDON.

Isabella. "WELL, AUNT, AND HOW DID YOU LIKE LONDON? I SUPPOSE YOU WERE VERY GAY?"

Aunt (who inclines to embonpoint). "OH YES, LOVE, GAY ENOUGH! WE WENT TO THE TOP O' THE MONUMENT O' MONDAY—AND TO THE TOP O' ST. PAUL'S O' TUESDAY—AND TO THE TOP O' THE DOCK O' YORK'S COLUMN O' WEDNESDAY—BUT I THINK ALTOGETHER I LIKE THE QUIET OF THE COUNTRY."



TERRIBLE PROPOSITION.

Ferocious Hairdresser. "NOW, SIR, SHALL I TAKE THE PINTS OFF THE WHISKERS?"



BUSINESS-LIKE.

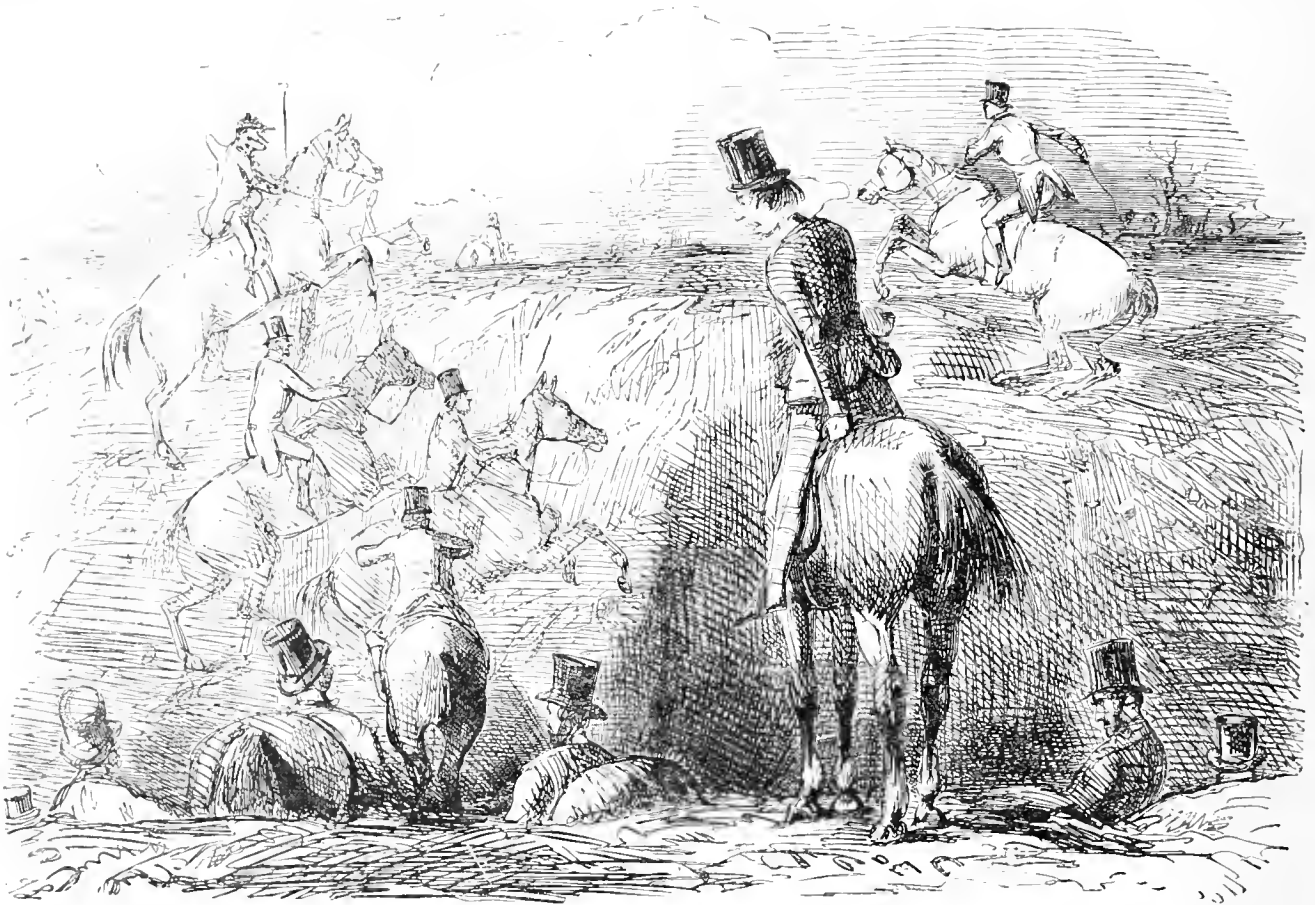
"I SAY, CHARLEY, DON'T YOU THINK YOU HAD BETTER GO BACK TO YOUR CUSTOMER?"

Incipient Wine Merchant. "NDT YET. ALWAYS COME A QUARTER OF AN HOUR FOR THE VERY OLD PORT—FURTHER END OF THE CELLAR! CELLAR'S VERY EXTENSIVE! GREAT CARE NECESSARY FOR FEAR OF DISTURBING THE CRUST, YOU KNOW—ET CÆTERA—TWIG?"



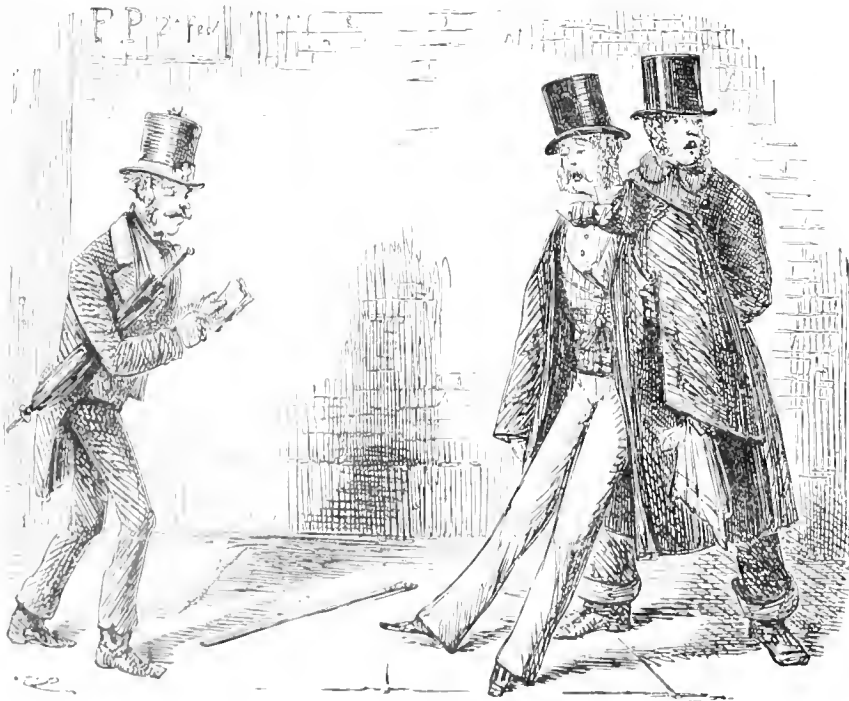
PRIDE FEELS NO PAIN.

Arabella. "OH! DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, FREDERICK. IT ISN'T THE SHOE, FOR THAT'S A GREAT DEAL TOO LARGE."



DISCRETION.

Gentleman from Town (loq.) "OH, IF THIS IS ONE OF THE LITTLE PLACES CHARLEY SPOKE OF, I SHALL GO BACK"

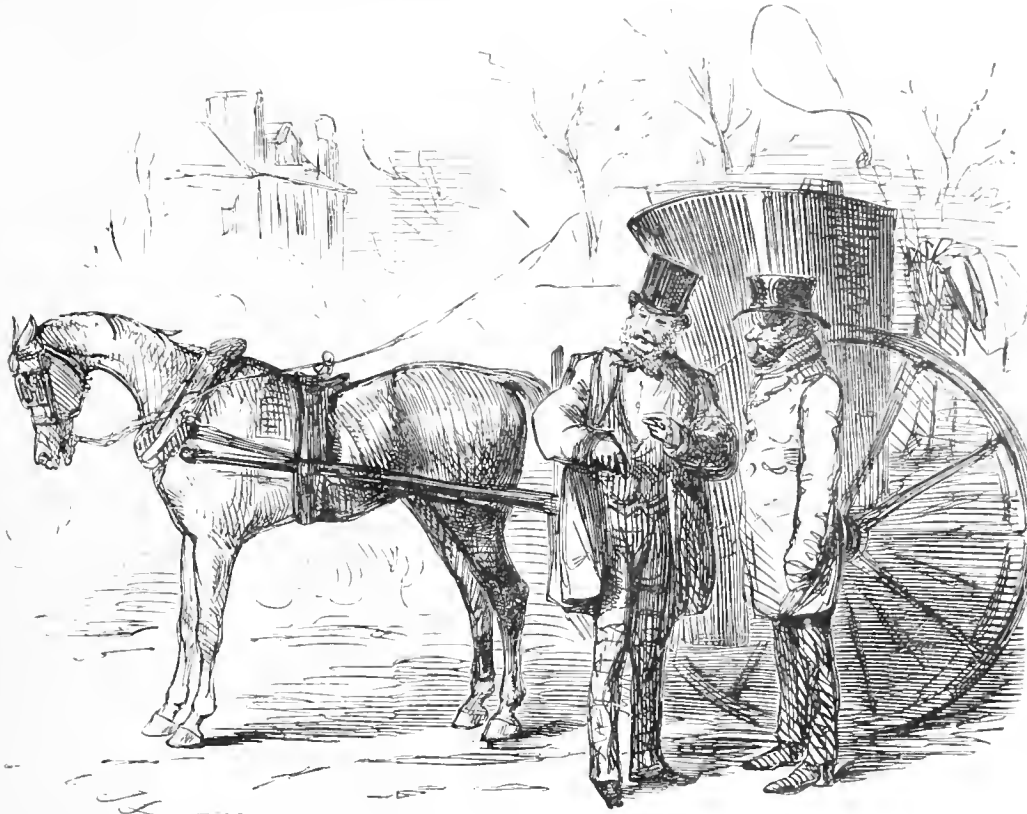


THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

DISMAY OF A BRITISH SWELL ON SEEING A POSTMAN WITH MOUSTACHES.



THE FLY-CATCHER.



WELL OUT OF IT.

"THAT'S A DEUCED GOOD HORSE TO OO, DRIVER WHAT'S HIS FAULT THAT HE COMES IN A CAB?"
"WELL, SIR, I DON'T KNOW OF ANY FAULT IN PERTICKLER, 'CEPT THAT WHEN HE BEGINS TO KICK, HE OO KICK LIKE BLAZES."



THE POLICE WEAR BEARDS AND MOUSTACHES.—PANIC AMONGST THE STREET-BOYS.



SER'ANTGALISM.

Mistress "WHY, NURSE—WHAT A TERRIBLE OISTURDANCE!—PRAY, WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

Nurse (addicted to Pen and Ink). "OH, MUM, IT'S DREADFUL!—HERE'S NEETHER ME NOR MARY CAN'T ANSWER NONE OF OUR LETTERS FOR THE RACKET!"



THE NEW COOK.

Missis. "WHY, MY OOODNESS, COOK! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN ABOUT? FIVE O'CLOCK, AND THAT HARE NOT PUT DOWN YET!"

Artiste "CAN'T HELP IT, MARM I NEVER KNEW ANYTHINK TAKE SUCH A TIME TO PLUCK IN MY LIFE!"



NE PLUS(H) ULTRA.

John Thomas "I TELL YOU WHAT, WILLIAM—THE PRESS MUST BE PUT DOWN! THEY'VE DIN AND GOT THE SOLDIERS' UNIFORM ALTERED, AND I SHOULDN'T WONDER IF THEY CALLED OURS RIDIKLUS NEXT!"



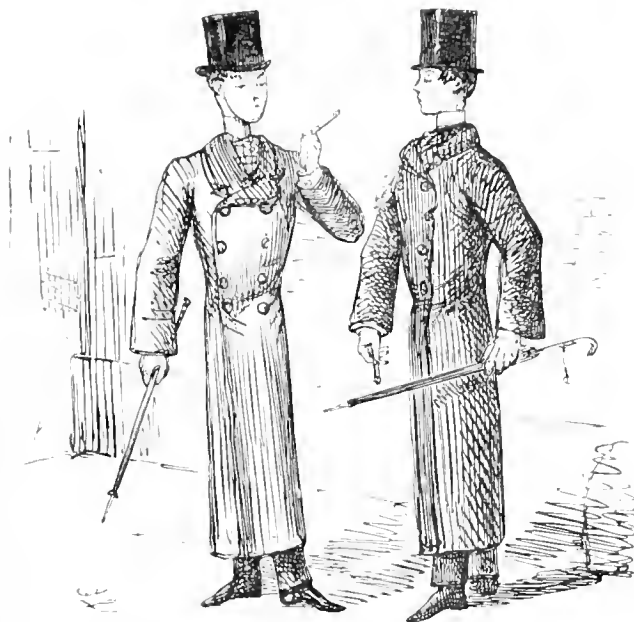
A DELICATE COMPLIMENT.

First Whip (who is a little ruffled because the Fox won't break). "NOW, THEN, SIR! OUT O' THE WAY, UNLESS YOU'LL GET INTO THE COVER. MAYHAP YOUR UGLY MUG MIGHT FRIGHTEN HIM OUT. COME UP, 'OSS!"



AN INCIDENT WITH THE O. P. Q. HOUNDS.

MISS OIANA SLIPS OFF AT A FENCE, AND IS SO UNFORTUNATE AS TO LEAVE THE BETTER HALF OF HER HABIT ON THE POMMELS OF HER SADDLE.



GREAT BOON TO THE PUBLIC.

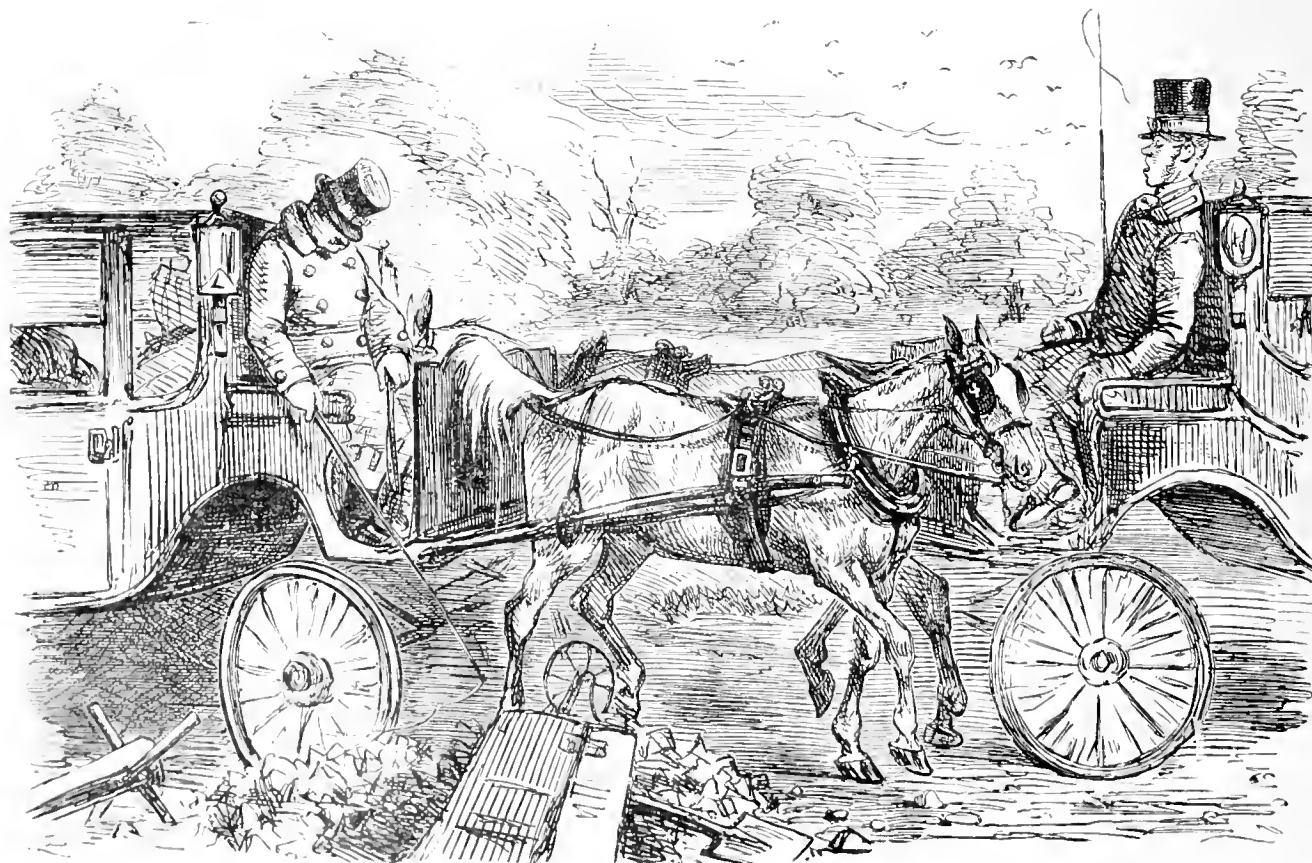
Incipient Swell (in costume of the period). "WELL! TA-TA, GUS! I SHALL JUST GO AND SHOW MYSELF IN THE PARK."



THE RIGHT MEN IN THE RIGHT PLACE; VIZ., A CLUB WINDOW.

Old General Muddle. "WHAT I SAY, IS-IS-EH? WHAT? BY JOVE! WHAT THE DOOCE SHOULD CIVILIANS KNOW ABOUT-EH? WHAT-AHEM!-MILITARY AFFAIRS! AFFAIRS! EH?"

Colonel Splutter. "HAH! THE PRESS, SIR! BY JOVE, THE PRESS IS THE CURSE OF THE COUNTRY, AND WILL BE THE RUIN OF THE ARMY! BY JOVE, I'D HANG ALL LITTERY MEN-HANG 'EM, SIR!"



IN THE PARK.

THE POOR FLY-DRIVERS ARE UP SO LATE AT NIGHTS, THAT THEY ARE CLAD TO GET A NAP WHEN THEY CAN. THIS IS NOT TO BE WONDERED AT, BUT IT IS NOT LIKELY TO ADD TO THE REPOSE EITHER OF OLD MRS. DUMBLEDORE OR OF OLD MRS. BLOWHARD, WHO ARE OUT FOR AN AIRING.



"WELL, THEY MAY CALL THIS A HEALTH-GIVING PURSUIT, IF THEY LIKE: BUT GIVE ME ROACH-FISHING IN A PUNT."



SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH THE KITCHEN BOILER.

(Affectionately dedicated to PATERFAMILIAS, whoever he might be.)



FORTUNE-TELLING.—A SCENE OF DOMESTIC INTEREST.

MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS.



No. I.

Groom. "YOU'LL FIND THE MARE IN RARE FETTLE, SIR
SHE'S UNGCOMMON FRESH TO BE SURE!"



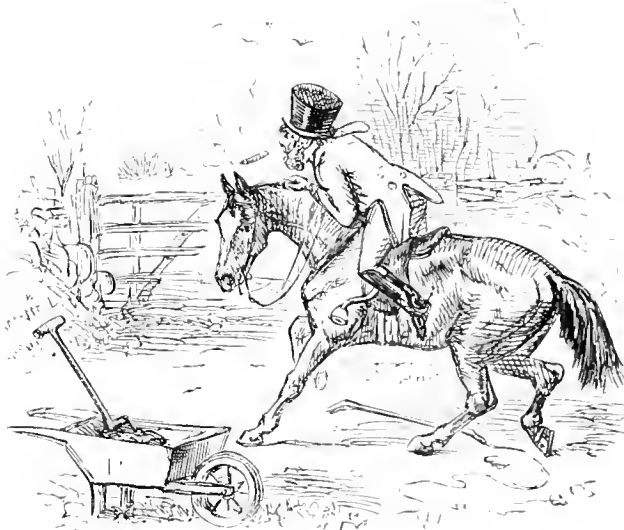
No. II.

SO FRESH THAT SHE WON'T LET T N MOUNT FOR EVER SO
LONG, AND WHEN SHE DOES



No. III.

ALLOW HIM, PUTS UP HER BACK IN THE MOST OMINOUS MANNER.



No. IV.

SHE SHIES AT A WHEELBARROW—A THING SHE NEVER DID BEFORE
(T N DROPS HIS WHIP) AFTER SOME



No. V.

TROUBLE IN OPENING A GATE,



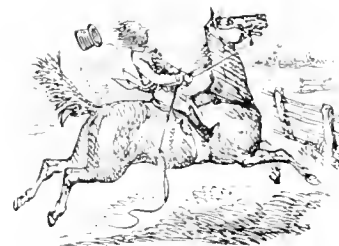
No. VI.

(T. N. DROPS HIS WHIP AGAIN, BY-THE-BY.)



No. VII.

HE GETS UPON A NICE PIECE OF TURF



No. VIII.

THE MARE ENJOYS HERSELF AMAZINGLY.



CERTAINLY NOT.

Shoe Brigade Boy (to old Gent irascible from gout, which has settled in his feet).
"NOW, SIR! DID YOU WANT YOUR SHOES BLACKED?"



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Frederick. "NOW THEN, WILLIAM, WHAT ARE YER WAITING FOR?"
William. "WHY, I WAS A-THINKIN' VETHER I SHOULD WEAR MY MOOSTARCHERS LIKE THIS HERE OR LIKE THAT HARE."



PLEASANT QUARTERS.

A YOUNG OFFICER IN THE MILITIA LEARNING THE MANUAL EXERCISE OVER YOUR HEAD

MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS.



No. IX.

ARRIVED AT THE MEET, LITTLE TOM NODDY THINKS HE WILL HAVE A QUIET WEED; BUT AT THIS MOMENT



No. X.

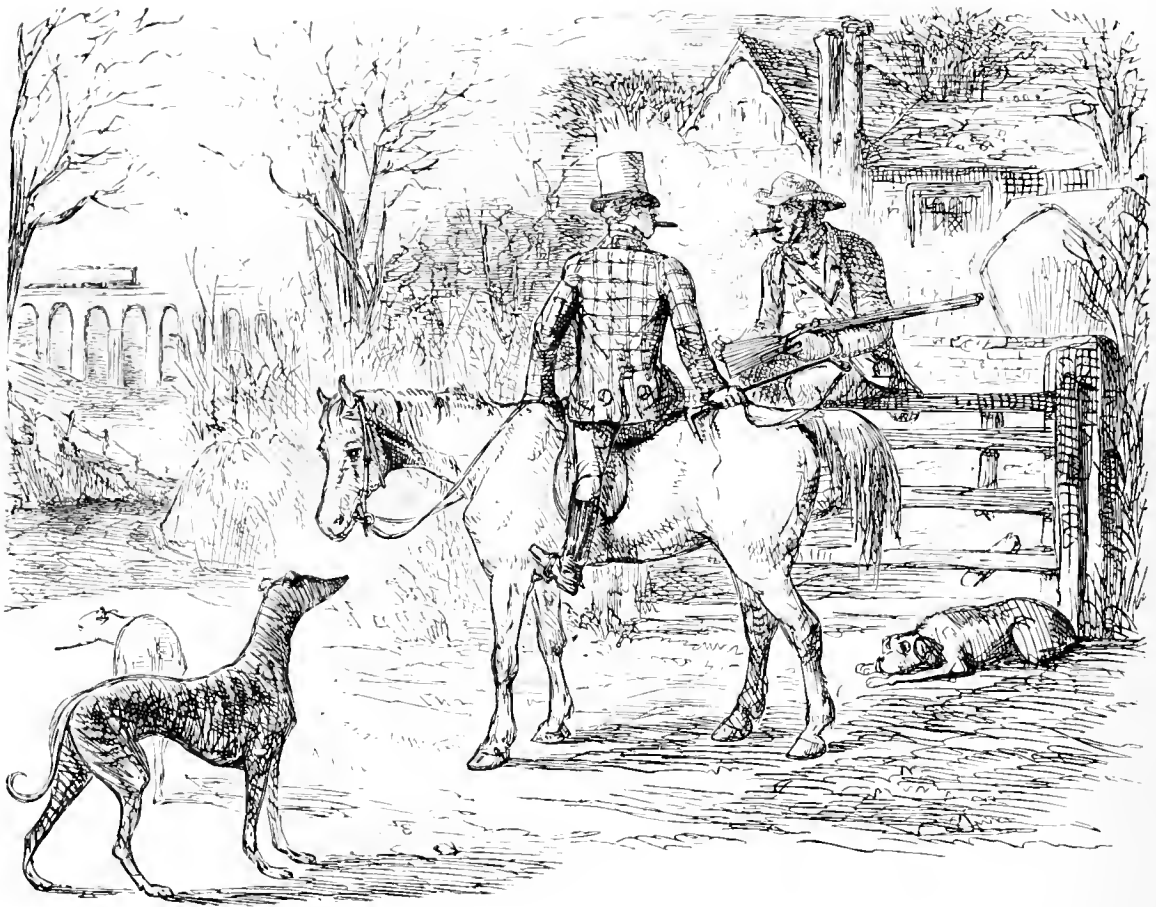
THE HOUNDS MOVE FOR THE COVER, AND THE MARE BECOMES FULL OF PLAY AGAIN



No. XI.

HAVING PICKED HIMSELF UP, TOGETHER WITH HIS WHIP AND CIGAR, T. N JOGS ON WITH THE REST OF THE FIELD. AS THEY PASS BY SOME TURNIPS, TO THE DELIGHT OF EVERYBODY, A FOX GETS UP. THE MARE, WHO HAD BECOME ALMOST STEADY, IS AGAIN EXCITED, AND RUSHES WILDLY A-HEAD, AMIDST THE EXECRATIONS OF THE HUNT, AND LOUD

CRIES OF HOLD HARD!" WHICH T. N. MISTAKES FOR ANXIETY ON HIS ACCOUNT; AND GRASPING THE POMMEL OF HIS SADDLE WITH BOTH HANDS, ABANDONS HIMSELF TO CIRCUMSTANCES, WHICH, CONSIDERING THERE IS A FLIGHT OF HURDLES BEFORE HIM, ARE NOT VERY FAVOURABLE.



AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

Young Farmer No. 1. "WELL, CHARLEY—HAVE YOU HAD MUCH SHOOTING LATELY?"

Young Farmer No. 2. "WHY, NO, WHAT WITH HUNTING TWO DAYS A WEEK AND COURSING TWO DAYS, I DON'T GET MUCH TIME TO GO OUT WITH A GUN"



AN HOUR'S RIDE.

MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS.



No. XII.

FORTUNATELY FOR TOM NODDY, HOWEVER, THE MARE SWERVES AT THE HURDLES, AND WITH THE EXCEPTION OF DROPPING HIS WHIP AGAIN, HE MEETS WITH NO GREAT INCONVENIENCE



No. XIII.

BUT COMING TO THE FIRST FENCE, THE PLAYFUL CREATURE GOES AT IT LIKE A SHOT OUT OF A GUN;



No. XIV.

AND T. N. FINDS THAT THERE IS STILL A GOOD DEAL OF SNOW IN SOME OF THE DITCHES



VALENTINE'S DAY.



THE REAL STREET OBSTRUCTIONS.

MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS.



No. XV.

THE MARE EXTRICATES HERSELF FROM THE DIFFICULTY SOONER THAN OUR LITTLE FRIEND, AND GETTING AWAY FROM HIM, TAKES A LINE OF HER OWN.



No. XVI.

T. N. FINDS RUNNING AFTER HIS QUADRUPEL VERY LABORIOUS. HE RESTS HIMSELF ON A STILE, AND HAS ANOTHER QUIET WEED.



No. XVII.

THIS REPRESENTS THE PRECISE MOMENT WHEN TOM NODDY, AFTER MUCH EXERCISE, MEETS A SIMPLE COUNTRYMAN RETURNING WITH THE MARE. THE SIMPLE COUNTRYMAN IS ASSURING T. N. THAT HE HAD A DEAL OF TROUBLE TO CATCH HER, AND THEN IT WUR TWENTY MINUTES AFORE HE COULD MAKE HER LEAVE THE 'OUNDS—AND THEN ONLY 'ACAUSE SHE WUR QUITE "BLOWED."—(N.B. The simple countryman hopes T. N. will remember him.)



THE ICE HARVEST.

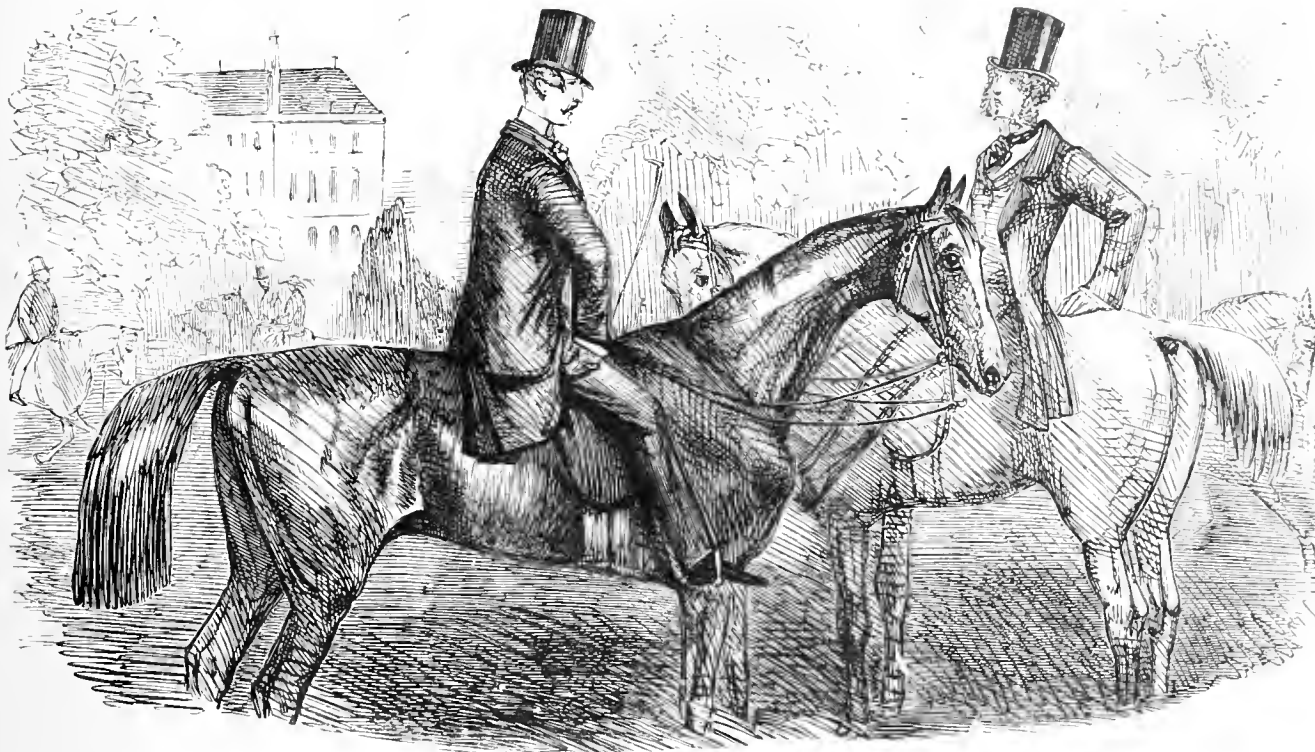


THE REAL USE OF THE BEAR-SKIN CAP—
A HINT TO THE GUARDS.



THE FROZEN-OUT FOX-HUNTER.

SPORTING MILITAIRE RECALLS TO MIND HIS CANADIAN EXPERIENCES (THE GROUND BEING DEEP WITH SNOW), BUILDS A TREBOGGIN, AND FOR THE MOM. IT CEASES TO SWLAR AT THE FROST, OR TO REGRET THE SIX HUNTERS HE HAS EATING THEIR HEADS OFF IN THE STAELE.



ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

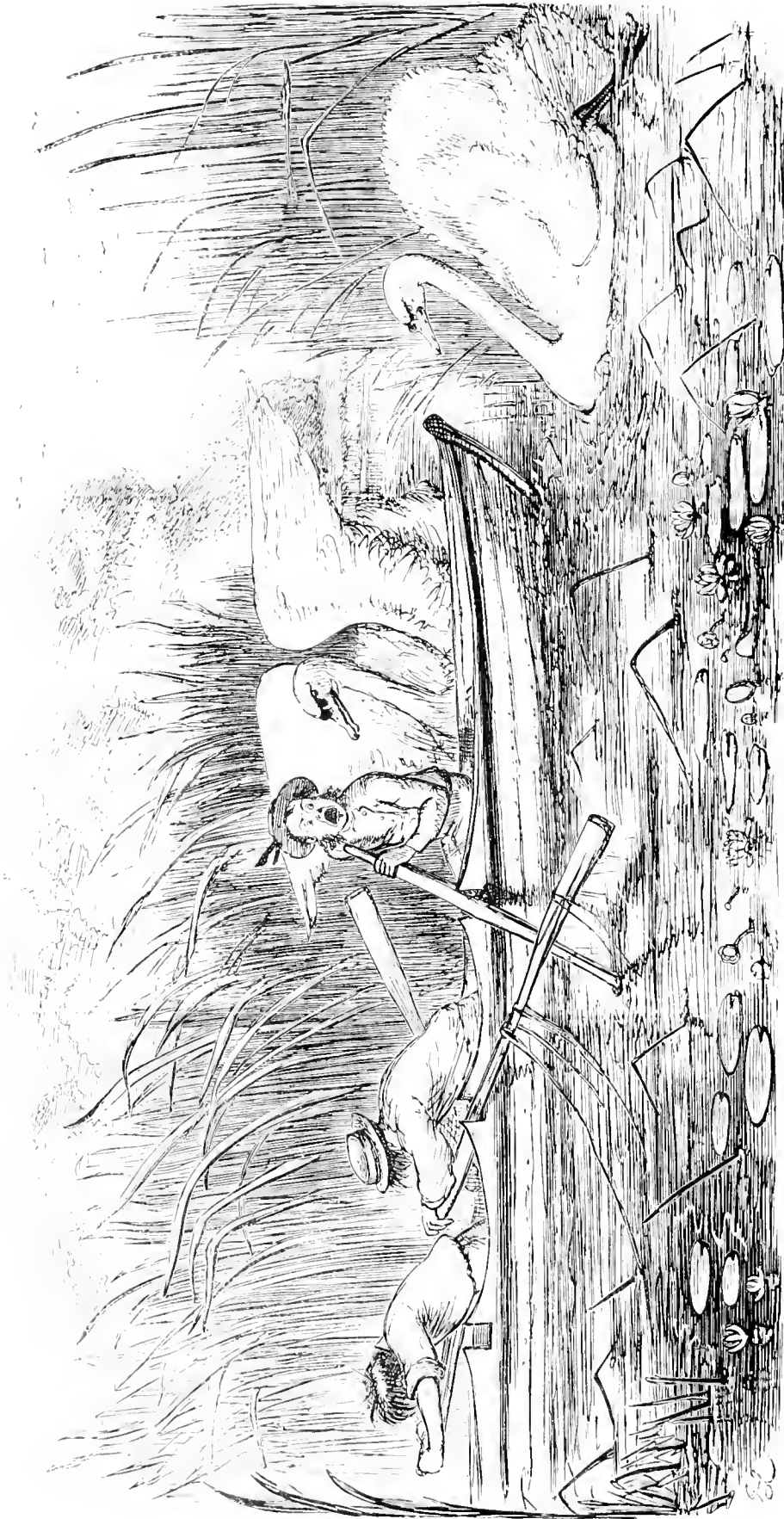
First Dandy M.P. "PWOWOGATION TO BE LATE THIS YEAR, ON ACCOUNT OF SOME COLONIAL BILLS, I HEAR"

Second Ditto. "BOTHER THE COLONIES! HAVEN'T WE DONE ENOUGH FOR 'EM THIS YEAR?—O'DON'T WEST AUSTRALIAN WIN THE DERBY?"



A VERY OLD FRIEND.

OUR "USED UP" MAN HAS A FEW "USED UP" FRIENDS TO BREAKFAST; AFTER WHICH THEY DERIVE A LITTLE REAL ENJOYMENT FROM A DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT



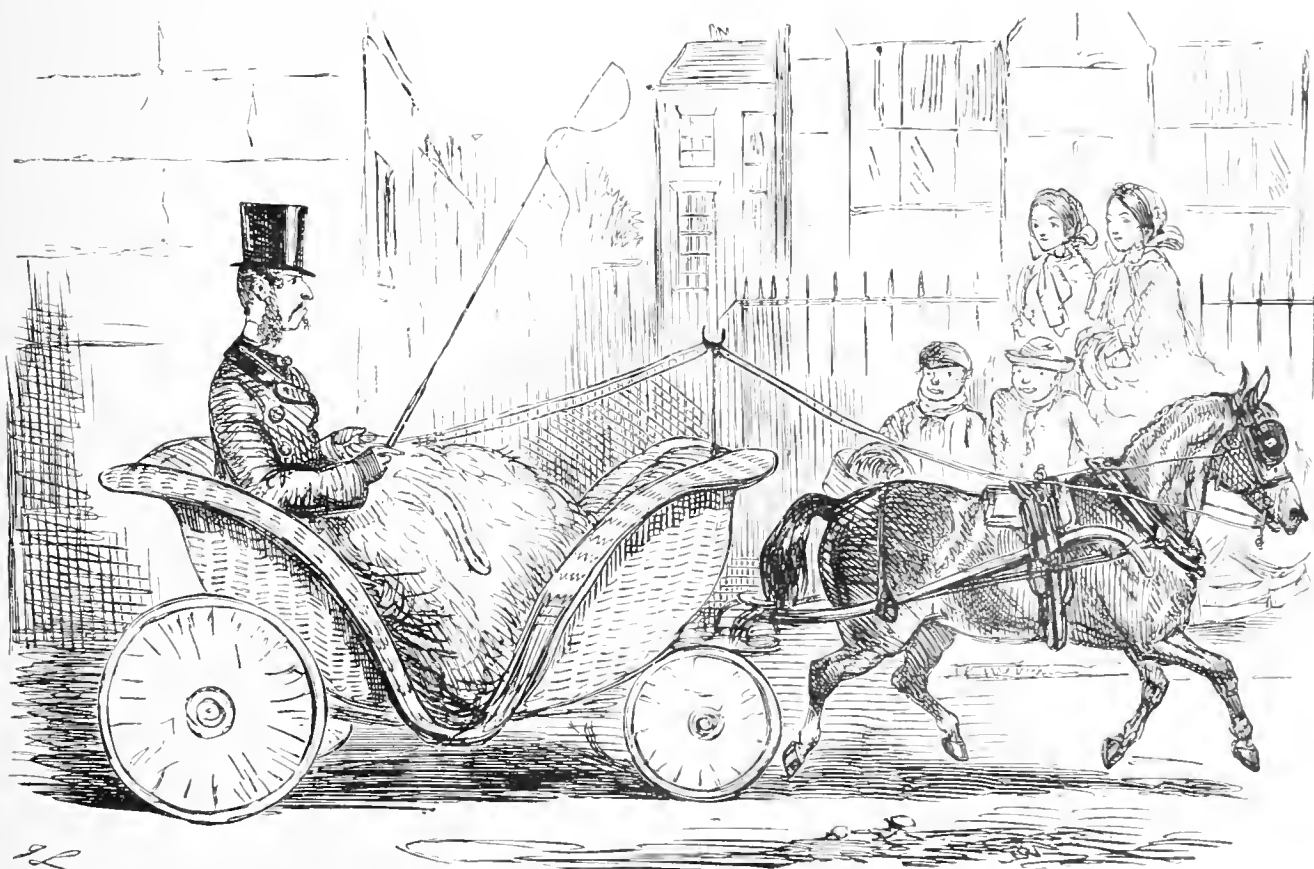
AQUATICS.--A COMFORTABLE RAN-DAN.

Jolly Young Waterman. "HOLLOA! HI! POLICE! BACK WATER, JACK! WE'VE GOT INTO A NEST OF SWANS, AND THEY'RE A PITCHIN' INTO ME!"



THE SUPERIOR ANIMAL.

Partly (who of course doesn't think HIMSELF good looking). "REALLY, CLARA, I CAN'T THINK HOW YOU CAN MAKE A PET OF SUCH AN UGLY BRUTE AS AN ISLE OF SKYE TERRIER!"



THOSE BOYS AGAIN!

Street Boy (in playful allusion to the basket carriage). "OH, LOOK HERE, BILL! IF 'ERE AIN'T A SWELL DRIVING HISSELF HOME FROM THE WASH!"



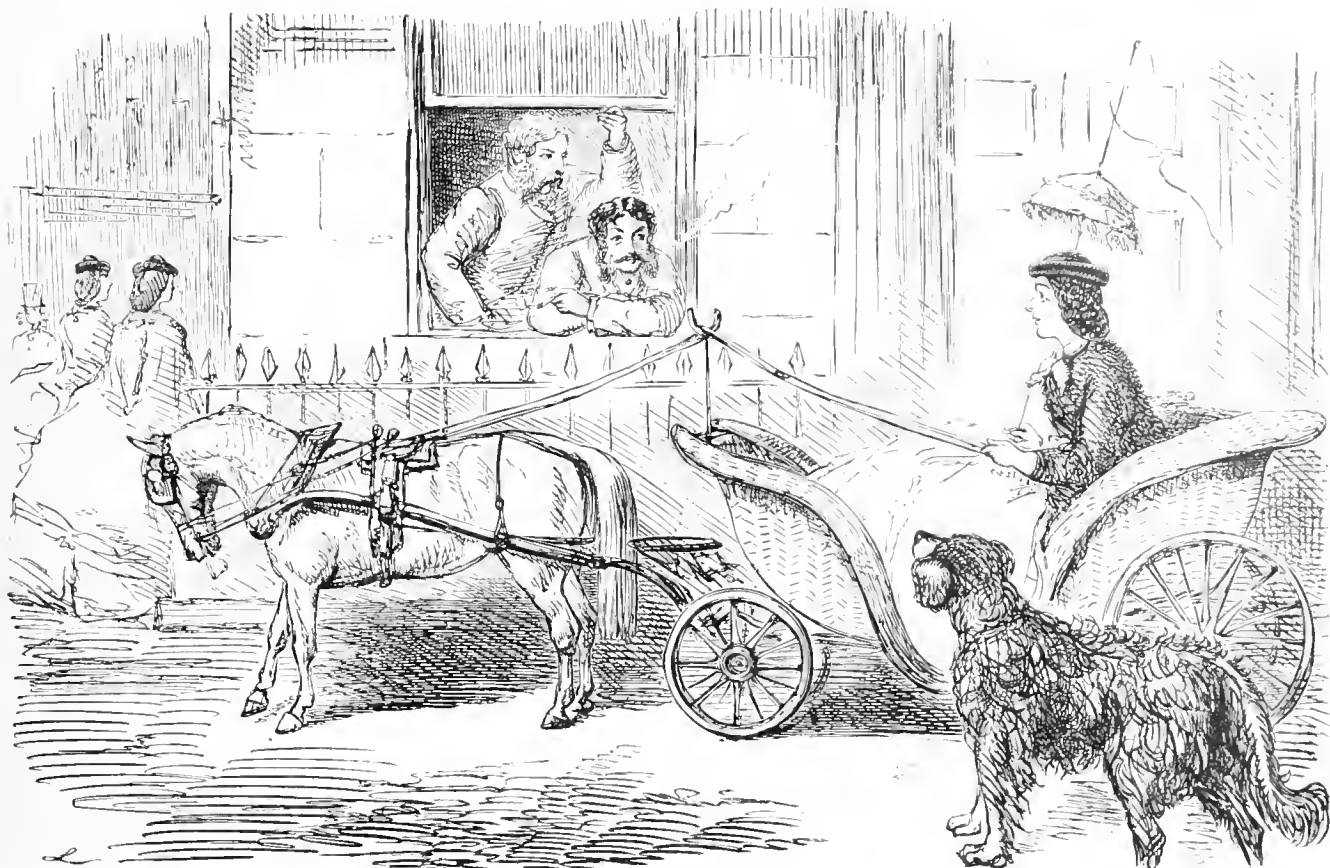
MARRIED FOR MONEY.—THE HONEYMOON.

"NOW, THEN, DARLING, PUT AWAY YOUR PAPER, AND WE'LL HAVE A NICE LONG WALK, AND THEN COME BACK TO TEA IN OUR OWN LITTLE COTTAGE, AND BE AS HAPPY AS TWO LITTLE BIRDS!" SAID THE FAIR BRIDE.—"OH, HANG IT!" MENTALLY EJACULATED THE CAPTAIN.



COOL REQUEST.

"YOU WON'T MIND RIDING ON THE BOX, EDWARD DEAR, WILL YOU?"—I'M AFRAID, IF WE BOTH GO INSIDE THE BROUGHAM, MY NEW DRESS WILL GET SO RUMPLED!"



A NICE OFFER.

Cousin (who is a little fast). "MORNIN', CHARLES! NOW THEN, IF YOU WILL POP ON YOUR HATS, AND WRAP YOURSELVES UP WARM, I'LL TAKE YOU AND YOUR FRIEND OUT FOR A DRIVE!"



INFRA DIG.

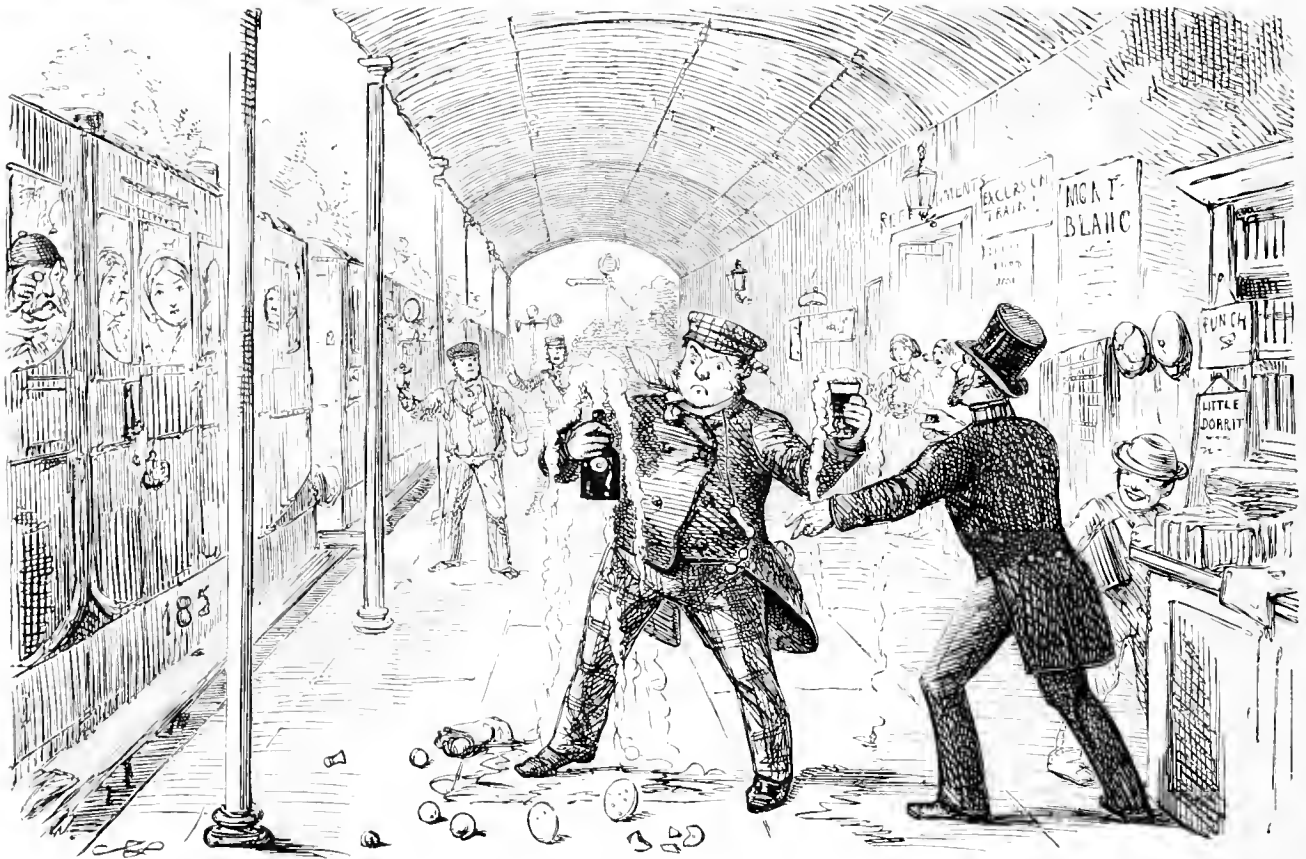
EFFECT OF THE CAB-STRIKE—GOING TO THE OPERA IN A WHEEL-BARROW.



UNABASHED.

Emily. "WHY, MY GOODNESS, FRANK! WHAT A DREADFUL BLACK EYE YOU HAVE! YOU ARE QUITE DISFIGURED!" Frank. "HM, HAH! THAT'S VERY DISAGREEABLE, NOW; I WAS IN HOPES NO ONE WOULD HAVE PERCEIVED IT!"

[FRANK has been so unfortunate as to catch a cold in his eye from sitting in a draught at Exeter Hall—so he SAYS.]



AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

AS THE TRAIN STOPS, MR. P. ENDEAVOURS TO GET SOME STOUT FOR HIS WIFE, WHO FROM CIRCUMSTANCES, IS OBLIGED TO DRINK THAT REFRESHING BEVERAGE FOUR OR FIVE TIMES A-DAY UNFORTUNATELY MR. P. CANNOT FIND HIS CARRIAGE, AND, AS THE TRAIN IS RATHER BEHIND TIME, THE OFFICIALS ARE IN SOME HURRY AND CONFUSION



LET US HAVE JAPANESE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS HERE.

"THE TRAVELLER, WEARIED WITH THE NOONDAY HEAT, NEED NEVER BE AT A LOSS TO FIND REST AND REFRESHMENT; STRETCHED UPON THE SOFTEST AND CLEANEST OF MATTING, IMBIBING THE MOST DELICATELY FLAVOURED TEA, INHALING THE FRAGRANT TOBACCO OF JAPAN, HE RESIGNS HIMSELF TO THE MINISTRATIONS OF A BEVY OF FAIR DAMSELS, WHO GLIDE RAPIDLY AND NOISELESSLY ABOUT, THE MOST ZEALOUS AND SKILFUL OF ATTENDANTS."—TIMES.



A DELICATE CREATURE.

Youthful Swell, "NOW CHARLEY—YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR BREAKFAST—HAVE A CUP OF COFFEE?"

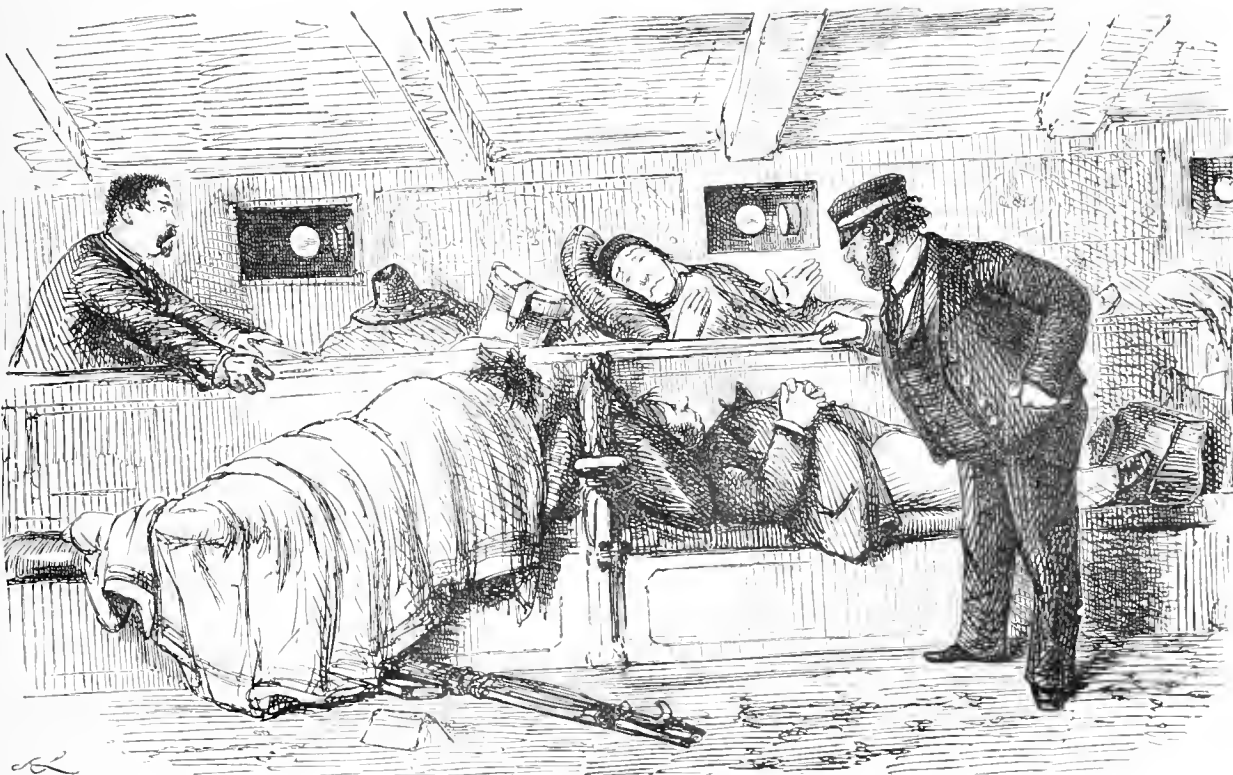
Languid Swell (probably in a Government Office). "THANKS! NO! I ASSURE YAH—MY DE-AR-PELLAH! IF I WAS TO TAKE A CUP OF COFFEE IN THE MORNING, IT WOULD KEEP ME AWAKE ALL DAY!"



RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

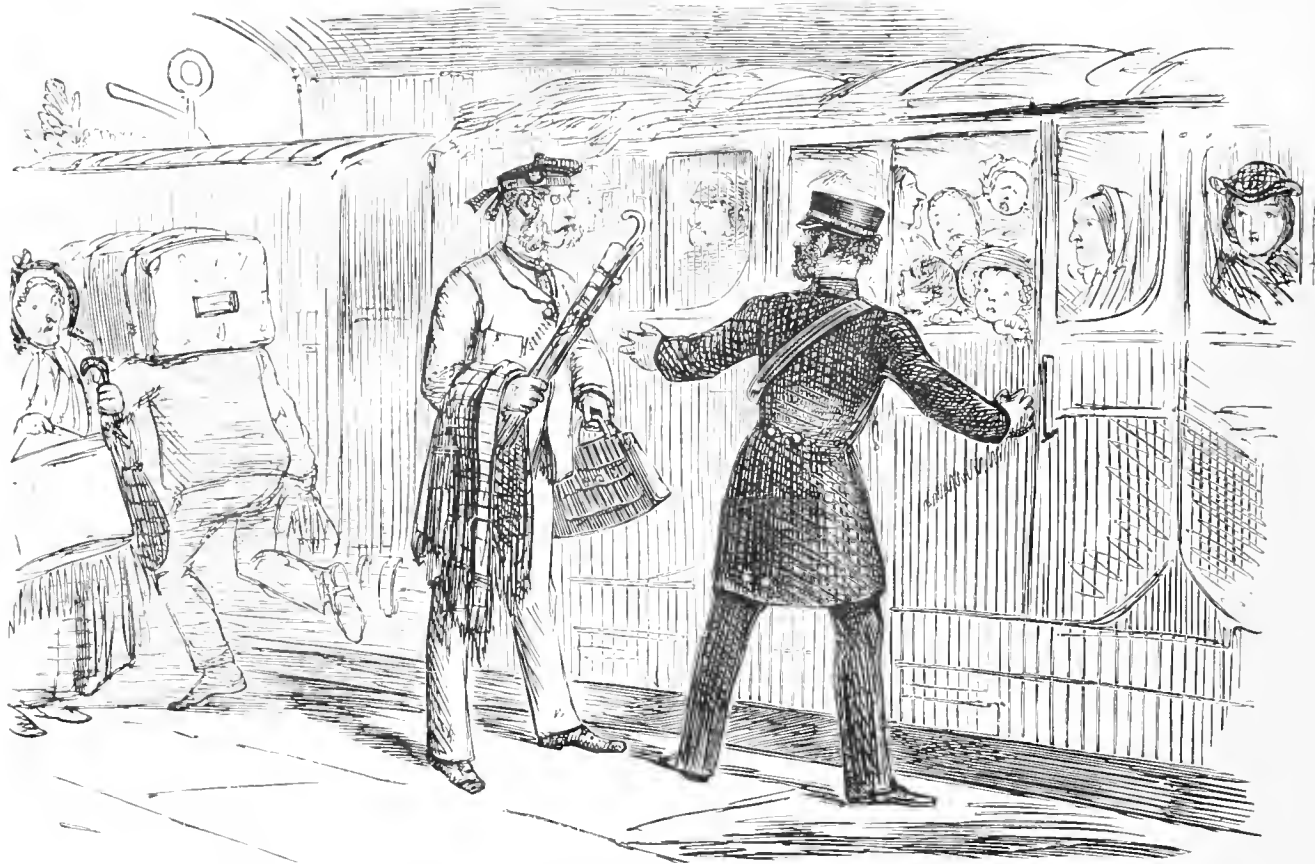
First Naturalist. "WHAT! THE S-S-HE-SHER-PENT A-AN (HIC) ICH-(HIC)THYOSAURUS? NONSHE-ENSE!"

Second Naturalist. "WHO SAID ICH-(HIC) ICHTHY-O-SAURUS? I SAID A (HIC) PLESI-O-(HIC)SAURUS PLAINENUFF."



VERY CONSIDERATE.

Steward. WILL EITHER OF YOU, GENTLEMEN, DINE ON BOARD? THERE'S A CAPITAL HOT DINNER AT THREE O'CLOCK."



PERFECTLY DWEADFUL!

Guard. "NOW, SIR! IF YOU'RE GOING ON BY THE EXPRESS HERE'S JUST ROOM FOR ONE!"

Tourist. "WHA-T! GET IN WITH HAWWID OLD WOMEN, AND SQUEEMING CHILDREN! BY JOVE! YOU KNOW! I SAY! IT'S IMPAWSIBLE, YOU KNOW!"



SCENE—A CLUB.

Swell. "HAW! IS THERE ANYTHING WEADY FOR DINNAW?"

Water. "SHOULDER OF MUTTON JUST READY, SIR!"

Swell. "HAW—SHOULDAW OF MUTTON!—AW—WHAT A VEYU ODD THING FOR DINNAW!—THOUGHT THEY ONLY MADE GLUE OF SHOULDAW OF MUTTON!"



FLATTERING.

Boy (in allusion to BROWN, who thinks he is well got up). "OH! LOOK HERE, BILLY. THEY'VE GOT A DINNER PARTY AT THIS 'OUSE—AND IF 'ERE AINT THE COVE WHAT'S A-GOING TO WAIT."



BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

Binks Minor (log). "AH! YOU CAN'T THINK HOW A FELLA SAVES, WHEN HE GOES INTO THE CHURCH. I USED TO GIVE SNOBBINS THREE GUINEAS FOR MY BOOTS, AND NOW I GET THEM MADE FOR TWO POUND TWELVE."
Binks, Major. "BY JOVE!"



A BARE ASSERTION.

Fred. "HOW DO YOU LIKE THE ALTERATION, BLANCHE?"

Blanche. "WHAT ALTERATION, DEAR?"

Fred. "WHY, HANG IT!—HAVEN'T I CUT OFF MY BEARD AND MOUSTACHES?"



MR. PUNCH AT HOME.



THE FRUGAL MARRIAGE QUESTION.

Jones (of the Dandelion Club). "DOOCED JOLLY. I SHOULD SAY, TO MARRY ON £300 A-YEAR! THINK A SEE MYSELF WOCKING A CWADLE, AND FETCHING HOME THE MUTTON FROM THE BAKER!"
 [Orders Glass of Dry Curaçoa.]



FAINT ATTEMPT TO CARRY OUT JONES'S IDEA.



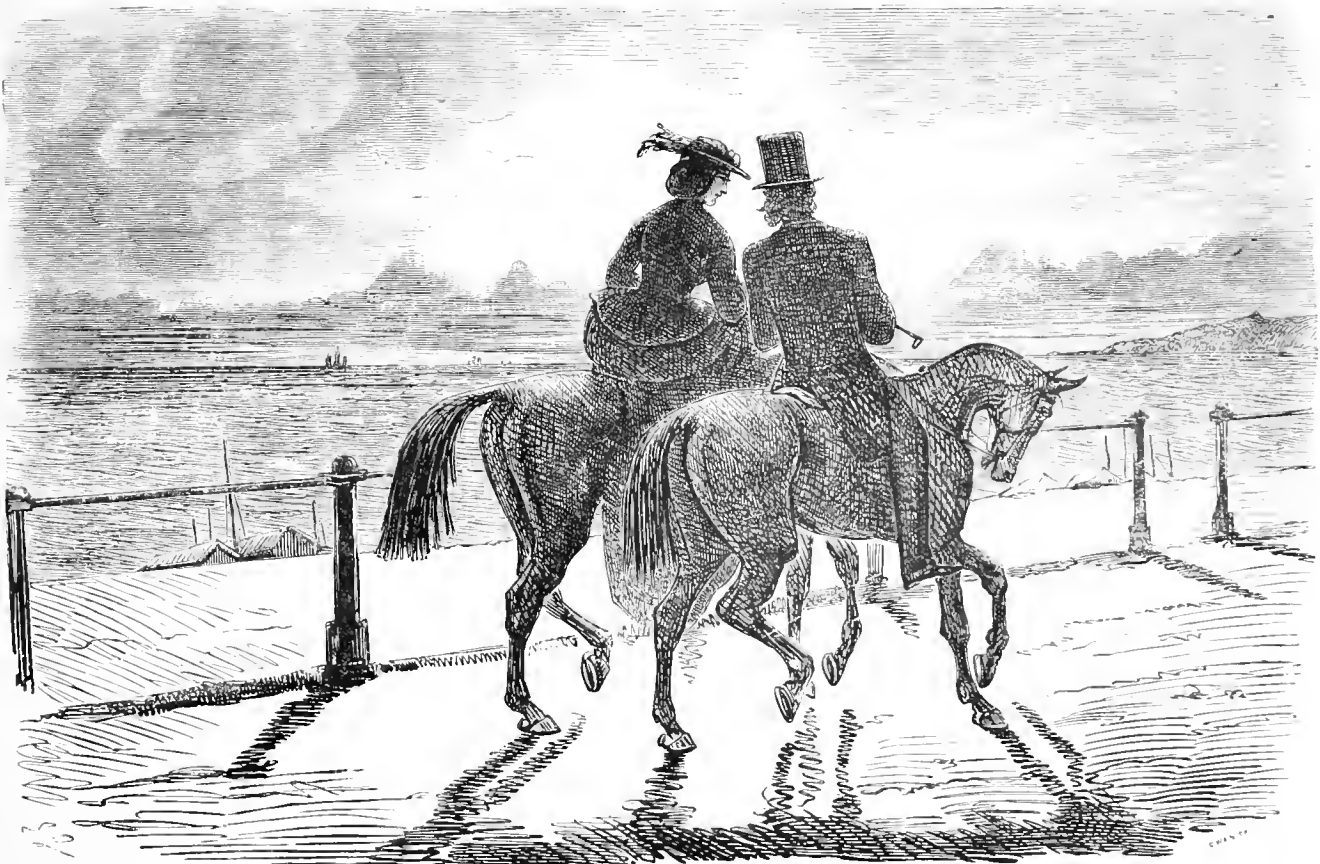
THOSE HORRID BOYS!

Precise Female (in answer to a rude inquiry). "YOU ARE A VERY IMPERTINENT BOY! —YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THAT IT IS A MATTER OF NO MOMENT TO YOU WHO MY HATTER IS!"



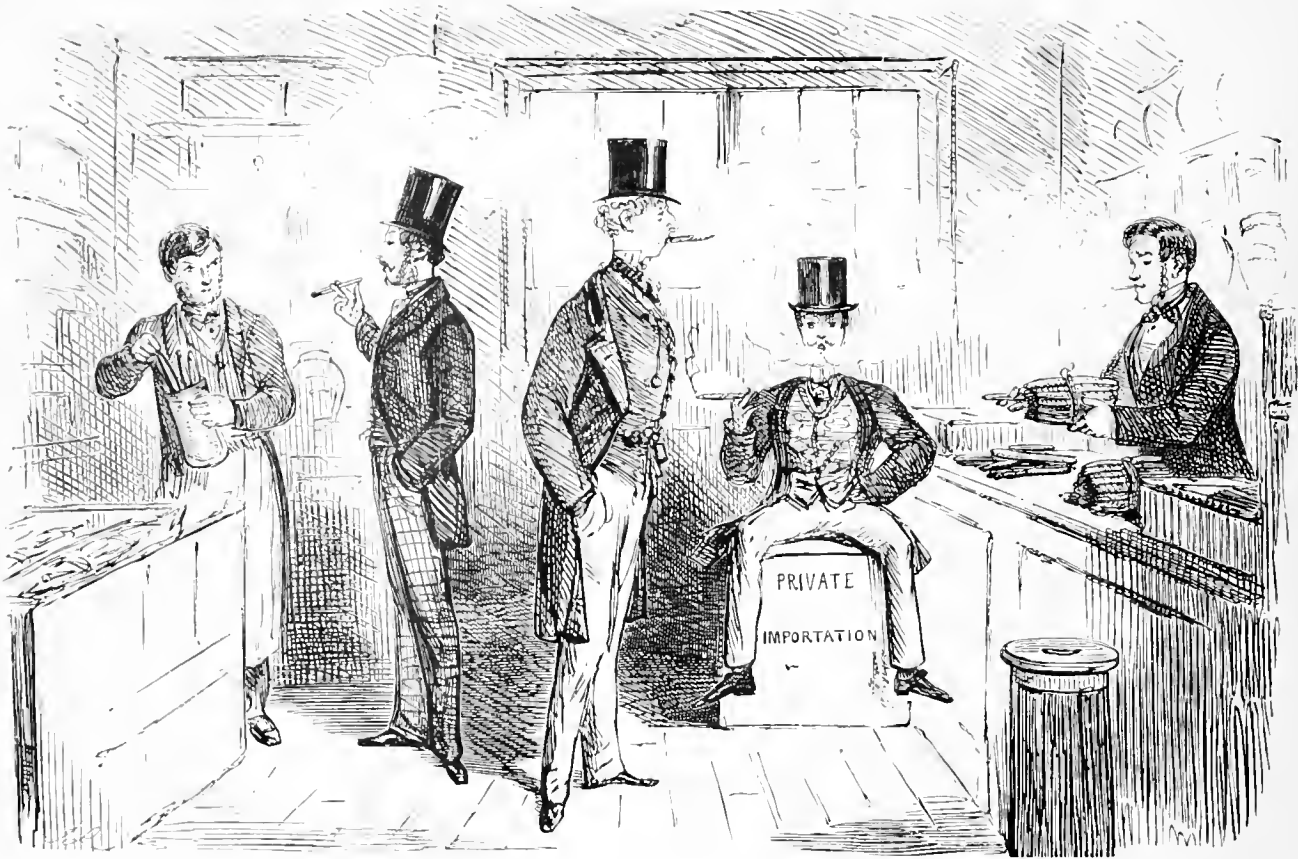
VAGARIES OF FASHION.

Charles. "FIGURE, INDEED! WHAT'S A FELLOW TO DO? A MAN MUST WEAR SOMETHING. HATS AND COATS ARE OUT OF THE QUESTION—THEY ARE REALLY SO VERY EFFEMINATE."



NOT A QUESTION OF WEATHER.

WHEN IT IS VERY FOGGY IN LONDON, IT IS DELIGHTFUL AT BRIGHTON—AT LEAST SO CHARLES AND GEORGINA THINK.



IS SMOKING INJURIOUS?

Youthful Swell, "HAW! LOOK HERE! IS THAT CHEST OF CIGARS YOU IMPORTED FOR ME RIPE YET?"

Cigar Dealer, "WELL, SIR—I FEAR NOT—THAT IS, NOT RIPE FOR YOUR TASTE, SIR, FOR AT LEAST THREE WEEKS; BUT WE CAN SPARE YOU A COUPLE OF THOUSANDS OF THESE GIANT REGALIAS TO GO ON WITH TILL THE WEATHER IS Milder, WHEN YOUR CIGARS WILL MELLOW RAPIDLY!"

[Youth accepts the generous offer, and lounges out with a Giant Regalia as big as his leg in his mouth.]



THE SHUTTLE-COCK NUISANCE.

Little Girl, "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON SIR!—IT WAS THE WIND AS DONE IT!"



PRUDENT RESOLVE.

Little Party. "OO AND WALK IN HYDE PARK? OH, AH!—I DESSAY! AND GET PELTED FOR A HARISTOCRAT?—NO THANK 'E—NOT IF I KNOW IT."



A PLEASING BELIEF.

Whipper. "WELL, I WEAR MINE BECAUSE IT SAVES TROUBLE, AND IS SO VERY 'EALTHY."

Snapper. "HAH, WELL THERE AINT NO HUMBUG ABOUT ME; I WEAR MINE BECAUSE THEY LOOKS 'ANSOM, AND GOES DOWN WITH THE GALS."



RAILWAY COLLUSION—A HINT TO STATION-MASTERS.

Porter. "NOW, THEN, BILL! ARE YOU OFF?"

Cab Ruffian. "NO; WHAT SORT OF FARE IS IT?"

Porter. "SINGLE GENT, WITH SMALL BAG,"

Ruffian. "OH, HE WONT DO! CANT YER FIND US A OLD LADY AND TWO LITTLE GALS WITH LOTS O' BOXES? I'M GOOD FOR A PINT!"



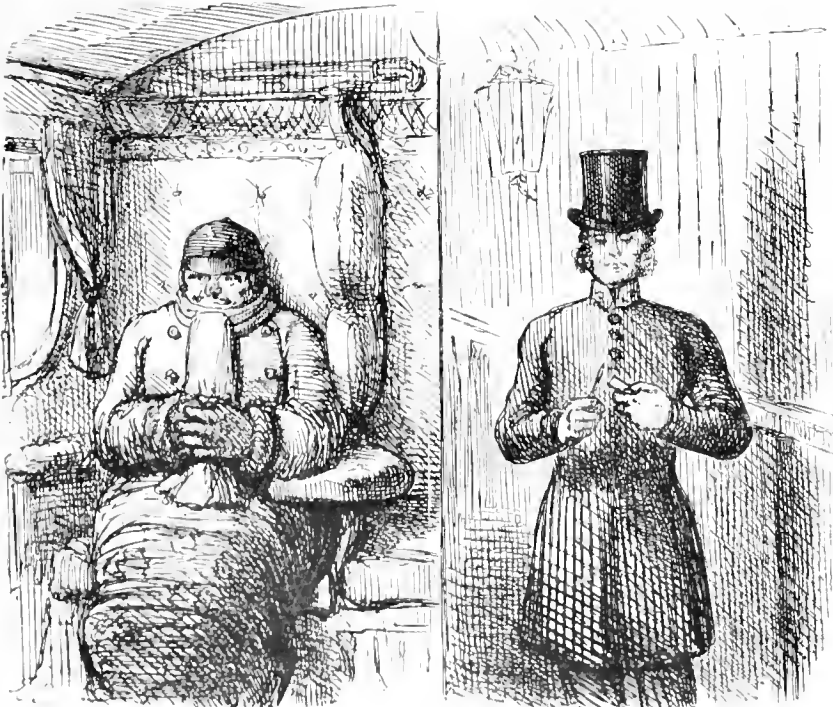
DISAGREEABLE TRUTH.

Soldier. "NOW, THEN! YOU MUST MOVE AWAY FROM HERE."
Rude Boy. "AH, BUT YOU MUSN'T, OLD FELLER!"



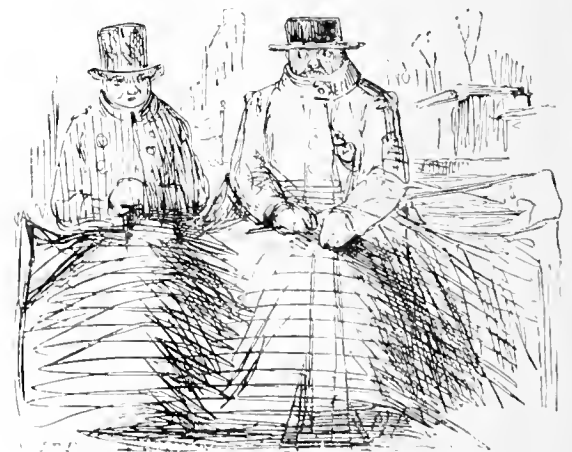
OLD BROOM.—RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

New Broom. "POOR JACK, YER HONOR?"
Old Broom. "LEAVE THEM COVES ALONE, TIM; THEY'RE TWO SWELLS WHAT ALWAYS CROSSES IN A 'ANSOM—CAUSE O' THEIR BOOTS!"



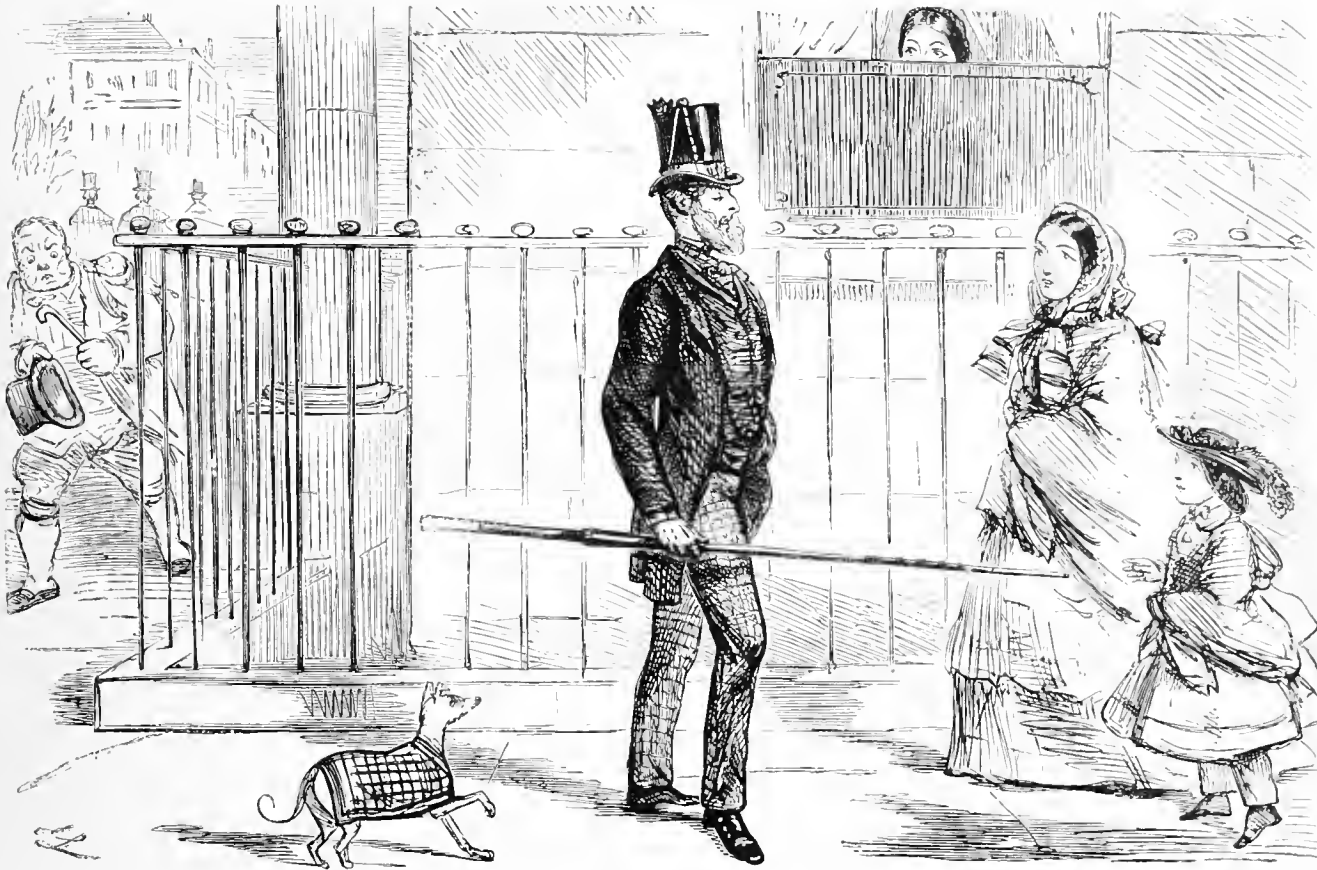
ANOTHER RAILWAY MISERY.

NOW, WE DO HOPE THIS OLD GENTLEMAN IS NOT GOING TO BE ASKED TO SHOW HIS TICKET; BECAUSE THIS OLD GENTLEMAN HAS JUST PACKED HIMSELF UP QUITE COMFORTABLY, AND HIS TICKET IS IN THE VERY INNERMOST RECESS OF HIS WAISTCOAT POCKET, AND BECAUSE, YOU SEE, THIS IS JUST THE SORT OF OLD GENTLEMAN WHO IS LIKELY TO BE MUCH IRRITATED BY SUCH A REQUEST AT SUCH A TIME.



INCIDENT IN A FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Omnibus Driver. "THIS IS ORRIBLE VURK IN PARIS, SIR. VY, THEY TELL ME THEY'VE BIN AND BURNT ALL THE DUSSES!"



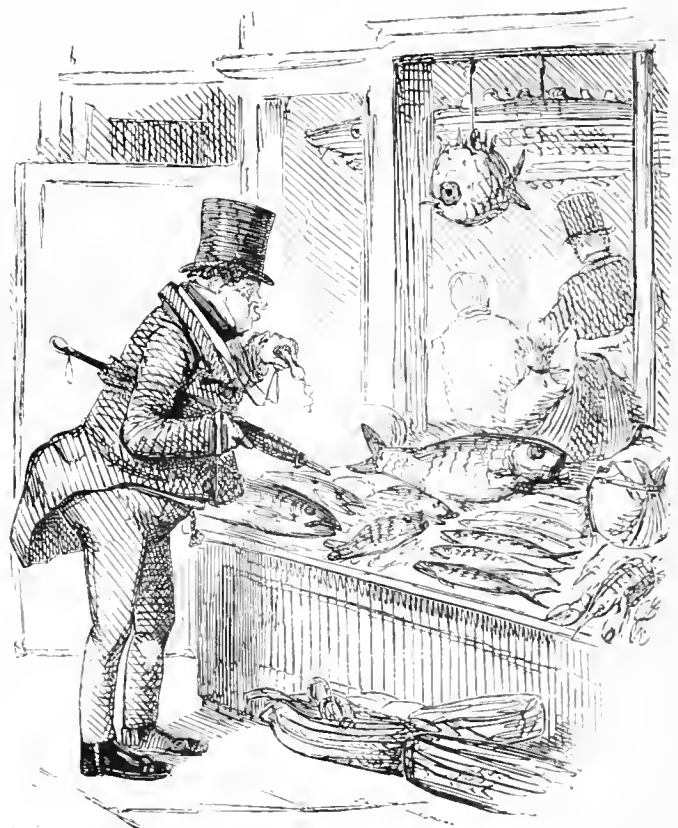
DWEADFUL ACCIDENT IN HIGH LIFE.

THE HONOURABLE SPENCER DAWDLE (WHOSE TOTAL ABSENCE OF MIND IS SO WELL KNOWN) HAVING MADE A MORNING CALL IN BELGRAVIA, WALKS OFF WITH A HAT AND STICK WHICH DO NOT BELONG TO HIM!



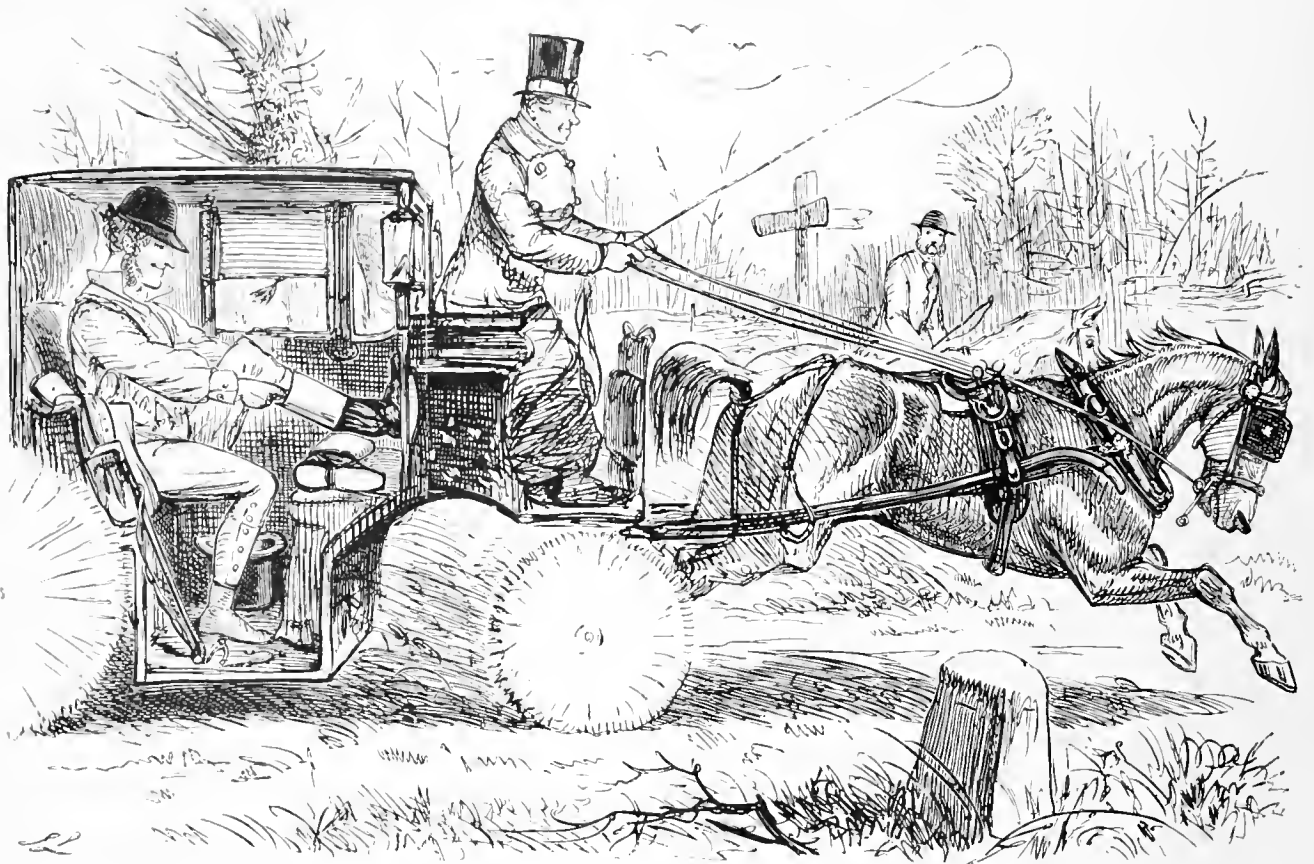
THE NEW REGULATION.

Lieutenant Blazer (of the Plungers). "GOOD GWACIOUS! HERE'S A HORWIBLE GO! INFANTWY'S GOING TO GWOW A MOUSTACHE!"
Cornet Fluffey. "YAW DON'T MEAN THAT! WELL! THERE'S ONLY ONE ALTERNATIVE FOR US. WE MUST SHAVE!"



A PICTURE OF ALIMENTIVENESS.

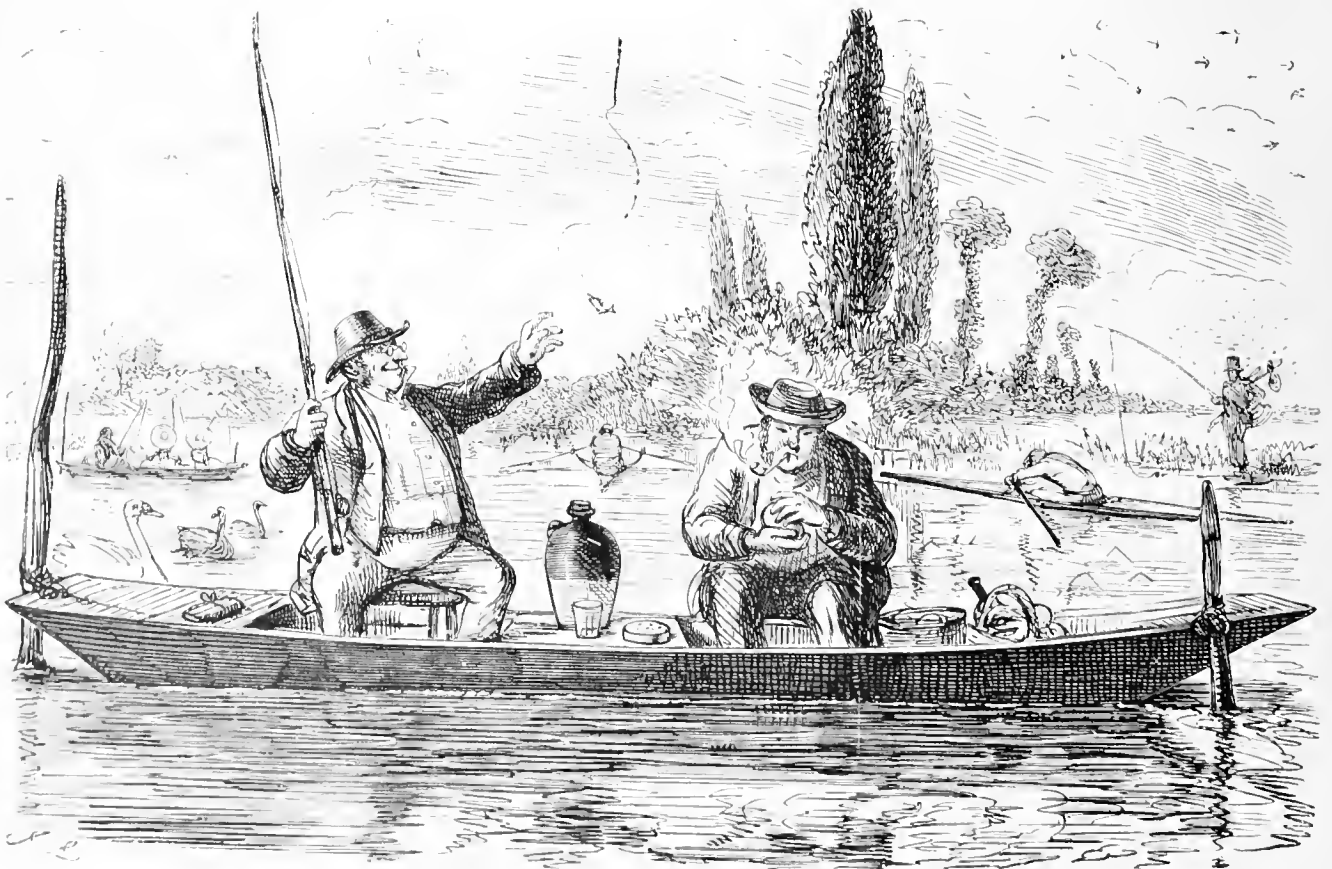
A NICE LITTLE BIT OF FISH.



WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY.

Foxhunting Doctor. "NOT BE IN TIME! OH, NONSENSE! SEND MY HORSE ON,—SEE MY PATIENTS EARLY,—DRESS IN THE BROUGHAM,—THERE I AM! (and we hope he may have a good run)."

"We have been obliged to take the side of the carriage out, which perhaps the kind reader will excuse."



PATIENCE REWARDED.

Piscator. "A-HAH! GOT YOU AT LAST, HAVE I?—AND A FINE WEEK'S TROUBLE I'VE HAD TO CATCH YOU!"



SERVANTGALISM.—No. X.

ervant Gal. "I TELL YOU WHAT, COOK, WITH MY BEAUTY AND FIGGER, I AINT A GOIN' TO STOP IN SERVICE NO LONGER; I SHALL BE ORF TO HORSETRAYLIER."



JOHN THOMAS NON-PLUSHED.

Tax Collector. "JOHN THOMAS MOONCALF?"

John Thomas. "—ESQUIRE, THAT'S ME!"

Tax Collector. "THEN BE SO GOOD AS TO FILL UP THIS INCOME-TAX PAPER AND RETURN IT TO ME BEFORE TWENTY DAYS!"



EDUCATION IN THE MINING DISTRICTS.

Jemoimer. "BIST THOU A GOIN' TO SKULE, ELOYZA?"

Eloyza. "NOT HI, JEMOIMER. THEY GID US TEA AND BUNS LARST WEEK, AND WE SHA'T HAN NO MOORE TILL CUM CRISMUS; SO MUTHER SAYS AS HOW IT AIN'T NO USE."



UNCONSCIOUS SATIRE.

"THERE, BABY DEAR, LOOK AT THE PRETTY SOLDIERS!"



AVERAGE WEIGHT OF THE FOOT GUARDS.

Heavy Swell. "WHAT'S THE AVERAGE WEIGHT OF THE MEN IN YOUR REGIMENT, CHARLEY?"
Swell in the Guards. "DON'T KNOW, I'M SURE—AW—BUT TEN GO TO THE TON"



THE CONFIDENCE OF YOUTH.

Juvenile. "I WONDER WHETHER THAT GURL HAS GOT ANY TIN—FOR I FEEL MOST
 OWDACIOUSLY INCLINED TO GO AND CUT THAT FELLOW OUT."



A VISIT TO A DOG-FANCIER.



TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER MATTER.

Old Gent. "AND PRAY WHO IS YOUR FRIEND WITH THE COFFEE POT?"

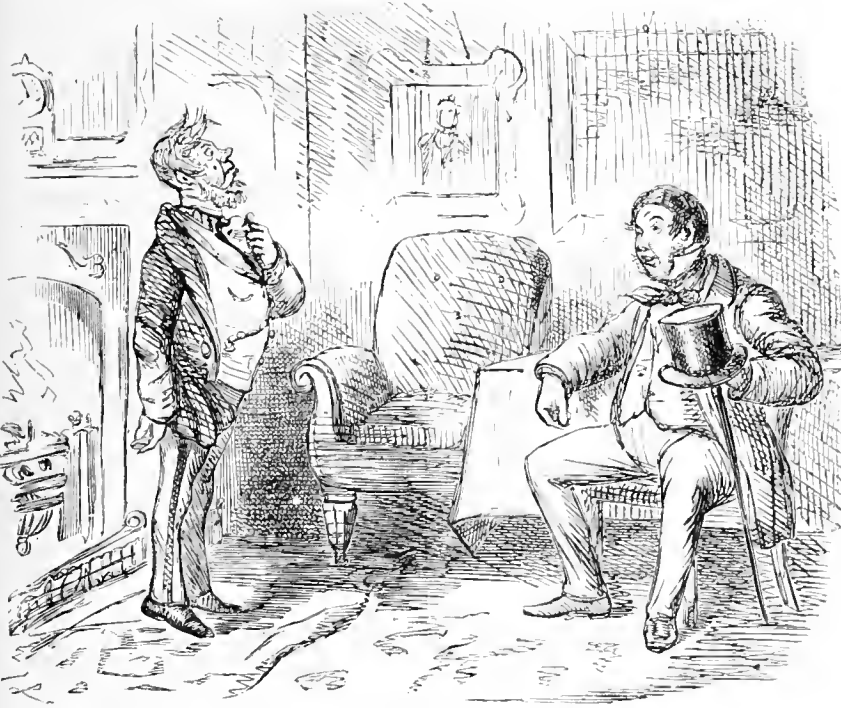
Small Boy. "THAT? OH! HE'S MY FAG—HE GETS ME MY BREAKFAST AND SUCH LIKE, BUT I ALWAYS LEAVE HIM SOME CRUMPETS—AND NEVER BULLY HIM!"



WHAT, INDEED?

Stern Parent. "I TELL YOU, SIR, I WILL NOT ALLOW IT—AND DON'T LET ME SEE ANY MORE NASTY PIPES OR TOBACCO IN THIS HOUSE"

Young Williams. "BOO-HOO—AND WHAT'S A FELLOW TO DO WHEN ALL THE MEN OF HIS OWN AGE SMOKE?"



DID YOU EVER!

Friend. "WELL, SPRAT, MY BOY—AND HOW DO YOU GET ON, NOW YOU'RE MARRIED?"

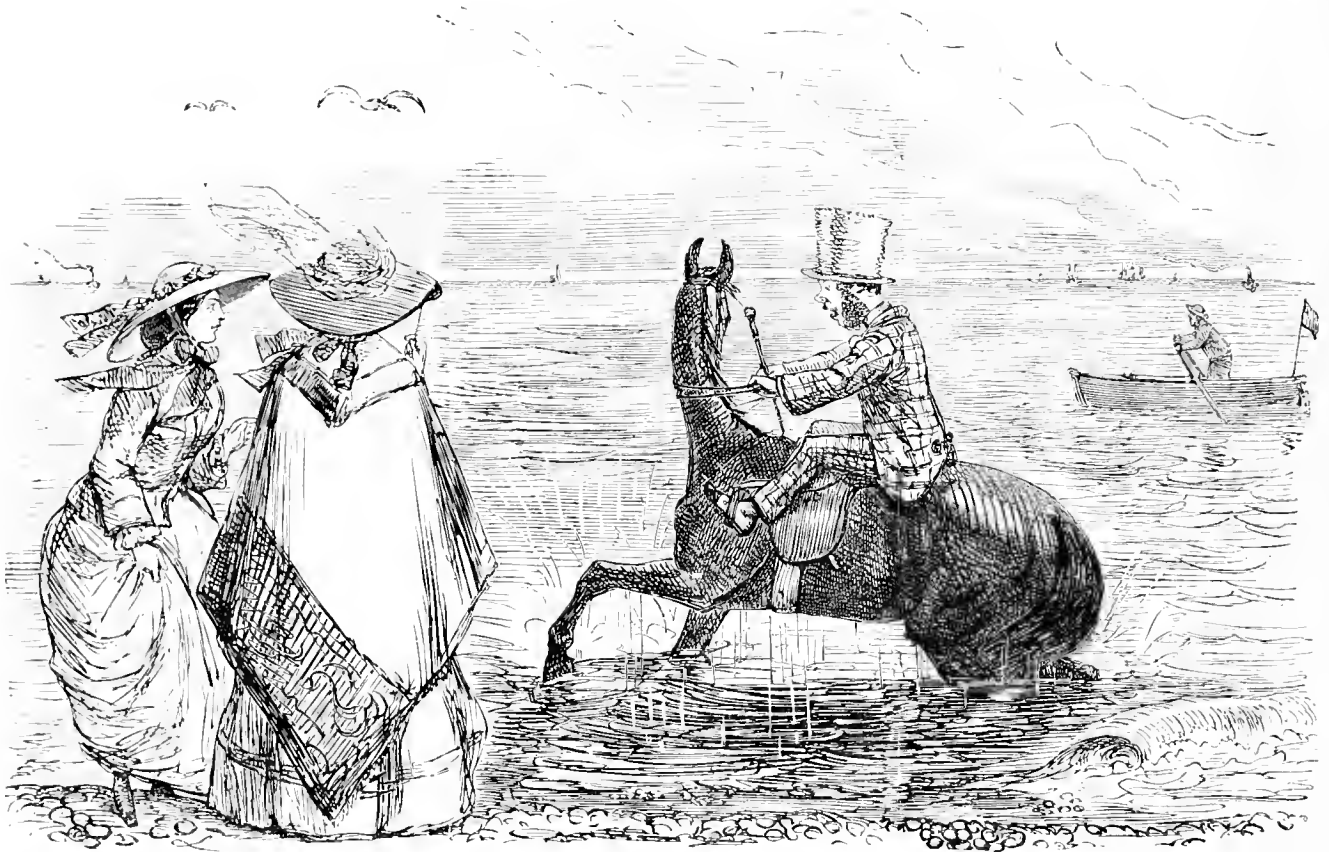
Sprat. "H'M! PRETTY BOBBISH—BUT THERE'S ONE THING MAKES IT DOOGID UNCOMFORTABLE SOME-TIMES—ENTRE NOUS—MRS. S. IS SO CONFOUNDEDLY JEALOUS OF ME."



MORAL INFLUENCE OF EXECUTIONS.

"WHERE 'AVE WE B'N? WHY, TO SEE THE COVE 'UNG, TO BE SURE!"

ADVENTURES OF MR. TOM NODDY.



No. I.

OUR LITTLE FRIEND, TOM NODDY, THINKS THE SEA-WATER WILL DO HIS MARE'S LEGS A WORLD OF GOOD.



No. II.

THE PLAYFUL CREATURE OBJECTS AT FIRST, BUT FINDING THE PROCESS AGREEABLE, DETERMINES TO HAVE A COMPLETE BATH.

ADVENTURES OF MR. TOM NODDY.



No. III.

LANDING OF TOM NODDY. HIS HORSE HAVING HAD ENOUGH OF IT, RETURNS TO HIS STABLE.



DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Newly Married Daughter (whose husband's income is, if anything, decidedly limited).—"AND SEE HERE, PAPA, DEAR, WE ARE GETTING ON SO BEAUTIFULLY WITH OUR FURNISHING! WE BOUGHT THESE LOVELY GOLD AND SILVER INDIAN ELEPHANTS AT A SALE THE OTHER DAY, AND ONLY GAVE FIFTY POUNDS FOR THEM; WASN'T IT CHEAP? WE ONLY WANT A LITTLE CRACKED CHINA TO MAKE THE ROOM QUITE COMFORTABLE!"



A CAUTIOUS BIRD.

Lobkins "WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT MARRYIN'—FOR YER SEE, AFTER THE KNOT WAS TIED, SOME OTHER GAL MIGHT BE FALLIN' IN LOVE WITH ONE—AND THAT WOULD BE SO DOOCED AWKWARD!"



FORTUNE'S FAVOURITE.

First Snob. "YOU KNOW THAT JOLLY LITTLE GIRL, JULIA DINKS?"

Second Snob. "ALL RIGHT, GO AHEAD."

First Snob. "WELL! SHE'S BEEN STICKING UP TO ME LIKE BRICKS, BUT I CAN'T RETURN HER AFFECTION, BECAUSE I'M SO DEUCED SWEET WITH THE PLANTAGENET GALS."



WANTING IN REVERENCE.

Coster (to extremely genteel person). "I SAY, GUVNER, GIVE US A HIST WITH THIS 'ERE BILIN O' GREENS!"



JEW D'ESPRIT.

Young Sholomunsh (to Young SNOBLEY, who is attired in his very best). "NOW, SIR! LET ME SHELL YOU A NISH SHUIT OF CLOSHE, MAKE YER GOOD ALLOWANCE FOR THE OLD UNS YER'VE GOT ON!" [SNOBLEY'S feelings may be imagined.



QUITE RIDICULOUS!

"DO YOU BELIEVE IN TABLE-TALKING, MATILDA, THAT THERE'S SUCH A FUSS ABOUT?" "OH, DEAR NO! WHY, THE OTHER EVENING A TABLE WAS ASKED HOW OLD I WAS, AND IT RAPPED OUT FORTY! WHEN I'M NOT THREE-AND-TWENTY TILL NEXT MARCH!"



MAY AND DECEMBER.



A VAIN SHADOW.

"MY LOVE! DO YOU THINK THOSE FELLOWS ARE FOLLOWING US?"

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



MIND AND MATTER.

Navy. "AH, BILL! IT SHOWS THE FERRARD MARCH OF THE AGE. FUST THE BRUTE FORCE, SUCH AS 'IM; AND THEN THE LIKES OF US TO DO IT SCIENTIFIC, AND SHOW THE MIGHT OF INTELLECT."



SYMPATHY.

Tailor (to considerable Customer). "TRIFLE THINNER THAN YOU WAS, SIR! GLAO TO SEE YOU BACK, SIR! 'OPE YOU'LL SOON GET YOUR HEALTH, SIR. WHEN WE HEARD YOUR REGIMENT HAD BEEN IN ACTION, SIR,—YOU MAY FANCY WHAT OUR FEELINGS WAS, SIR!"



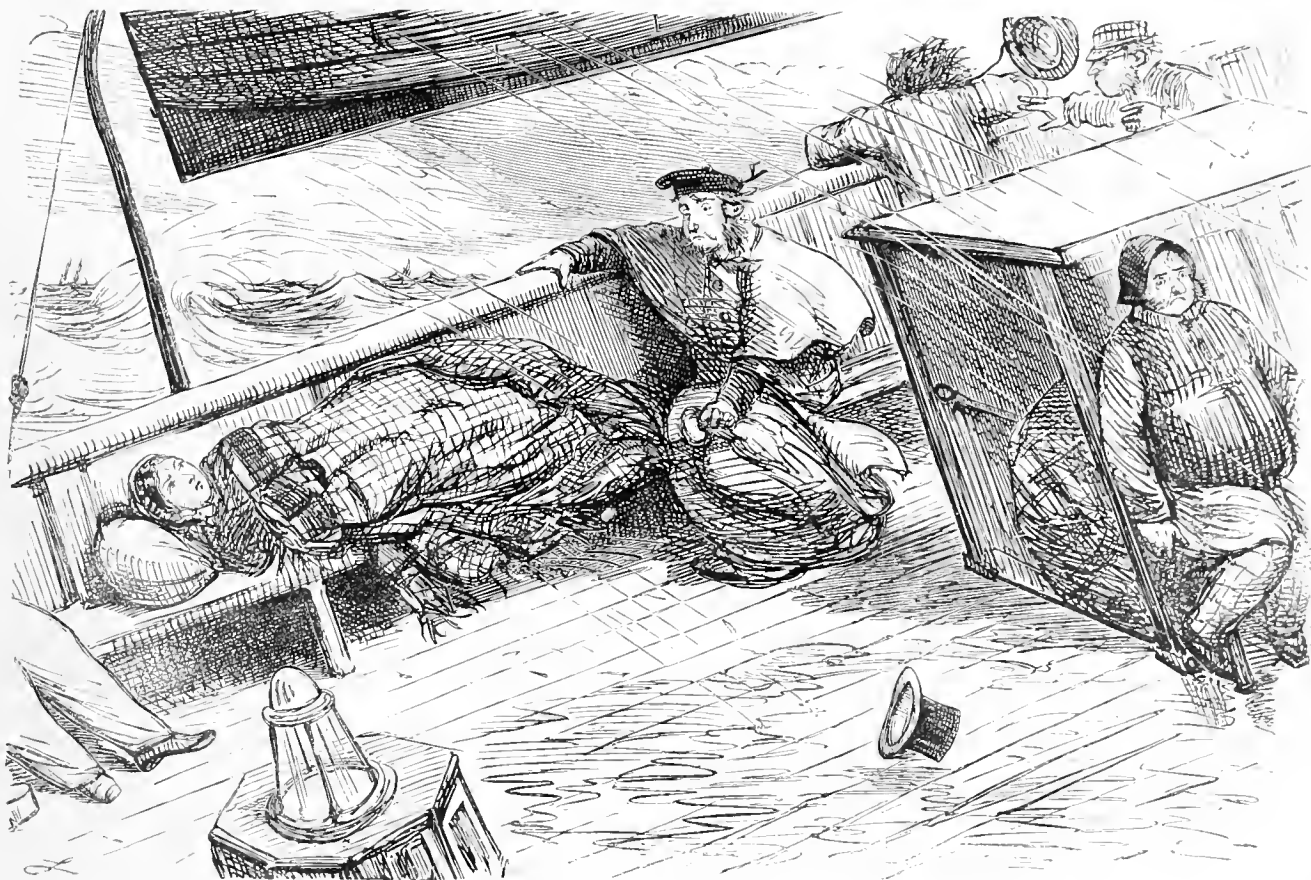
OXFORD COSTUME.

Small Oxford Man. "NOW, SNIP, REMEMBER, NOT SO TIGHT IN THE ARM!"
Snip. "VERY GOOD, SIR." (To the Clerk) "B3 AND A 'ARF!"



STARTLING FACT!

Oxford Swell. "DO YOU MAKE MANY OF THESE MONKEY-JACKETS, NOW?"
Snip. "OH, DEAR YES, SIR; THERE ARE MORE MONKEYS IN OXFORD THIS TERM THAN EVER, SIR."



CUPID AT SEA.

Angelina (to Edwin, whose only chance is perfect tranquillity). "EDWIN, DEAR! IF YOU LOVE ME, GO DOWN INTO THE CABIN, AND FETCH ME MY SCENT-BOTTLE, AND ANOTHER SHAWL TO PUT OVER MY FEET!"
[EDWIN'S sensations are more easily imagined than described.]



HOW VERY EMBARRASSING!

Gustavus. "MAMMA, DEAR! ARE MOUSTACHES FASHIONABLE?"
Mamma. "WELL, GUS, I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY, BUT I BELIEVE THEY ARE."
Gus. "OH! THEN, IS THAT THE REASON WHY MISS GRUMPH WEARS 'EM?"
[MISS GRUMPH, as well as being strong-minded, is rather masculine in appearance.]



AN ELIGIBLE PARTY.

Juvenile. "WELL, I KNOW WHAT I SHALL DO: I SHALL LOOK OUT FOR SOME OLD GAL WITH PLENTY OF MONEY."



VERY RUDE, INDEED!

ENTER TOM (A DISAGREEABLE BOY FROM SCHOOL).—Tom. "LOOK HERE, CLARA, THERE'S A YOUNG WOMAN DOWN-STAIRS HAS BROUGHT THIS FOR YOU, AND WANTS TO KNOW IF IT WILL DO."



A MAN OF CONSEQUENCE.

CLARA. "HAY! WELL ALFRED, WILL YOU STOP AND HAVE SOME TEA WITH US?"
ALFRED. "HAY! YOU'RE VERY GOOD, I'M SURE, BUT I'VE GOT TO TAKE THE CHILDREN TO SEE THE PANTOMIME!"



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

AUGUSTUS THINKS CRINOLINE A DETESTABLE INVENTION



THE HUSBAND AS HE OUGHT TO BE

Angelina. "WELL, LOVE, HOW DO YOU THINK I LOOK?—DO YOU LIKE THE DRESS?"
Edwin. "I THINK IT'S PERFECTLY CHARMING.—I NEVER SAW YOU LOOK BETTER!"



AND

AS HE OUGHT NOT TO BE.

(Isn't it so, my Dears?)

Angelina. "WELL, E.,—YOU DON'T SAY A WORD ABOUT MY DRESS?"
Edwin. "EH, WHAT? OH, UGH!—H'M—BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL!"



AS WELL BE OUT OF THE WORLD AS OUT OF THE FASHION.

Old Gentleman (who is of course much behind his age). "WELL, MY LITTLE DEAR, AND PRAY WHAT NICE LITTLE GIRL ARE YOU?"

Little Girl. "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, I'M A PUSEYITE, AND SO'S BESSY 'ARRIS." (To Young Lady) "AIN'T WE, MEM?"



ASSURANCE.

Juvenile "AW, HAIRDRESSER, WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED MY HAIR, JUST TAKE OFF MY BEARD, WILL YOU?"



THE NEW THEATRE.

Constance (reads advertisement to Alice). " * * * The Orchestra Stalls will be exceedingly commodious. Each person will have a separate Arm-Chair, occupying a space of two feet in breadth." HM—I DON'T SEE THAT THAT'S SO EXCEEDINGLY COMMODIOUS—EH, DEAR?"



AN AGREEABLE PRESCRIPTION.

"THE WEATHER IS CHARMING, ALTHOUGH I DO NOT FEEL MUCH INCLINED FOR TRANSACTIONS OF A BUSINESS NATURE. I AM DECIDEDLY BETTER. MY DOCTOR, A MOST SENSIBLE MAN, RECOMMENDS ME TO TAKE HORSE EXERCISE, AND GO INTO AGREEABLE SOCIETY. I ENDEAVOUR TO CARRY OUT HIS SUGGESTIONS"—Scarborough.



SIGHING FOR THE SUNNY SOUTH.

Omnibus Driver. "I DON'T LIKE BEING A HABSENTEE, JEM; BUT IF THIS PRECIOUS EASTERLY VIND LASTS MUCH LONGER, I SHALL BE HOFF WITH MY FAMILY TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE."



AFFECTING—RATHER.

Alfred. "TELL ME, MY OWN ONE, IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU HAVE TO SAY BEFORE I GO?"

Emma. "YES, DEAREST—DO NOT—OH, DO NOT FORGET TO BRING THE—TH—TH—BRUNSWICK SAUSAGE FROM F—F—F—FORT—NUM AND MASON'S."



A PREJUDICED OPINION.

"I TELL YER WHAT, BILL, I THINK THE POLICE ARE A BAD LOT—AND I WISH THEY WAS DONE AWAY WITH ALTOGETHER."



A GOLDEN RULE.

"LET US SPEAK OF A MAN AS WE FIND HIM."

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



A DELICATE HINT,

Brighton Boatman. "THERE'S A WESSEL OUT THERE, SIR, A LABOURIN' A GOOD DEAL, SIR! AH, SIR, SAILORS WORKS WERRY 'ARD—PRECIOUS 'ARD LINES IT IS FOR THE POOR FELLERS OUT THERE!—PRECIOUS 'ARD IT IS FOR EVERYBODY JUST NOW. I KNOW I SHOULD LIKE THE PRICE OF A PINT O' BEER AND A BIT O' BACCA!"



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Railway Official (waking Old Gent from a sweet sleep). "TICKETS, PLEASE!"



BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

TOMKINS, DISCONSOLATE ON A ROCK, TRACES SOME CHARACTERS UPON THE SAND. TO HIM, MRS. TOMKINS (WHOSE NAME IS MARTHA).

Mrs. T. "WELL, MR. TOMKINS, AND PRAY WHO MAY HENRIETTA BE?"

[TOMKINS utters a yell of despair, and falls prostrate.



SCHOLASTIC.

Mother. "AND, PRAY, DOCTOR, WHAT ARE YOUR TERMS FOR HEUCATING LITTLE BOYS?"

The Principal. "WHY, MY DEAR MADAM, MY USUAL TERMS ARE SEVENTY GUINEAS PER ANNUM (TO USE THE LANGUAGE OF THE ANCIENT ROMANS), BUT TO EFFECT MY OBJECT (?) QUICKLY, I WOULD TAKE A FEW FOR WHAT I COULD GET, PROVIDED THEY BE GENTLEMEN, LIKE YOUR DEAR LITTLE BOY THERE; BUT (AGAIN TO USE THE LATIN TONGUE) IT IS A SINE QUA NON THAT THEY SHOULD BE GENTLEMEN!"



QUEEN OF THE MAY.



A PERFECT WRETCH.

Wife. "WHY, DEAR ME, WILLIAM; HOW TIME FLIES! I DECLARE WE HAVE BEEN MARRIED TEN YEARS TO-DAY!"

Wretch. "HAVE WE, LOVE! I AM SURE I THOUGHT IT HAD BEEN A GREAT DEAL LONGER."



AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN, PAINTED BY THE FRENCH.

Milord. "GODAM! ROSBIF! I SHALL SELL MY WIFE AT SMITHFIELD, DAM!"

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



A STORM IN A TEACUP.

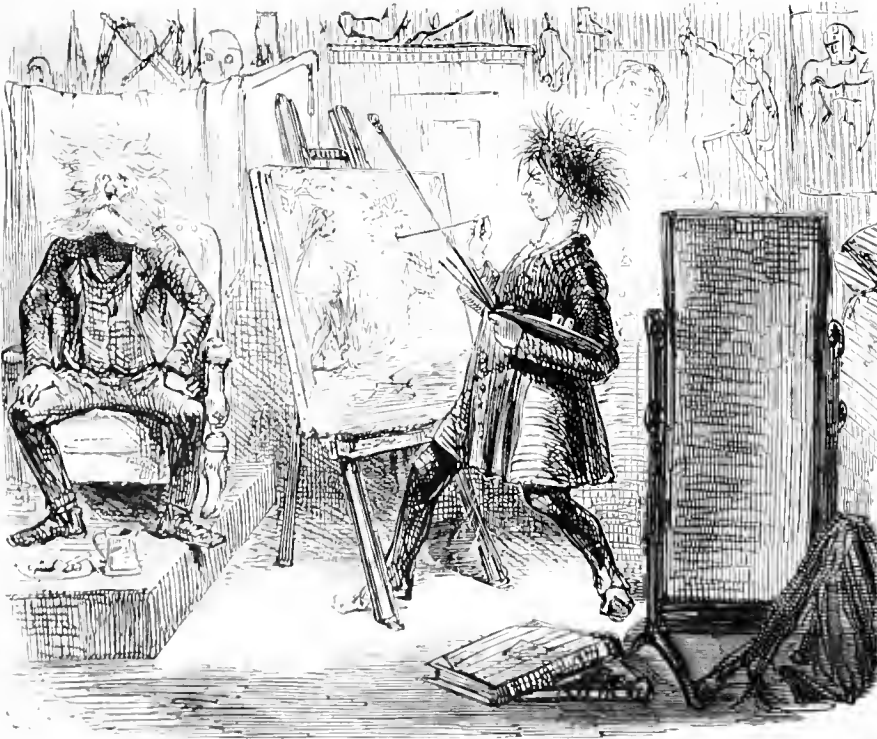
Head Nurse (with much dignity) "MISS MARY! YOU SHALL NOT STIR YOUR TEA WITH THE SNUFFERS!—IT IS NOT LADY-LIKE, AND I AM QUITE SURE YOUR PAPA WOULD NOT APPROVE OF IT!"
MISS MARY howls awfully, and smashes tea-cup.



WAITING FOR THE CARRIAGE.

Charlie. "THIS WILL BE A STUPID AFFAIR, GEORGY."

Georgy. "OH! YES—ONLY A WHITE FROCK AND BLACK MITTEN PARTY—VERY SLOW!"
[Old Nurse wonders what next.]



WORKING AGAINST TIME.

THE ARTIST GIVES THE FINISHING TOUCH TO HIS PICTURE. HE HAS BEEN SO BUSY THAT HE HAS NOT EVEN BEEN ABLE TO GET HIS HAIR CUT.



KETCHEE! KETCHEE!

MR. PUNCH IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY.



DID YOU EVER!

Augustus. "I SAY, AUNT! DID YOU SEE WHAT THE NEWSPAPER SAYS ABOUT THE ECLIPSE?"

Aunt. "NO! WHAT DOES IT SAY? READ IT, CHILD! ANYTHING RELATING TO THAT WONDERFUL EVENT IS INTERESTING."

Augustus. "WHY, IT SAYS THAT IT IS EXPECTED TO HAVE AN EXTRAORDINARY EFFECT UPON THE INFERIOR ANIMALS! MY WIG! I'D HAVE YOU AND THE GIRLS LOOK OUT FOR SQUALLS!"

[Disgusting, Low-Minded Boy.]

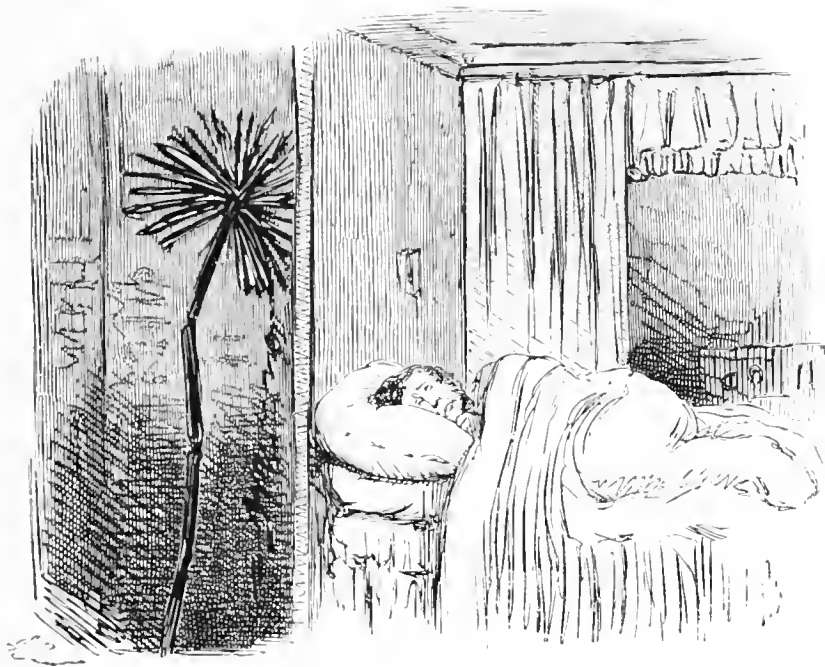


FUMIGATION.

Coster. "'SCUSE ME, MARM, BUT DID YER WANT YER GREEN'DUSE SMOKED?—NO CHARGE. ONLY TO FIND THE 'BACCA, AND A DROP O' SUMTHIN' TO DRINK!"



WARBLERS UNDER WATER.



OH DEAR!

THAT REGULAR FAMILY NEXT DOOR ARE HAVING THEIR CHIMNEY SWEEPED AGAIN.



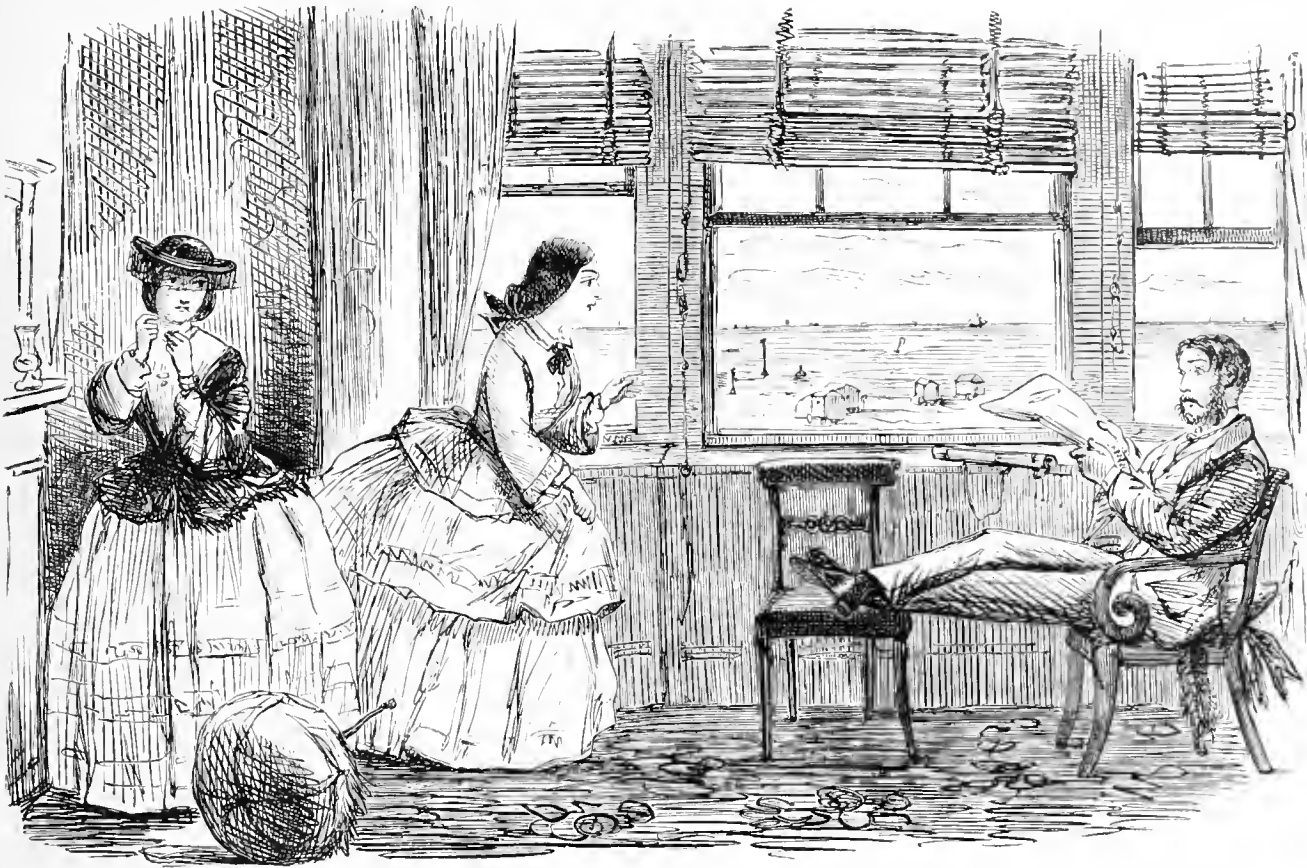
EARLY PHILOSOPHY.

Juvenile. "AH, IT'S ALL VERY WELL! LOVE MAY DO FOR BOYS AND GALS; BUT WE, AS MEN OF THE WORLD, KNOW 'OW 'OLLOU IT IS."



OUT OF HIS ELEMENT.

Funkey (who does not approve of Bloomsbury). "NO, MA'AM, I DON'T OBJEC' TO THE 'OUSE, FOR ITS HAIREY, AND THE VITTLES IS GOOD BUT THE FACT IS THAT ALL MY CONNEXIONS LIVE IN DELGRAVIA!"



TOO BAD!

Bertha. "NOW, REALLY, CHARLES, YOU ARE VERY PROVOKING I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR MY HAT EVERYWHERE—AND I DECLARE YOU ARE SITTING UPON IT "



A VICTIM OF FASHION.

Police Constable (to Boy) "NOW THEN, OFF WITH THAT HOOP! OR I'LL PRECIOUS SOON HELP YOU!"

Lady (who imagines the observation is addressed to her). "WHAT A MONSTER!"

[Lifts up the Crinolin, and hurries off.]

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.

THE BRITISH FORCES AND THE CRIMEAN WAR.



PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.—I.

Officer (who is going to the East). "OF COURSE, IT'S RATHER A BORE JUST AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON—AND I SHALL MISS THE DERBY! WISH THEY COULD HAVE HAD THE RUSSIANS OVER HERE, BECAUSE THEN WE COULD HAVE THRASHED 'EM IN HYDE PARK, AND DINED AT GREENWICH AFTERWARDS, YOU KNOW."



PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.—II.

ENIGN STUBBS, HAVING BEEN APPOINTED TO THE 121ST, GOES TO TRY ON HIS UNIFORM. N.B.—The Gallant Ensign has hitherto been accustomed to dress in a loose, dégagé manner.



WELL INTENDED, NO DOUBT.

Quoting the British Lion. "THIRD, FRIEND! NOW LET ME PUT AWAY THOSE DANGEROUS VANITIES!"



PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.—III.

DELIGHT OF ONE OF OUR GUARDS NOW HE FEELS THAT THE COUNTRY WILL PROTECT "THE GIRL HE LEAVES BEHIND HIM."

THE BRITISH FORCES AND THE CRIMEAN WAR.



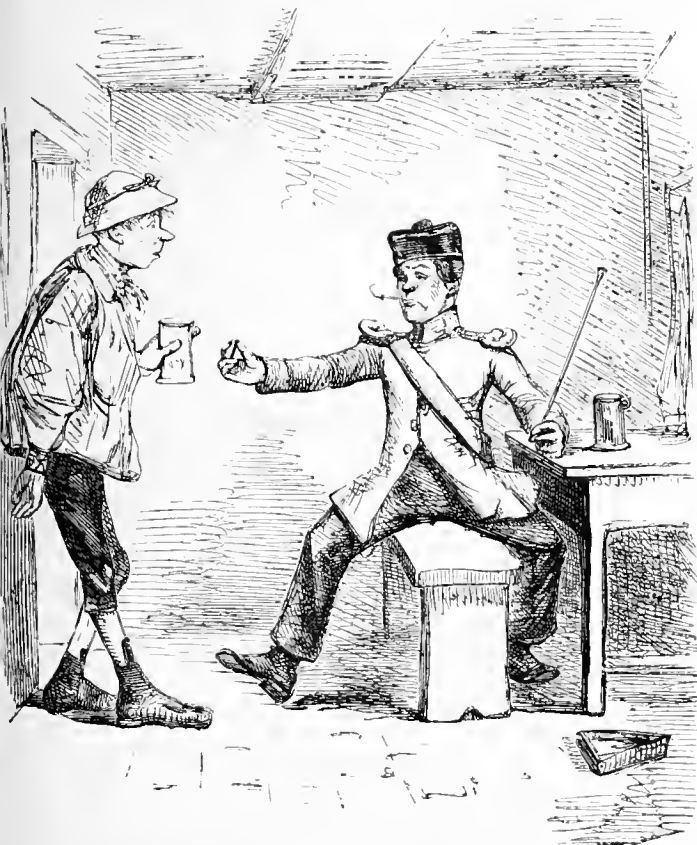
NOTHING LIKE FORETHOUGHT.

Captain (to Brother Officer). "WHAT AM I ABOUT? I'LL TELL YOU, OLD BOY. THERE'S NO KNOWING WHAT MAY HAPPEN, SO I AM LEARNING THE NOBLE ART OF MAKING OMELETTES, IN CASE ANY- NO SHOULD HAPPEN TO OUR CHEF!"



NO! DON'T.

"SO THEY ARE SENDING OUT BOOKS TO AMUSE THE POOR FELLOWS AT SCUTARI—AND VERY PROPER I WILL SEND FIVE-AND-TWENTY COPIES OF MY LAST FIVE-ACT TRAGEDY OF 'THE ROMAN GRANDMOTHER!'"



ENTHUSIASM.

Inflamed Militia Man. "TALK O' TH' ROOSHANS! THERE! DANO'D IF I WOULDN'T MOW 'EM DOWN FOR A SHILLIN' AN ACRE!"



ON DOMESTIC SERVICE.

Recruiting Sergeant. "COME, TAKE THE SHILLING LIKE A MAN; AND HAVE A TURN AT THE RUSSIANS IN THE CRIMEA."

Pampered Menial. "A—THANK YOU, I DON'T SEEM TO SEE IT. THE FACT IS—THAT —A—THE WORK IS 'ARD; AND—A—THE BOARD IS BAD."

THE BRITISH FORCES AND THE CRIMEAN WAR.



A LITTLE DINNER AT THE CRIMEA CLUB.



EVENING PARTY AT SEBASTOPOL.

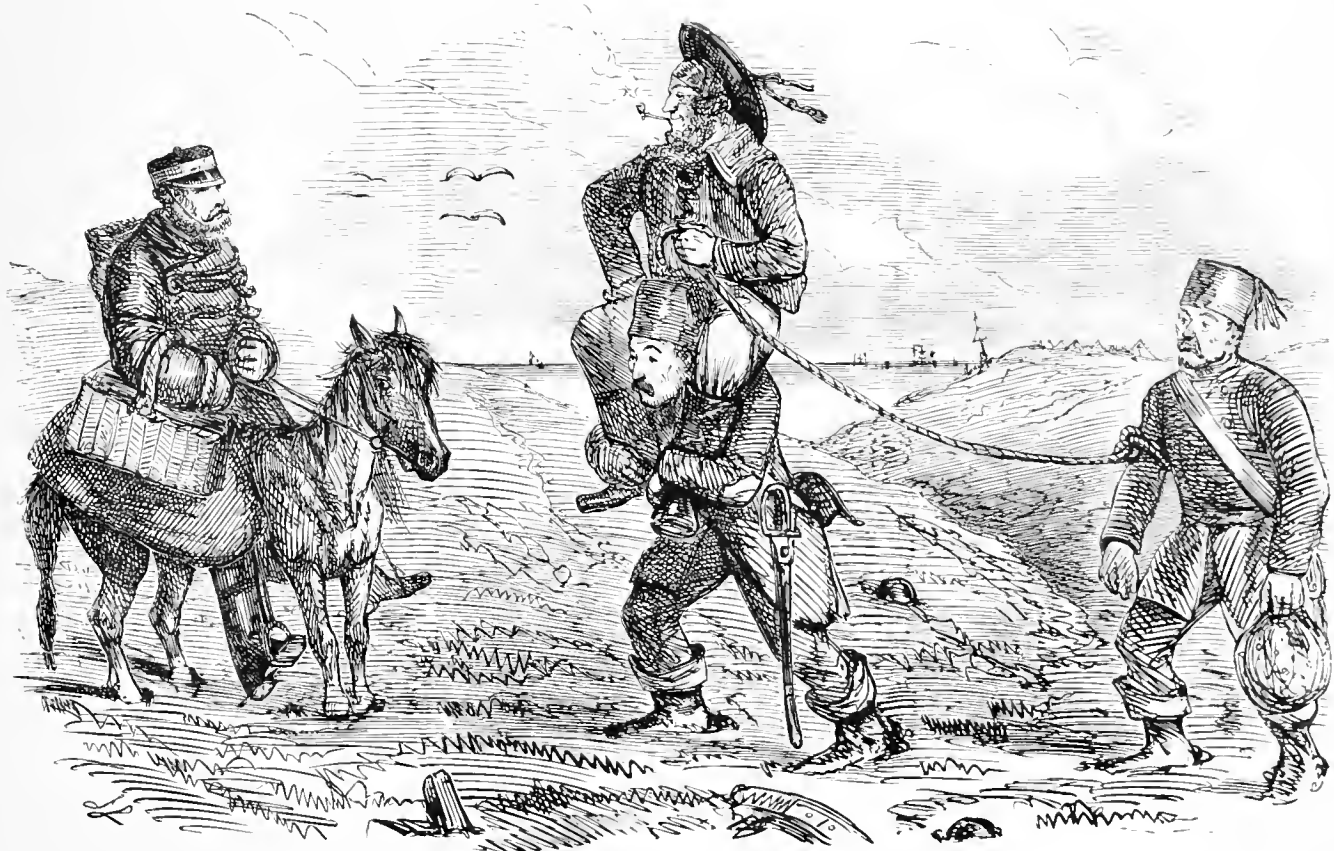
THE BRITISH FORCES AND THE CRIMEAN WAR.



PATIENT HEROES.

"WELL, JACK! HERE'S GOOD NEWS FROM HOME. WE'RE TO HAVE A MEDAL.

"THAT'S VERY KIND. MAYBE ONE OF THESE DAYS WE'LL HAVE A COAT TO STICK IT ON!"



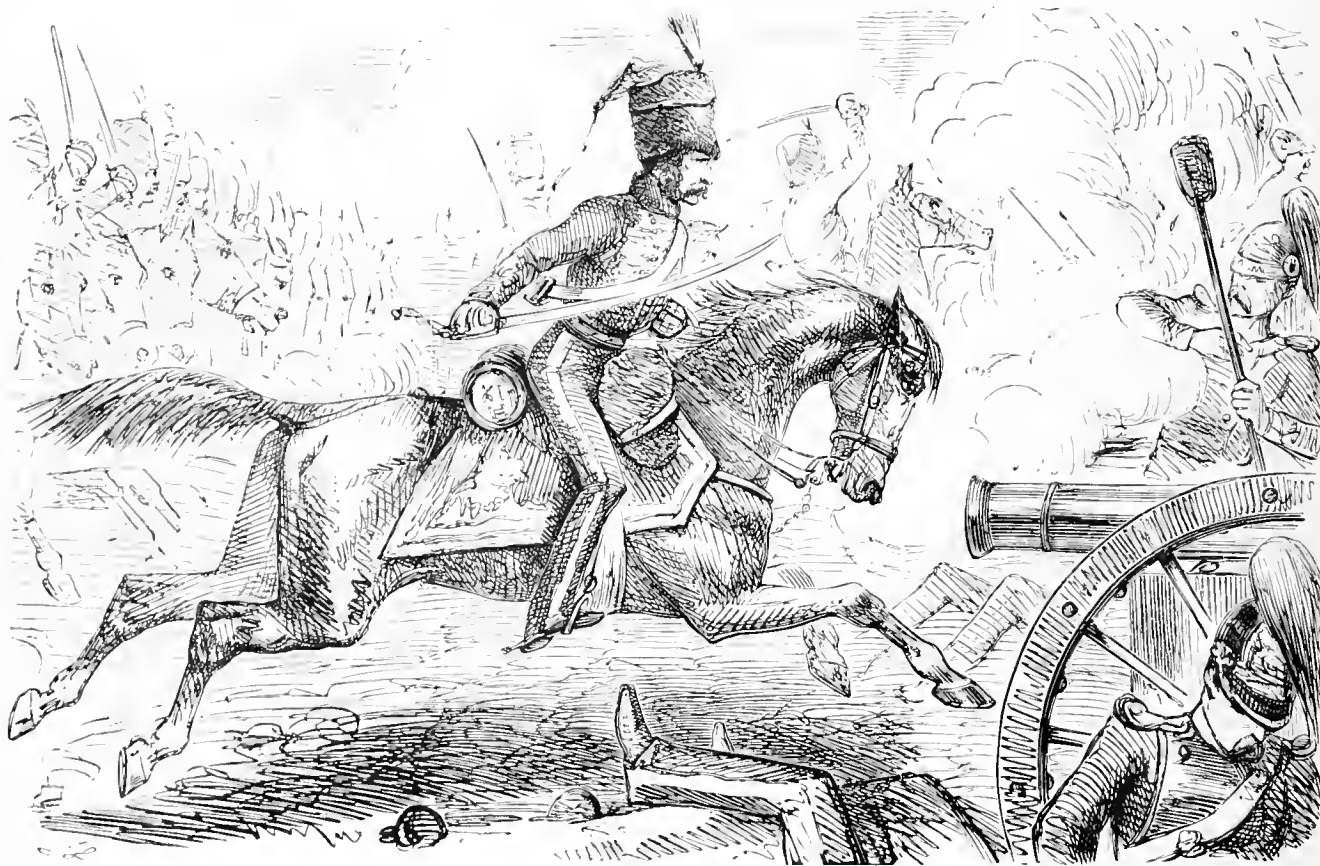
HOW JACK MADE THE TURK USEFUL AT BALACLAVA.

British Officer. "HOLLOA, JACK! WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT NOW?"

Jack. "WHY, YER HONOUR—YOU SEE RIDING'S A DEAL PLEASANTER THAN WALKING ABOUT HERE, AND WHEN THIS CHAP'S TIRED—I MOUNTS T'OTHER COVE!"

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.

THE BRITISH FORCES AND THE CRIMEAN WAR.



A TRUMP CARD (IGAN).

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE UNDER LORD CARDIGAN AGAINST THE RUSSIAN BATTERIES AT BALAGLAVA.



SHARP'S THE WORD.

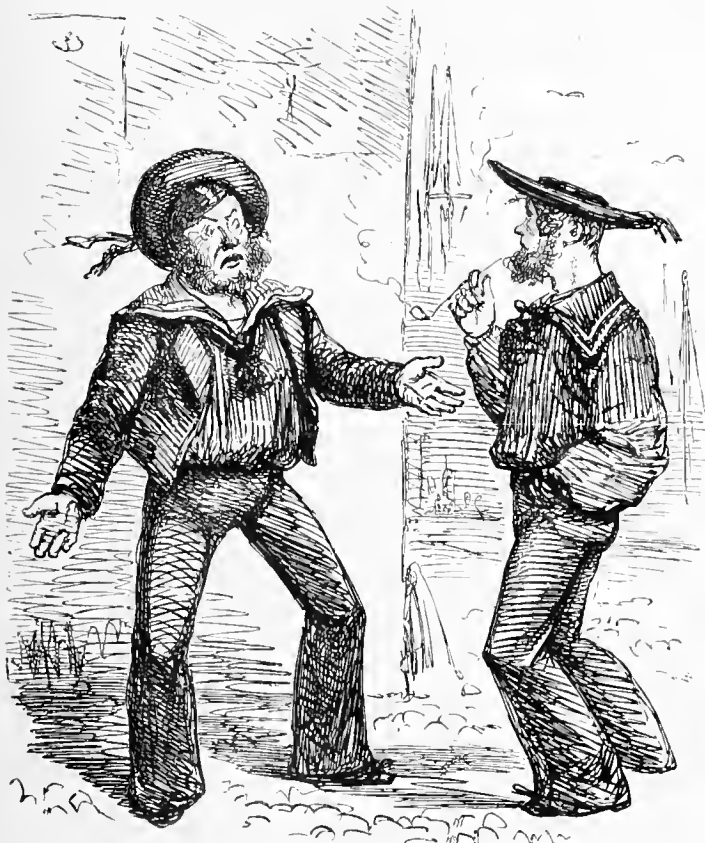
ADMIRAL PUNCH'S SIGNAL TO THE FLEET.



UNIFORM STUPIDITY.

HOW TO DRESS A WARRIOR.

THE BRITISH FORCES AND THE CRIMEAN WAR.



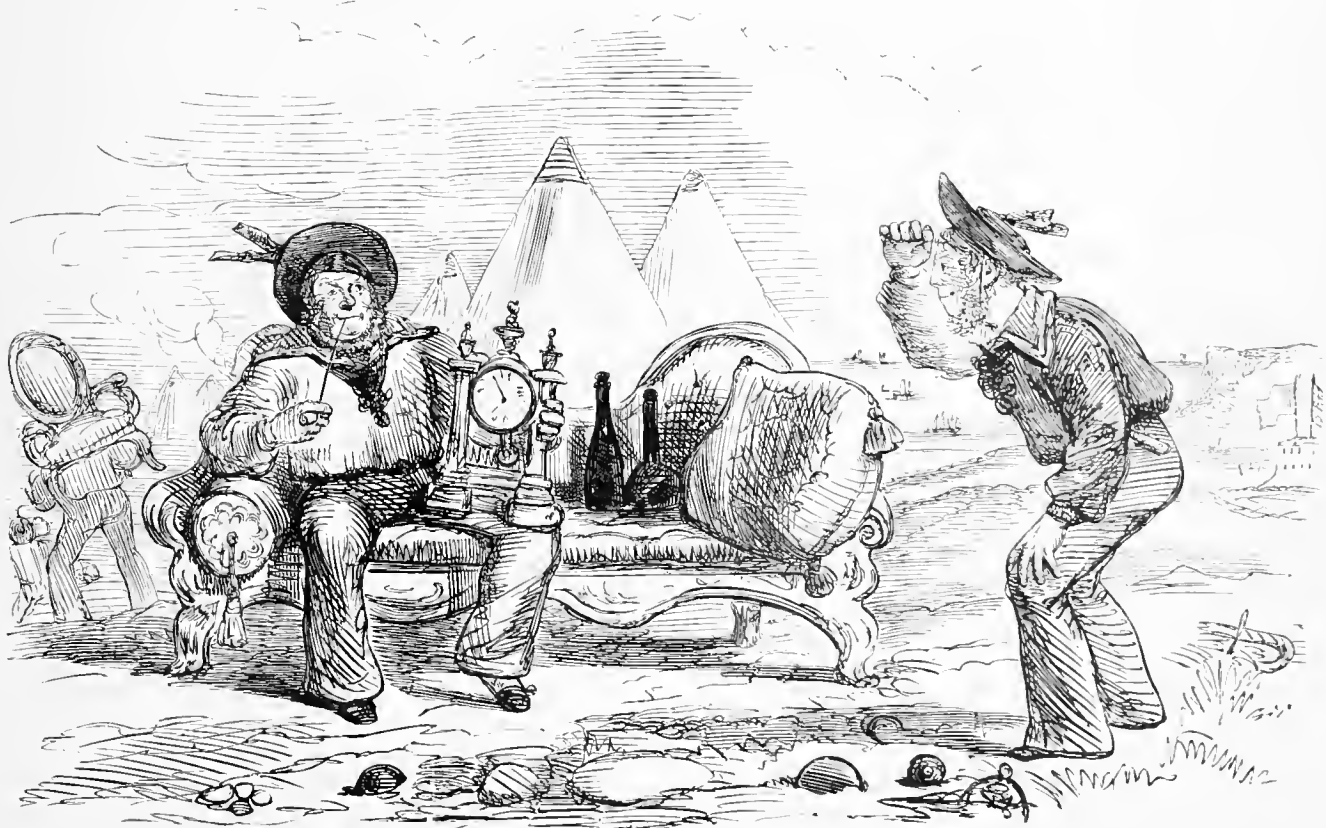
HARD CASE IN THE BALTIC.

A. B. Seaman. "HERE'S A GO, BILL! YER MIGHT KNOCK ME DOWN WITH THE BUTT-END OF A MUSKIT, A'MOST! BLOW'D IF THE GAME AIN'T OVER, AND WE AIN'T HAD NO INNINGS!"



A GRIEVANCE.

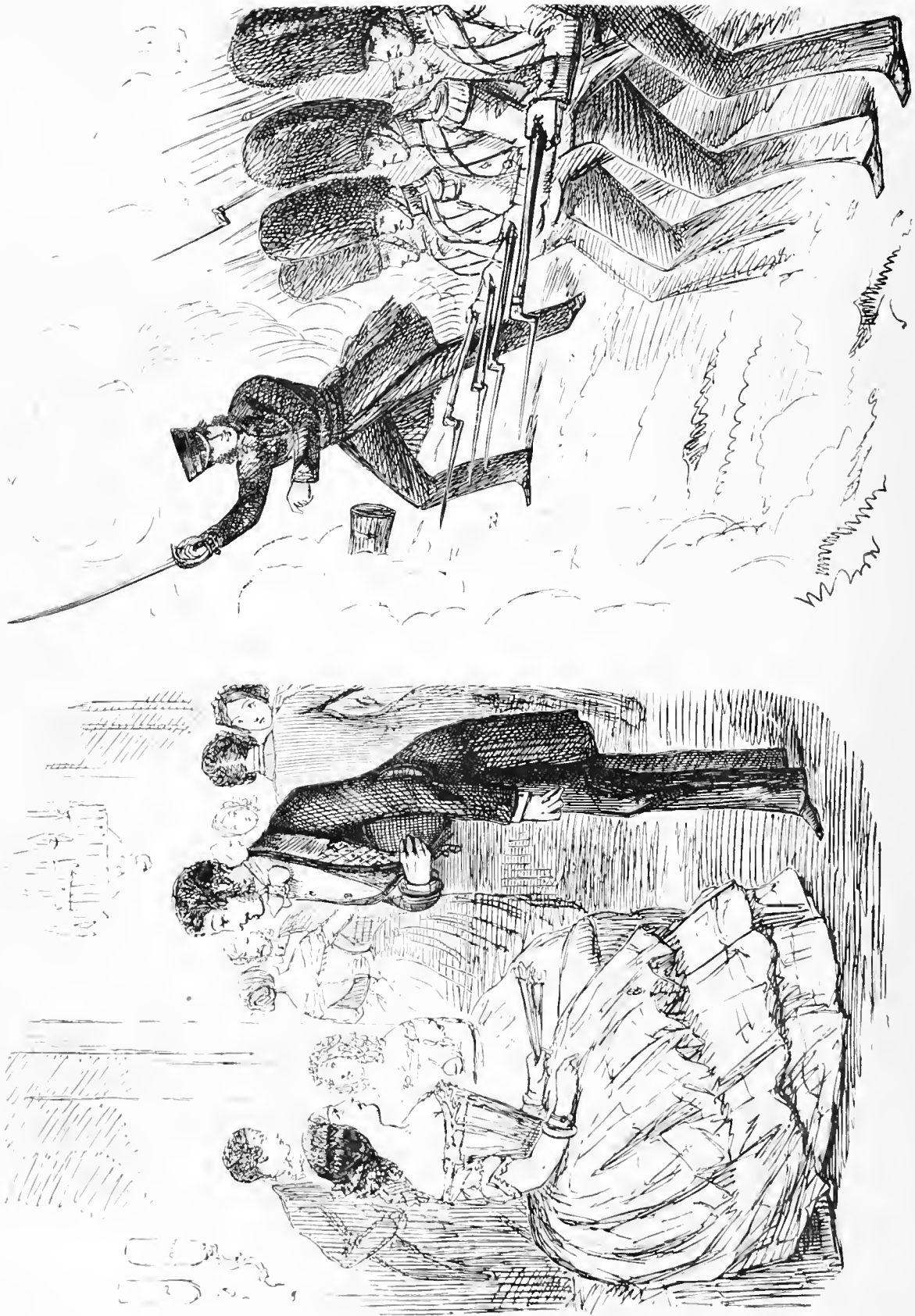
"I TELL YER WHAT, BILL! I DONT HALF LIKE THESE HERE MOUSTARCHERS. THEY DO MOP UP SUCH A LOT OF GRUG!"



RELICS OF THE SIEGE.

Ben. "I SAY, JACK!—GIVE US A LIFT DOWN WITH THESE HERE BLOOD-STAINED RUINS FROM SEBASTERPOOL!"

THE BRITISH FORCES AND THE CRIMEAN WAR.



OUR GUARDS.

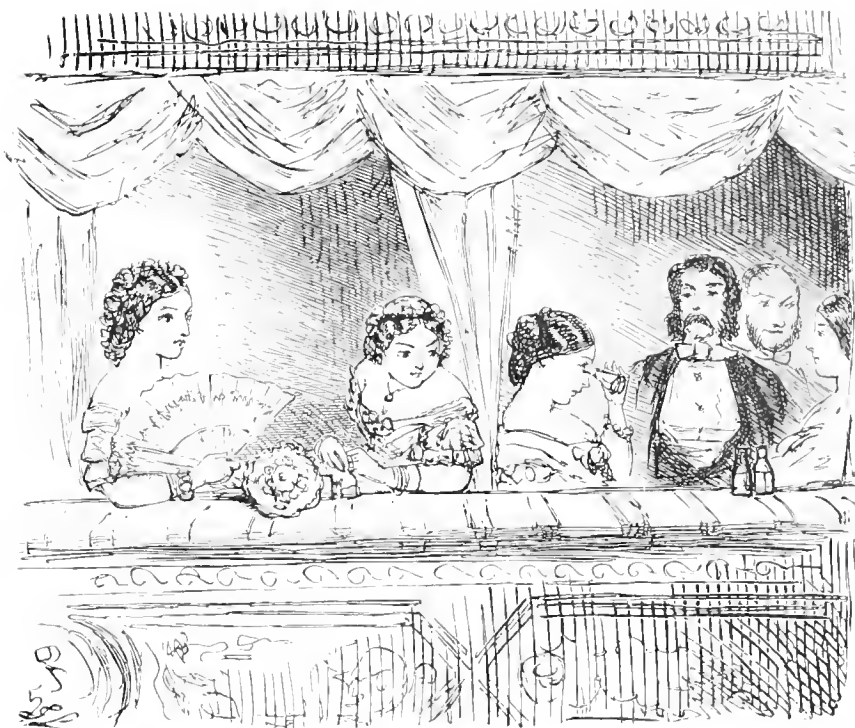
THEY CAN PLAY; AND, BY JOVE, THEY CAN FIGHT, TOO.



TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR L.

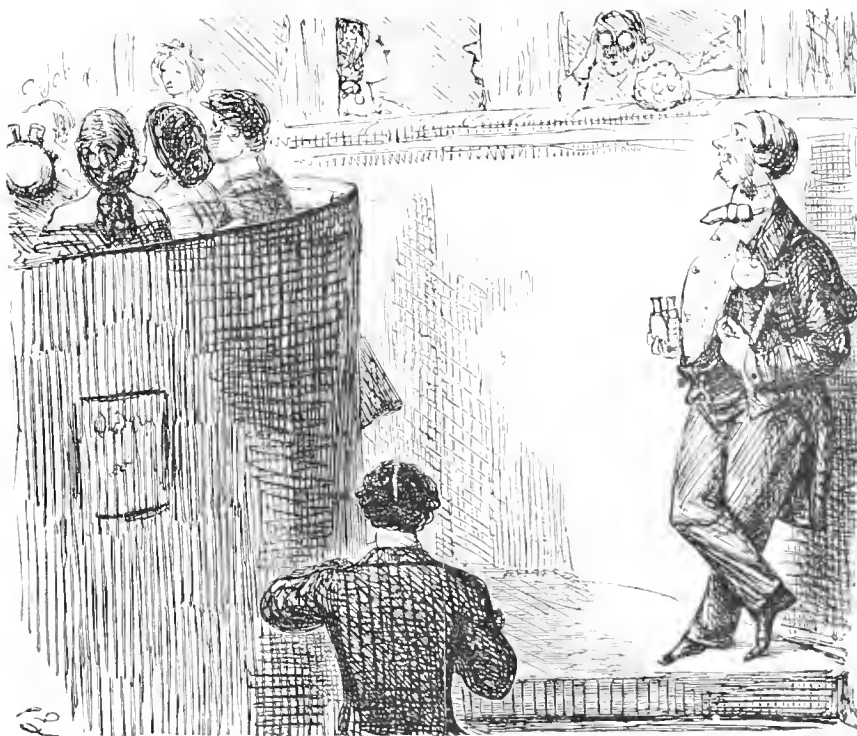


IT TO APPEAR AT COURT.



THE OPERA.—No. I.

Lizzy. "GOOD GRACIOUS SELINA! LOOK THERE! THERE'S THAT RIDICULOUS LITTLE MAN AGAIN. DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING SO ABSURD?"



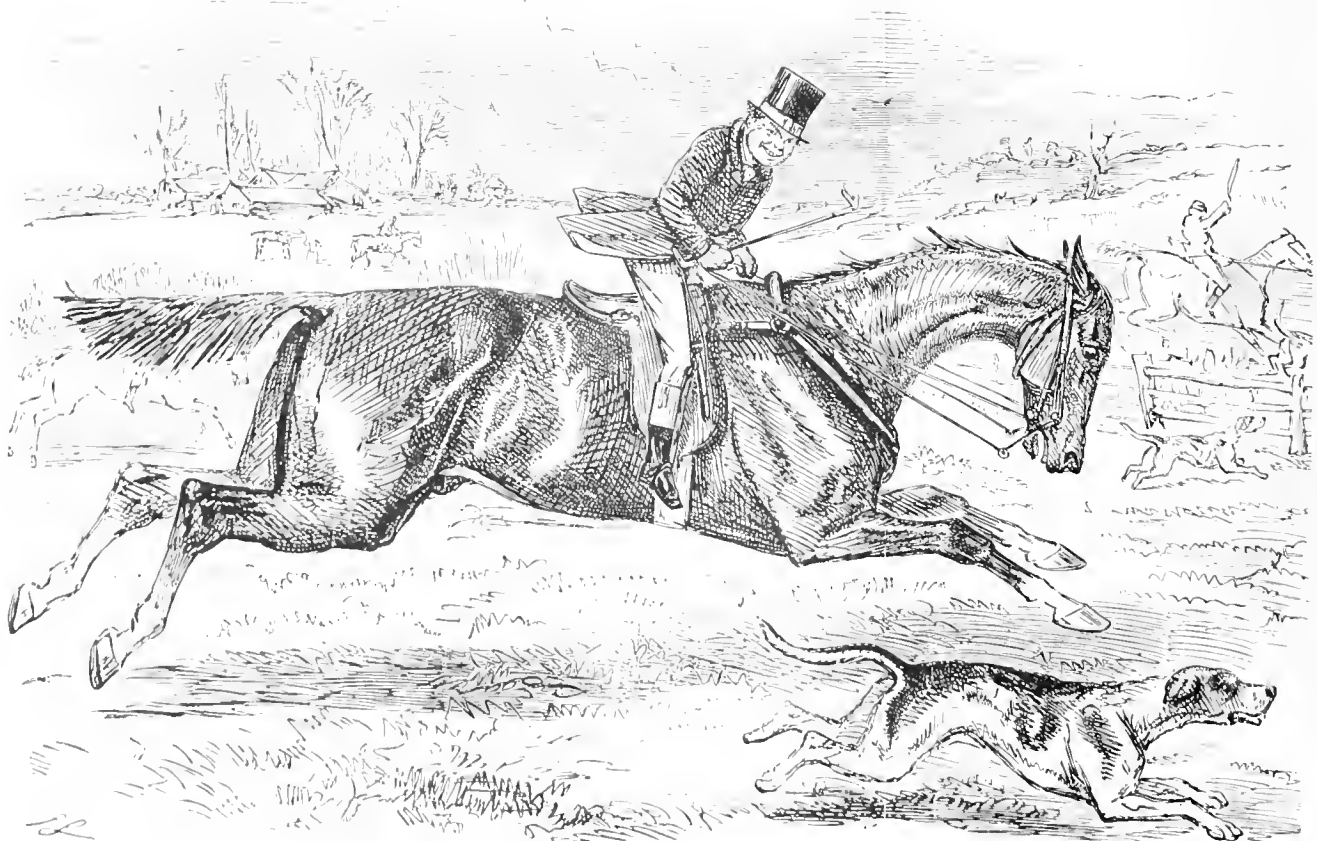
THE OPERA.—No. II.

Bushy "AH THERE SHE IS, BLESS HER! AND LOOKING THIS WAY TOO. OH! IT'S AS CLEAR AS POSSIBLE SHE HAS TAKEN A FANCY TO ME!"



THE BEST RUN OF THE SEASON.—No. I.

Master (with pumped out Horse): "CONFOUND THAT RASCALLY BOY! WHERE CAN HE HAVE GOT TO WITH MY SECOND HORSE?"



THE BEST RUN OF THE SEASON.—No. II.

Rascally Boy (with delightfully fresh animal): "OH, DEAR! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL THING! I WONDER WHERE MASTER CAN BE?"



A BLACK INDIGNITY.

Lady of the House. "OH, THOMAS! HAVE THE GOODNESS TO TAKE UP SOME COALS INTO THE NURSERY!"

Thomas. "H'M, MA'AM! IF YOU ASK IT AS A FAVOUR, MA'AM, I DON'T SO MUCH OBJECT; BUT I 'OPE YOU DON'T TAKE ME FOR AN 'OUSEMAID, MA'AM!"



ART-PROGRESS.

Artist (1). "NOW, MUM! TAKE OFF YER 'EAD FOR SIXPENCE, OR YER 'OLE BODY FOR A SHILLIN'!"



FRATERNITY.

Fred. (affectionately taking the arm of his friend HARRY—as he thinks). "OH! DO LOOK AT THESE BEAUTIFUL DIAMONDS. HOW WELL THEY WOULD BECOME YOUR SWEET SISTER!"
 Cal heaven. "COME NOW! WALKER!"



PRIVATE OPINION.

Little Shrimpton. "HAH! THEY MAY LAUGH! BUT I MEAN TO SAY THAT THE BEARD IS A GREAT ORNAMENT, AND GIVES DIGNITY TO THE HUMAN FIGURE!"



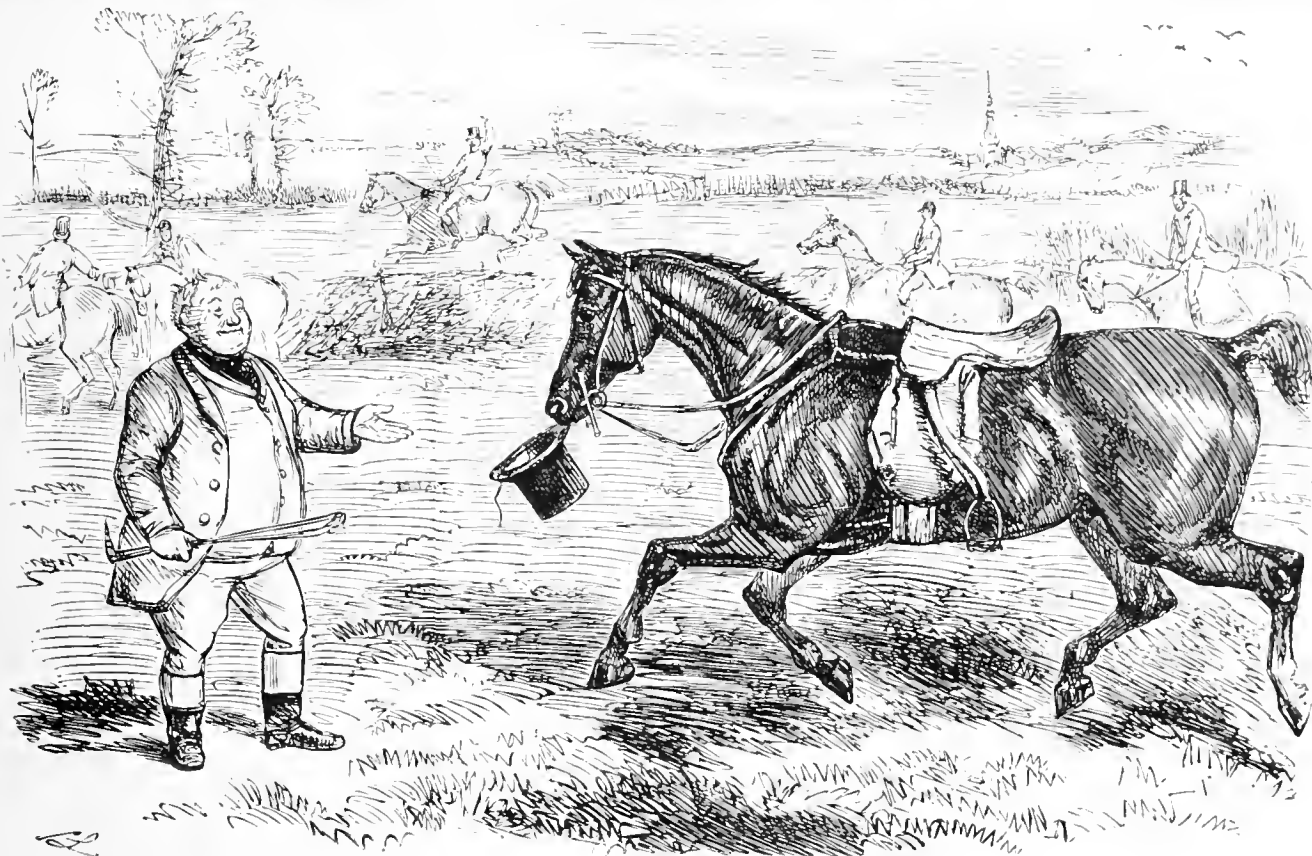
THE OLD OLD STORY.

IT WAS IN AUGUST OR SEPTEMBER, WE FORGET WHICH, THAT AMELIA'S SCARF CAUGHT HENRY'S BUTTON, AND NOW—THEY ARE MARRIED. WAIN'T IT ODD?



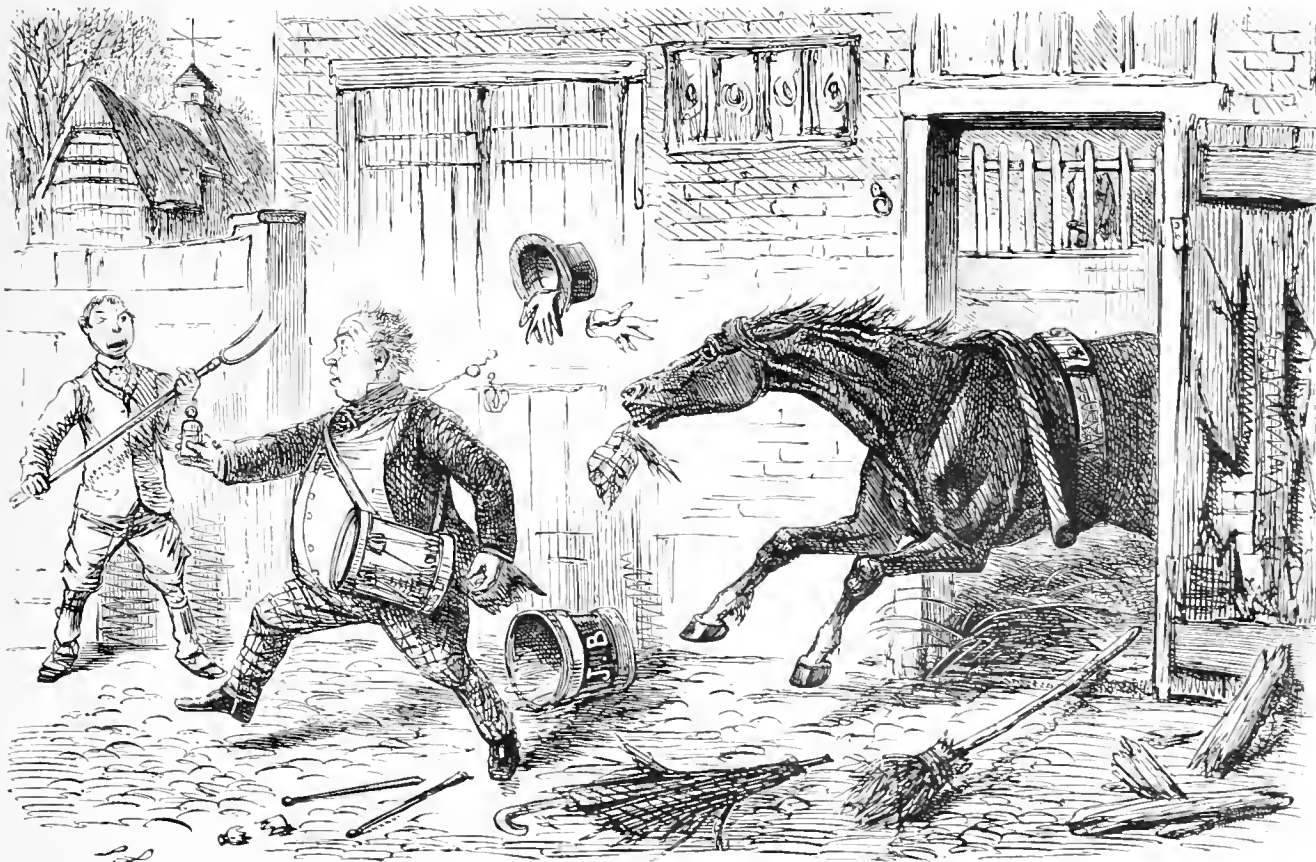
THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

"HOLLO. 'ENRY! IS THAT YOU? WHY I HARDLY KNOW'D YER WITH THAT GREAT BEARD!"



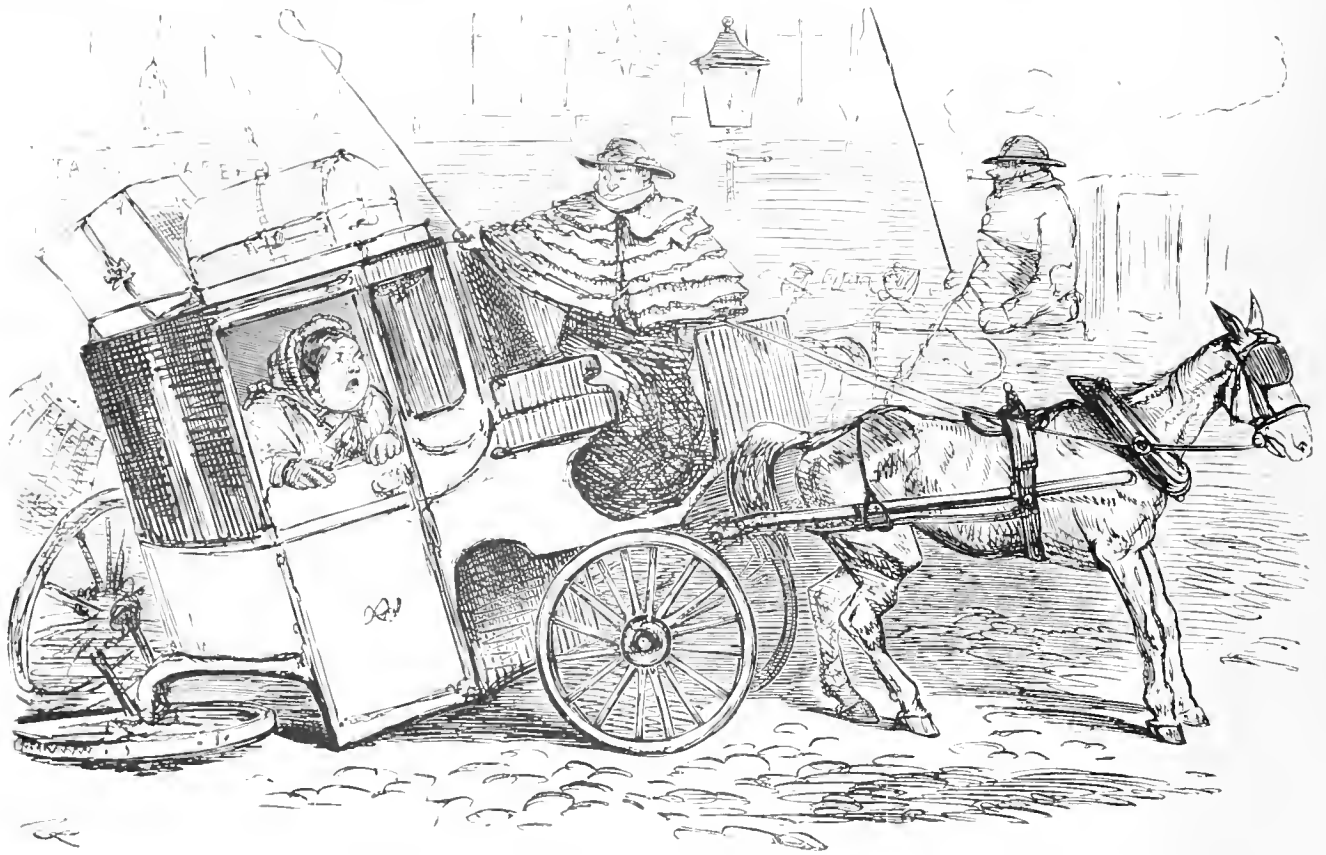
VARIETIES IN HORSE-TAMING.—No. I.

OLD MR. B. HAS FOUND OUT THAT THE OIL OF RHODIUM SYSTEM IS ALL NONSENSE, AND HAS BEEN INITIATED BY MR. RAREY. WHENEVER HE GETS SPILT, AND LOSES HIS HAT (AS HE DID THE VERY LAST DAY OF THE SEASON), HE JUST SAYS TO HIS HORSE, "FETCH IT, OLD BOY!" AND THE THING IS DONE!



VARIETIES IN HORSE-TAMING.—No. II.

OUR DEAR OLD FRIEND BRIGGS—HAVING TAKEN THE RECEIPT FOR HORSE-TAMING FROM THE PAPERS—TRIES SOME EXPERIMENTS UPON AN ANIMAL THAT HE HAS PICKED UP A BARGAIN



AN INCIDENT OF WEIGHT.

Cally: "LET YER OUT?—THAT'S A GOOD UN!—NOT AFORE YOU PAYS FOR BREAKING MY SPRINGS!"



ASTOUNDING ANNOUNCEMENT.

Maid: "PLEASE, MA'AM, MR. SKEWER SAYS HE'S A GOING TO KILL HISSELF THIS WEEK, AND WILL YOU HAVE A JOINT?"



A VERY SHOCKING BOY, INDEED!

Mamma. "NOW, SIR—IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE BETTER, I WILL TELL PAPA OF YOU, AND HE WILL BOX YOUR EARS!"

Shocking Boy. "WELL, THEN, GO! MARCH!! AND SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU!!!"



A FADED YOUTH.

Hostess. "NOW, MY DEAR—WILL YOU COME AND DANCE A QUORILLE?"

Juvenile. "THA-A-NK YOU—IT'S SO MANY YEARS AGO SINCE I DA CED, THAT I WOULD RATHER BE EXCUSED, IF YOU PLEASE. IN FACT, I—AW, I HAVEN'T DANCED SINCE I WAS QUITE A BOY."



IN THE PARK.

First Man (Home for the Holidays). "AWFUL BIT OF GERANIUM THAT, CHARLEY!"
Second Ditto. "YA-AS, I WAS ALWAYS VERY FOND OF FLOWERS—AW—THEY LDOIK SO JOLLY INNOCENT!"



IN THE STREETS.

THESE YOUNG GENTLEMEN ARE NOT INDULGING IN THE FILTHY HABIT OF SMOKING—THEY ARE ONLY CHEWING TOOTHPICKS, THE COMFORTING AND ELEGANT PRACTICE NOW SO MUCH IN VOGUE



CRINOLINE AGAIN.

Charles, "CONFOUND THE HOOPS, JUST WHEN I WANT TO MAKE MY NEAT SPEECH ABOUT BEN'S 'NEARER AND DEARER' TOO!"



A HINT TO MAMMAS.

Fred. Newman: "LAWK, MARIER! WHAT A DEE-UTIFLE COWND!"

See! I Do, MY! JANE! HAINT IT!"

They contemplate the Grand for about a quarter of an hour, and the children have the full benefit of the delicious North East Wind.



THE ROUND HAT.

1. WHEN IT IS ALL VERY WELL.
2. WHEN IT IS OBJECTIONABLE.
3. WHEN THE POLICE OUGHT TO INTERFERE.



TAKING IT EASY.

JOHN THOMAS, AS HE APPEARED WHILE HIS MISSUS WAS IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS. J. T. IS CONSULTING HIS BETTING BOOK. (A POSITIVE FACT.)



PROFESSIONAL DIGNITY.

Lady, "RESIGN YOUR SITUATION! WHY, WHAT'S WRONG NOW, THOMAS? HAVE THEY BEEN WANTING YOU TO EAT SALT BUTTER AGAIN?"

Gentle Footman, "OH, NO, THANK YOU, MA'AM—BUT THE FACT IS, MA'AM—THAT I HAVE HEARD THAT MASTER WERE SEEN LAST WEEK ON THE TOP OF A HOMNIBUS, AND I COULDN'T AFTER THAT REMAIN ANY LONGER IN THE FAMILY!"



NEVER CARRY YOUR GLOVES IN YOUR HAT.

MR. POFFINGTON FLATTERS HIMSELF HE IS CREATING A SENSATION — (Perhaps he is.)



ACADEMIC COSTUME.

Dr. Bear, "PUT ON YOUR GOWN, SIR."

Undergraduate, "GOT IT ON, SIR!"



MORE NOVELTY.

THE MISSES WLAGEL THINK CRINOLINE A PREPOSTEROUS AND EXTRAVAGANT INVENTION, AND APPEAR AT MRS. ROUNDABOUT'S PARTY IN A SIMPLE AND ELEGANT ATTIRE.



FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

"MARTHA, WAST 'E DONE WI' THE MILK?"

"GEEN IT TO THE SHILD."

"DANG THE SHILD, THEE SHOULD HA' GEEN IT TO TH' BULL PUP!"



A DISTURBER OF PUBLIC PEACE.

Rioter. "I SAY, DLD FELLER, DF COURSE YOU'LL FRATERNISE WITH US, AND COME AND BREAK SOME VINDERS."

Soldier. "OF COURSE I WONT; BUT I'LL PUNCH YOUR HEAD IF YOU DONT MOVE OFF."



UNLUCKY THIS TIME.

Ingenious Youth. "OH! SUCH A LARK, BILL! I'VE BIN AND FILLED AN OLD COVE'S LETTER-BOX WITH GOOSEBERRY SKINS AND HOYSER SHELLS,—AND RAPPED LIKE A POSTMAN!"

Old Cove. "HAVE YOU?"



GOOD NEWS.

"WELL, JIM, HAVE YDU HEARD THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE?"

"NO, VAT IS IT?"

"VY, COMMON GARDEN THEAYTER'S TO BE TURNED INTO A HOPERA FOR THE MILLION! AIN'T THAT PRIME?"



RATHER DEEP!

Cousin. CHARLIE!—JUST FANCY WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING!

Captain Charlie. "WELL, GEORGIE!"

Cousin "THAT—THAT—YOU AND I ARE GOING—A—A—TO BE—MARRIED!"

Charlie (with presence of mind) "A—NEVER MIND, GEORGIE,—WE KNOW BETTER—WE ARE NOT SO FOOLISH!"



AMPLE PROTECTION.

Youth "YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID, MA'AM STAND BEHIND ME!"



JUST LIKE 'EM.

Mamma (staying with newly-married daughter). "MY DEAREST, SWEETEST DARLING! WHAT! CRYING! WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

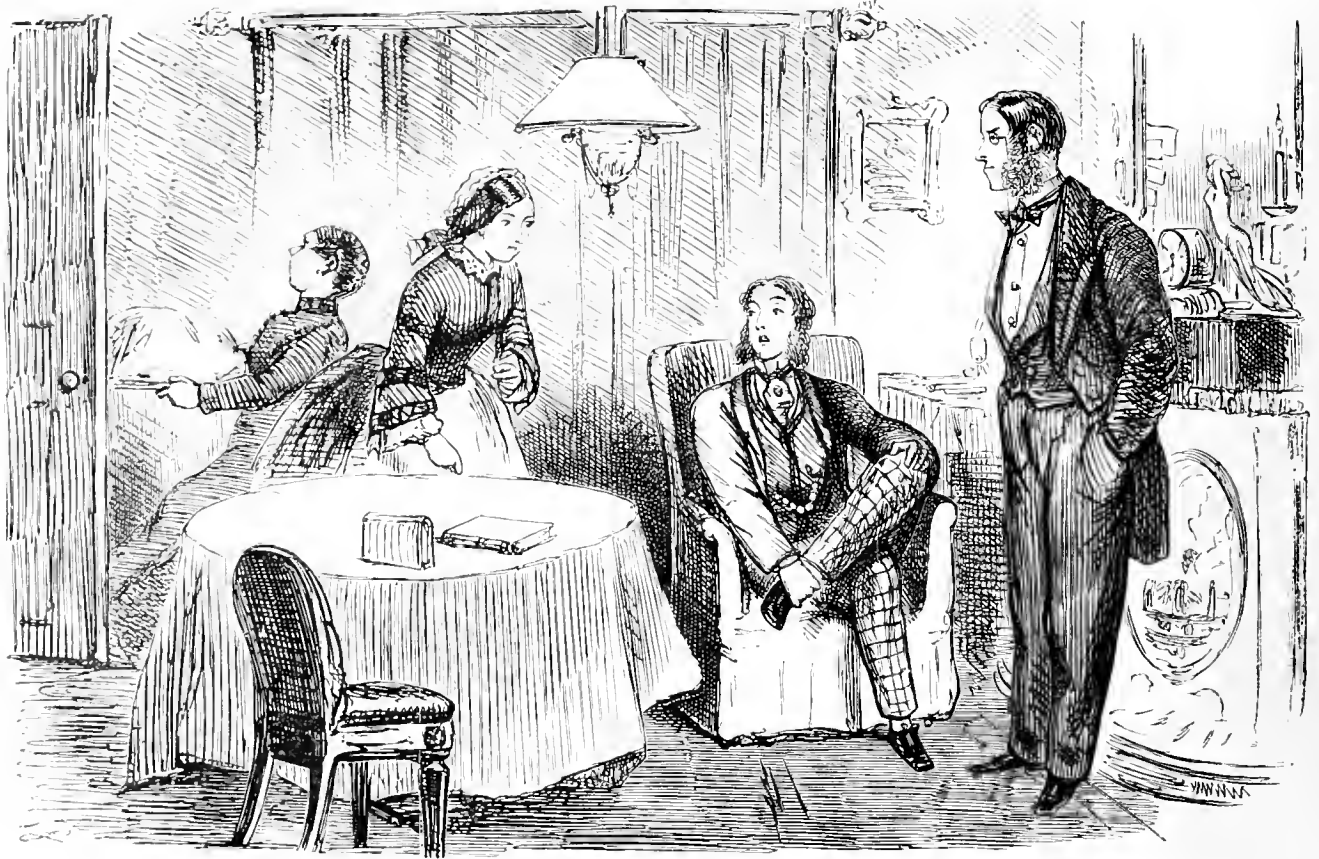
Daughter (with many sobs). "OH, M-M-M-MAMMA DEAR! HERE'S CH-CH-CHARLES SO DREADFULLY UNKIND. HE KNOWS THE H-H-HORSE-TAMING SECRET, AND HE W-W-W-WONT TELL IT TO ME!"



RIVAL JOCKEYS.

Bill (reads). "'GENTLEMEN RIDERS ALLOWED FIVE POUNDS.'" "GENTLEMEN RIDERS ALLOWED FIVE POUNDS."

Tom. "'ALLOWED FIVE POUNDS!' WHY, I'D RIDE BETTER NOR HE FOR 'ARF A CROWN!"



SYMPTOMS OF HARD READING!

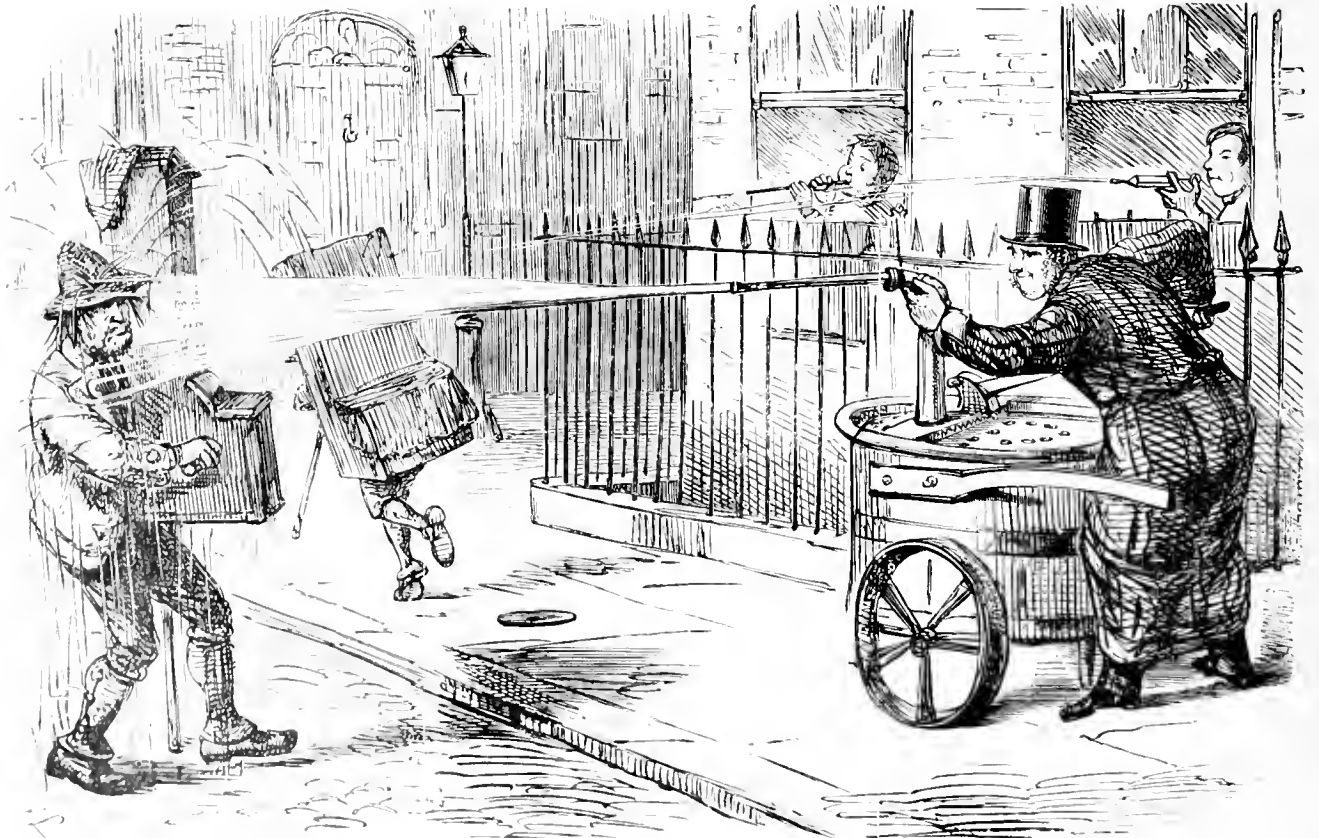
Student. "OH, MARY! HAVE YOU TAKEN UP THE LAMP AND THE CIGARS?"

Mary. "YES, SIR."

Student. "—AND THE WHISKEY, AND THE SUGAR, AND THE LEMON, AND BOILING WATER?"

Mary. "YES, SIR."

Student. "THEN COME, JACK! SUPPOSE WE GO INTO THE STUDY!"



REPELLING FOREIGN INVASION.

PATERFAMILIAS TRIES THE COLD WATER CURE IN A CASE OF ORGAN-GRINDING.



ANOTHER BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

First Collier. "SURREY, DUST THEE KNOW THE BISHOP'S COMING TO-MORROW?
Second Do. "WOT'S THAT?"
First Do. (emphatically). "THE BISHOP!"
Second Do. "OI! DON'T KNOW WHAT THEE MEAN'ST, BUT MOY BITCH, ROSE, SHALL
PIN HER!"



CANINE.

"BUY A LITTLE DOOG, MARM?"



WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

A SKETCH, SHOWING THE DECENT MANNER IN WHICH THE "FORM OF PRAYER" WAS RETAINED
ON THE FAST DAY.



COARSE, BUT CHARACTERISTIC.

Cabman (whose temper has been ruffled by Omnibus-man). "YOU! WHY, YOU HUNGRY LOOKING WAGABUN, YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'D BIN LOCKED UP FOR A MONTH IN A COOK'S SHOP WITH A MUZZLE ON."



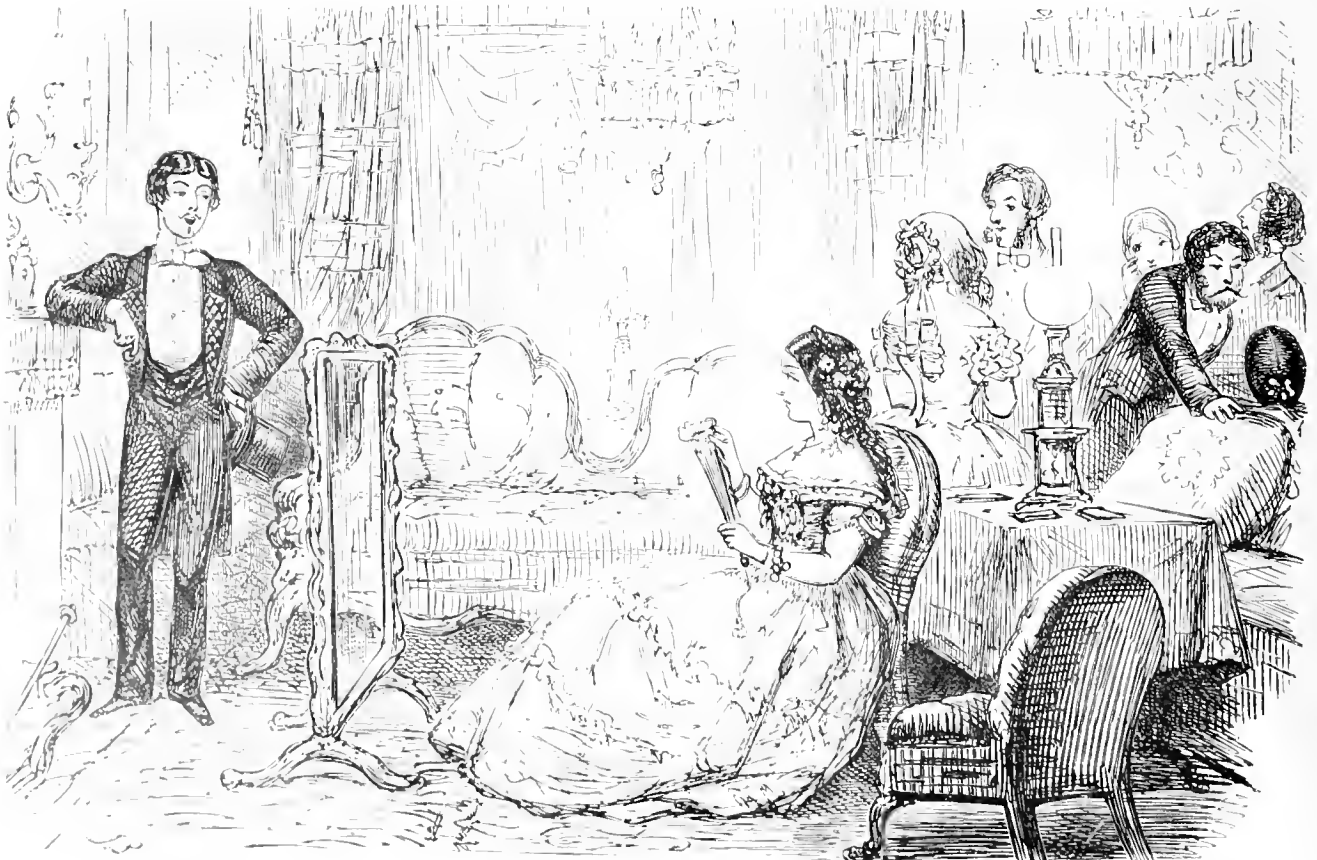
THE GREAT BOON.

Superior Being. "YOU'LL PLEASE TO OBSERVE, MUM, THAT A DIVORCE IS A MUCH EASIER MATTER THAN IT USED TO BE—SO NONE OF YOUR VIOLENCE!"



A VISION OF THE PAST.

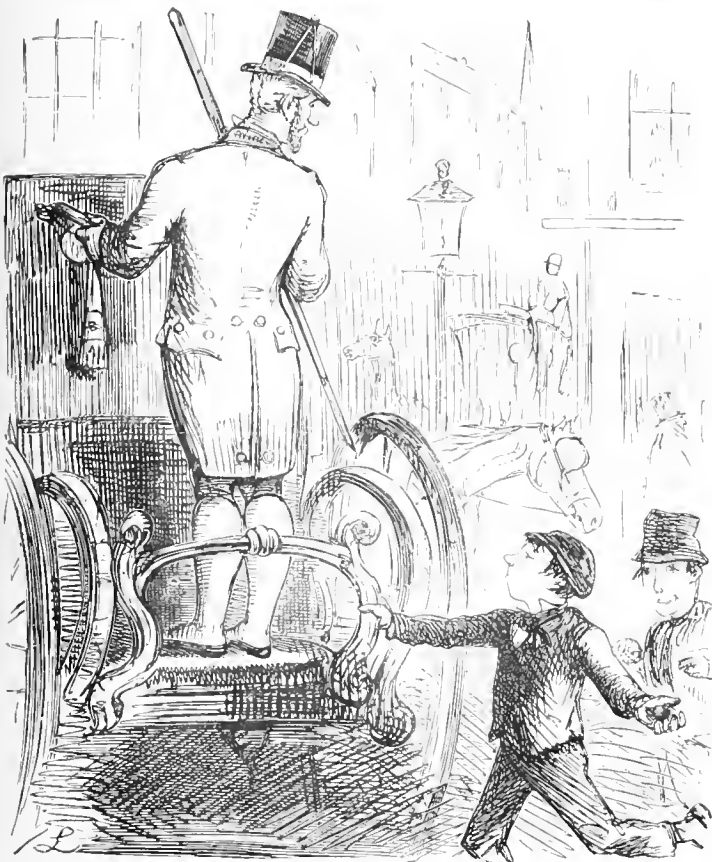
Old Lady. "AH! I WAS JUST SUCH ANOTHER WHEN I WAS HER AGE."



FOLLY AND INNOCENCE.

Charles. "I SAY, CLARA, AIN'T IT JOLLY? I'VE MADE SUCH A CAPITAL BOOK ON THE DERBY!"

Clara. "I AM SURE CHARLES, I AM DELIGHTED TO HEAR IT. ANY LITERARY PURSUIT MUST BE BETTER THAN THE HORRID PRACTICE YOU WERE GETTING INTO OF BETTING AT RACES!"



IRRESISTIBLE.

John Thomas. "GET AWAY, BOY—GET AWAY, BOY!"

Boy. "SHAN'T! AND IF YER DON'T LET ME RIDE, I'LL SEND THIS 'ERE MUD OVER YER CALVES!"



DRAWING THE LINE.

Plush Adonis. "I SHOULD OBSERVE, MY LADY,—THAT IF YOU ENGAGE ME, I SHOULD REQUIRE TO BE AT LEAST SIX MONTHS IN TOWN, IN A GOOD NEIGHBOURHOOD—AND THAT IF YOU SHOULD AT ANY TIME LIVE NORTH OF THE NEW ROAD, I SHOULD EXPECT FIVE GUINEAS PER ANNUM INCREASE OF SALARY!" {Fact.



Here's yer Roasted Chestnuts,
only a penny a score!

YIELDING TO TEMPTATION.

Mr. Hobble-de Hoyer. "I'M VERY FOND OF 'EM—THERE'S NO ONE LOOKING!—DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULDN'T—I WILL!—YES—I'LL HAVE A PENN'WORTH!"



MUCH ABOVE THAT SORT OF THING.

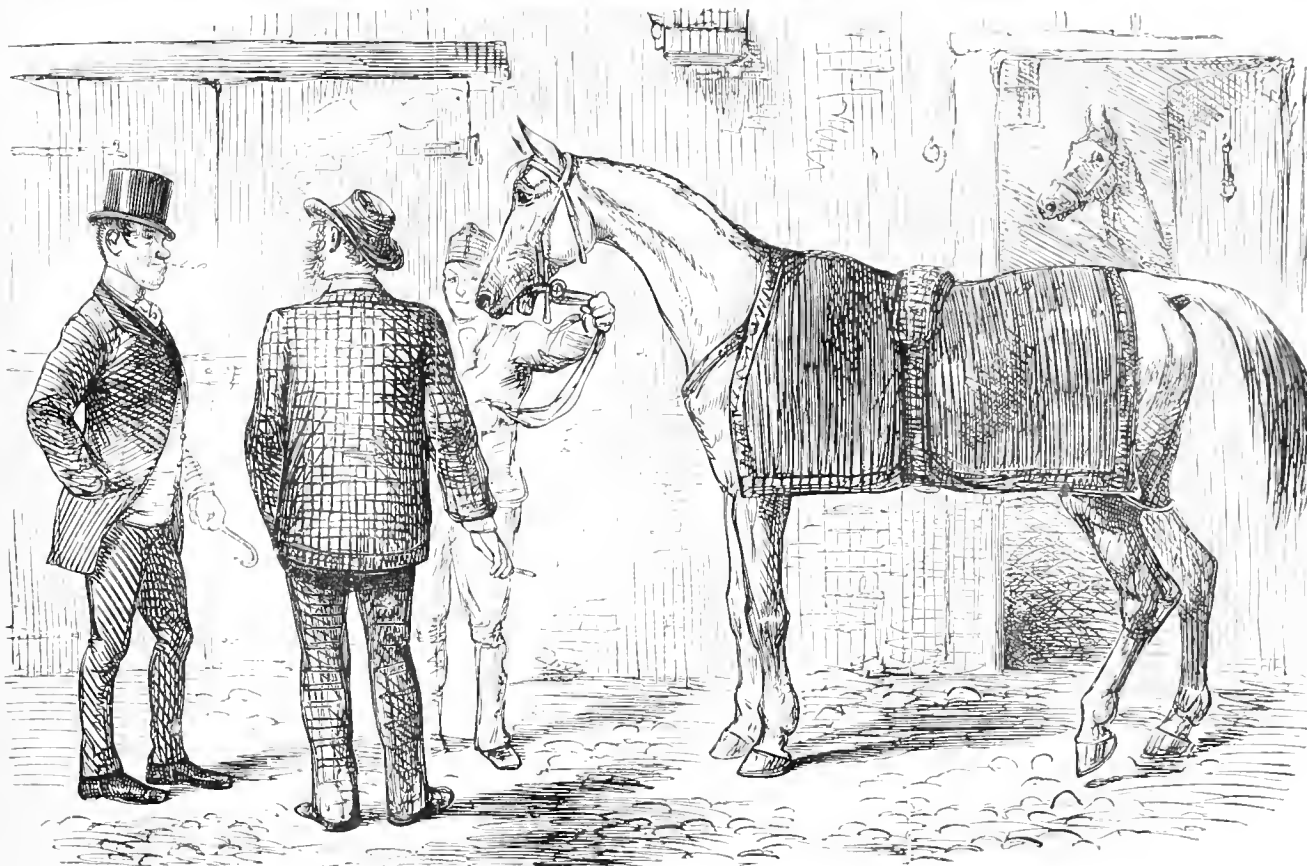


SERVE HIM RIGHT.

Swell (who, when he is asked to dine at half past six, thinks it fine to come at half-past eight). "HAW! I'M AFRAID YOU'VE BEEN WAITING DINNAW FOR ME!"
 Lady of the House. "OH DEAR, NO! WE HAVE DINED SOME TIME; WILL YOU TAKE SOME TEA?"



PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

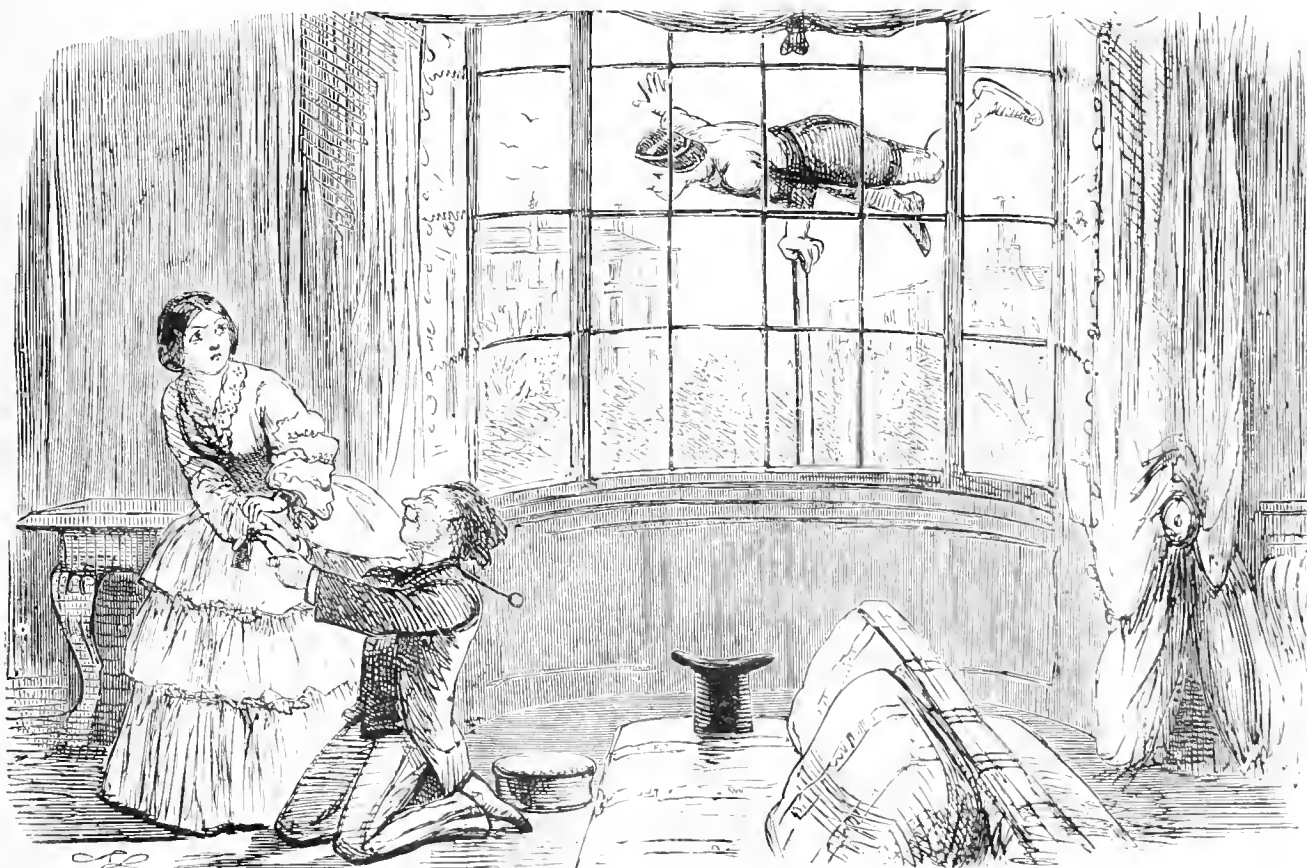


A CONSULTATION.

Veterinary Surgeon. "LEGS QUEER, SIR! DO YOU 'ACK 'IM OR 'UNT 'IM?"

Proprietor of Quadruped. "I HUNT HIM SOMETIMES, BUT I MOSTLY USE HIM AS A HACK."

Veterinary Surgeon. "AH, SIR, THAT'S WHERE IT IS. IT AINT THE 'UNTING AS 'URTS 'IM, IT'S THE 'AMMER, 'AMMER, 'AMMER ALONG THE 'ARD 'IGH ROAD!"



THE STREET ACROBAT NUISANCE.

UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT HE IS UNOBSERVED, MR PUDDLE OFFERS HIS HAND AND HEART TO THE OBJECT OF HIS AFFECTIONS.



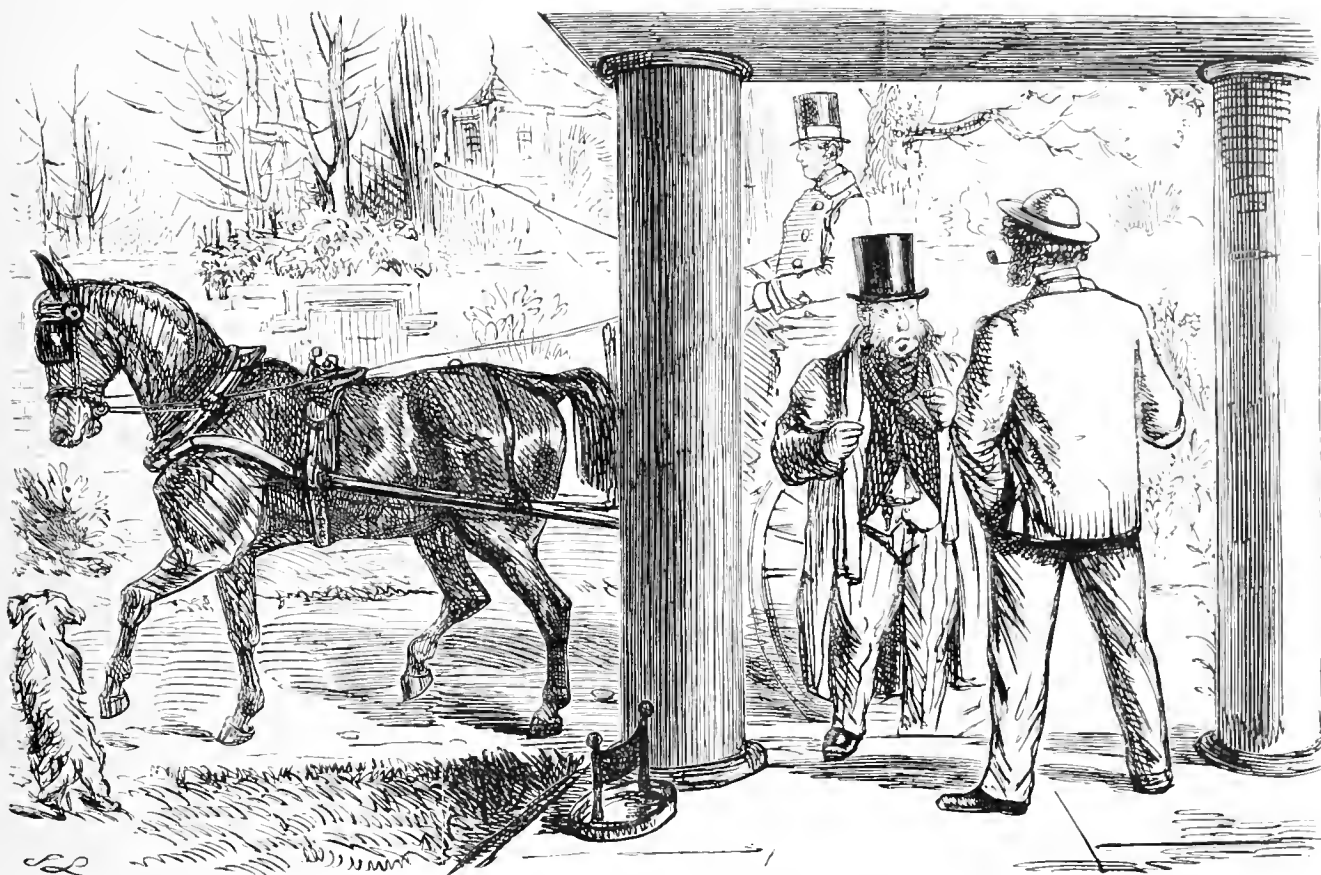
PHOTOGRAPHIC BEAUTIES.

"I SAY, MISTER, HERE'S ME AND MY MATE WANTS OUR FOTERGRUFFS TOOK; AND MIND, WE WANTS 'EM 'ANSOM, COS THEY'RE TO GIVE TO TWO LADIES"



EQUINE.

"I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO FIND A FAULT WITH HIM!"
 "PUT HE GOT SUCH A BEASTLY TAIL!"
 "BEASTLY TAIL! THERE NEVER WAS A BAD RAT-TAILED 'OSS WHY, WE GO MILES TO FIND 'EM"



PLEASING PROSPECT.

Friend from Town. "WELL! AND HOW'S THE MARE?"

Country Friend. "OH! ALL RIGHT, OLD BOY! SHE WILL BE AS FRESH AS PAINT FOR YOU TO-MORROW, FOR SHE HASN'T BEEN HUNTED SINCE THE DAY SHE PUT FRANK RAILER'S SHOULDER OUT!"



WHY NOT?

THE GREAT MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.—FAIR PLAY FOR THE BAKER.



A STARTLING NOVELTY IN SHIRTS.

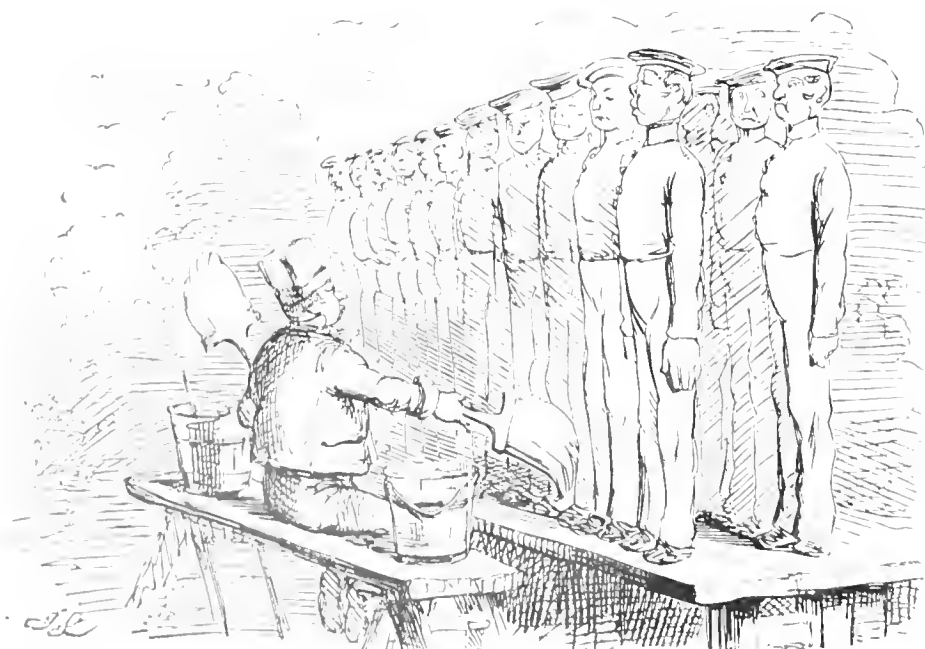


AN OBJECT OF UNIVERSAL SYMPATHY.

MR. PEEWIT HAS A LITTLE ADDITION TO HIS FAMILY—HE IS OBLIGED
TO GET HIS MEALS ANYHOW—

AND—

ABDICATES IN FAVOUR OF THE REAL MASTER OF THE
HOUSE.



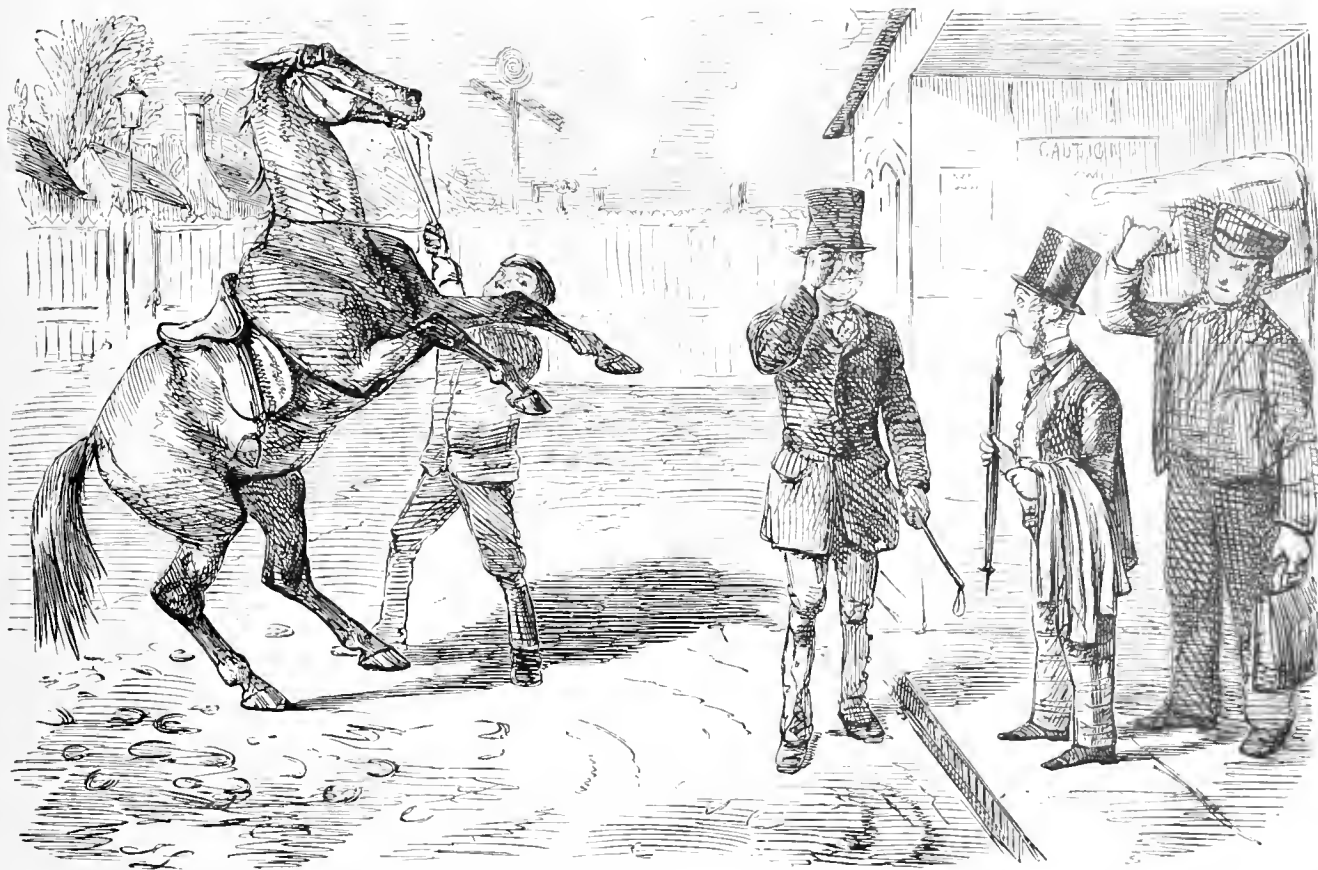
A HINT TO THE AUTHORITIES.

AN ECONOMICAL MODE OF PUTTING TROOPS INTO WHITE TROUSERS



DELUSIVE NOTION.

THE YOUNG GENT WHO IS GOING TO MAKE A
RAPID FORTUNE BY BETTING.



A SCENE AT A RAILWAY STATION.

Groom. "BEG PARDON, SIR,—BUT WOS YOUR NAME TOMKINS?"

Tomkins. "YES!"

Groom. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MASTER SAYS HE WOS WERRY SORRY AS HE COULDN'T SEND THE FEEATON—BUT, AS HIS YOUNG 'OSS WANTED EXERCISE, HE THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T MIND RIGIN' OF 'IM."

[TOMKINS bursts into a cold perspiration.



THE UNFITNESS OF THINGS.

Impudent Boy. "I SAY, BILL! COME AND SEE THE CONJURING—HERE'S THIS HERE GAL A GOIN' TO SQUEEZE HERSELF INTO THAT THERE BROOM!"



PLEASANT FOR "CHARLES DEAR."

Married Sister. "OH, CHARLES DEAR! NURSE IS NOT VERY WELL, AND AS I MUST STAY WITH BABY, WOULD YOU TAKE FREDDY AND THE TWO LITTLE ONES FOR A WALK, ONLY CARRY THEM OVER THE CROSSINGS, THAT'S A DEAR!"



TOO MUCH!

Party (who hates bad music in the middle of the night). "WH-A-T!! THE WAITS! CALLED FOR A CHRISTMAS DOX!—STOP A DIT!!"—

[The rest is too terrible.]



MARRY ON £300 A-YEAR!

Passer-by (to the Crossing-Sweeper). "WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?"

Sweeper. "WELL, SIR, I BELIEVE IT'S A KIND OF WEDDING; BUT IT AIN'T LIKELY TO BE AN 'APPY UNION—ONLY TWO BROUGHAMS AND A HACK CAB!"



AN OBJECT OF SINCERE PITY.



OFFENDED DIGNITY.

Snail Swell (who has just finished a Quadrille). "H'M, THANK GOODNESS, THAT'S OVER! DON'T GIVE ME YOUR BREAD-AND-BUTTER MISSES TO DANCE WITH. I LIKE YOUR GROWN WOMEN OF THE WORLD!"—(N.B. The bread-and-butter Miss has asked him how old he was, and when he went back to School.)



VERY LARGE NOTIONS.

Man of the World. "WHAT RUBBISH ALL THIS IS ABOUT MARRYING ON £300 A-YEAR! WHY, IT AIN'T ENOUGH TO BUY A FELLAH GIGARS!"



AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

TALK OF A MAD DOG, INDEED!—WHAT'S THAT TO A WET ISLE OF SKYE TERRIER UNDER THE BREAKFAST TABLE ON A HUNTING MORNING, AMONGST THE NICE CLEAN TOPS AND BUCKSKINS? [A Favourite Lawn Meet—and not a moment to spare.



JUVENILE WISDOM.

Florence —AND HOW OLD IS YOUR PONY, FRED?"
 Fred "WELL, I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY—BUT ROBERT THINKS HE IS ABOUT FOURTEEN YEARS!"
 Florence. "OH!—THEN I SUPPOSE HE WILL VERY SOON BE A HORSE!"



SNOWED UP.

POOR FELLOWS! THEY CAN'T GET ANY HUNTING, AND ARE OBLIGED TO PLAY AT SCRATCH CRADLE WITH THEIR COUSINS.

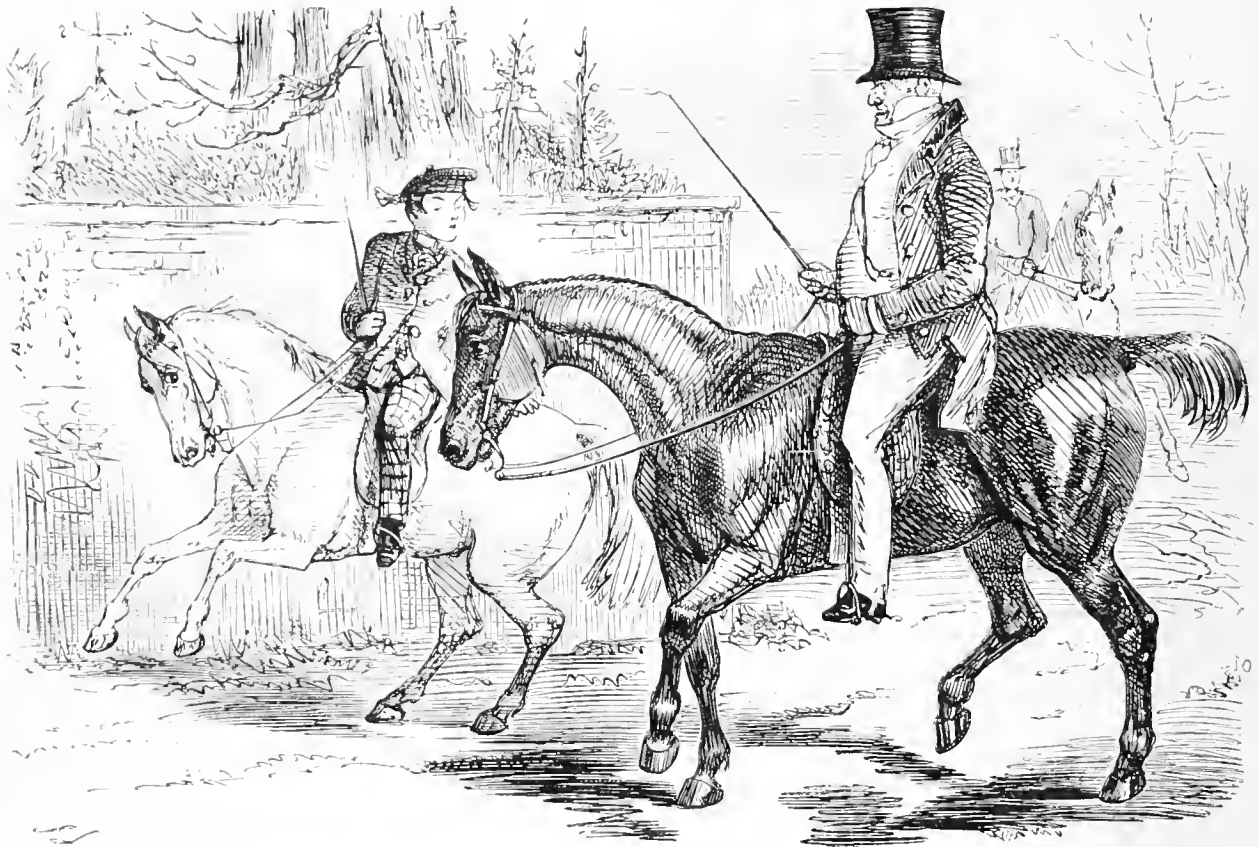


A WEIGHTY MATTER.

Frederic (a very big boy). "THAT'S A NICEISH PONY OF YOURS, CHARLEY—BY THE BYE. HOW HEAVY ARE YOU?"

Charley. "WELL, WITHIN A POUND OF THREE STONE, I'M SORRY TO SAY."

Frederic. "OH, I CALL THAT A NICE WEIGHT. NOW, I'M OBLIGED TO HAVE VERY EXPENSIVE PONIES, FOR, WITH SADDLE AND BRIDLE, I DON'T RIDE LESS THAN FOUR STONE TWO!"



A GOOD LIVER.

Frank. "I SAY, GRANDPA! HAVEN'T YOU GOT SOME CHAPS COMING TO GRUB WITH YOU TO-DAY?"

Grandpa. "EH! WHAT? SOME GENTLEMEN ARE COMING TO DINE WITH ME TO-DAY, SIR, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN!"

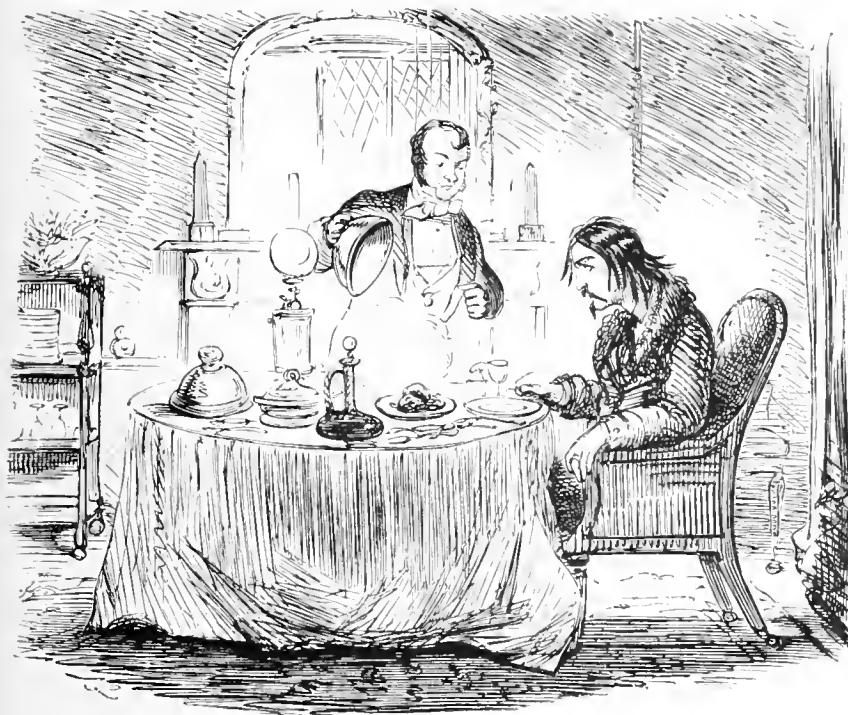
Frank. "HAH! SAME THING! WELL, LOOK HERE! YOUR COOK ISN'T A GREAT HAND AT A SALAD—NOW THAT'S A THING I FLATTER MYSELF I UNDERSTAND BETTER THAN MOST MEN—SO, IF YOU LIKE, I'LL MIX YOU ONE!"



THE OLD FOXHUNTER.

Flora. "WELL, RONALD! AND HOW DO YOU LIKE ROTTEN ROW?"

Ronald. "OH, PRETTY WELL; BUT IT'S RATHER SLOW WORK TO A MAN WHO HAS BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO GO ACROSS COUNTRY AS I HAVE ALL MY LIFE!"



MELANCHOLY.

Lord Eustace (a young Nobleman in love). "TELL ME, THOMPSON, ARE THOSE THE BIRDS?"
 Thompson (his confidential Servant). "YES, MY LORD."
 Eust. "THEY ARE YOUNG?" Thompson. "THEY ARE, MY LORD."
 Eust. "AND THE WINE?" Thompson. "LAFITTE—44, MY LORD."
 Eust. "YOU HAVE DRAWN THE CURTAINS?" Thompson. "EVEN SO, MY LORD."
 Eust. "AND YOU HAVE PLACED SOME COALS UPON THE FIRE?"
 Thompson. "MY LORD, THIS MOMENT I HAVE DONE SO."
 Eust. "THEN—THEN—LEAVE ME!!!"
 [And his Lordship pegs away at the Birds, drinks a Bottle of Claret, and feels all the better.]



OUT OF THE FASHION.

"WHY, FWED!—WHAWT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR LEGS?"
 "WHY, YOU SEE, PEG-TOP TROUSERS ARE GETTING SO COMMON, I'M GOING TO GIVE NATURE A CHANCE!"



REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

ON THE MORNING AFTER THE DISPENSARY BALL, AS EMILY DEUXTEMPS AND CLARA POLKINGTON WERE SITTING IN THE PLANTATION, WHO SHOULD COME TO THE VERY SPOT BUT CAPTAIN FASTMAN AND YOUNG REGINALD FIPPS!



"BLESS YOU! BLESS YOU!"



WHO WILL SERVE THE COUNTRY?

BEFORE: "NOW, BRAVE BOY, WITH THOSE WHISKERS AND SHOULDERS, YOU SHOULD BE WITH US, AND—I'M SURE THE LADIES WOULD EXCUSE YOU!"



WE'LL SERVE THE SHOP!



SERVANTGALISM ;

AND



FINELADYISM.

F. E. : "MOTHER, HOW SHOCKING THIS IS!—THE WAY NURSERYMAIDS NEGLECT THE CHILDREN!"
 D. : "YES, DEAR! AND I DON'T SEE THAT ANYTHING CAN BE DONE FOR WHAT WITH PARTIES, AND THE TIME ONE NATURALLY DEVOTES TO
 DRESSING AND THE NUMEROUS CALLS ONE HAS TO MAKE ONE CAN'T LOOK AFTER ONE'S OWN CHILDREN, YOU KNOW!"



THE ADVENT OF SPRING.

"THE DEAR GIRLS REALLY MUST HAVE SOME NEW BONNETS, FOR THEY CANNOT POSSIBLY WEAR THOSE NASTY, SHABBY, DIRTY, OLD WINTER THINGS ANY LONGER."



THE VALENTINE.

Little Foot Page. "I SAY, MARIA, WHAT'S A RHYME TO CUPID?"
Maria. "WHY, STUPID RHYMES TO CUPID—DON'T IT, STUPID?"



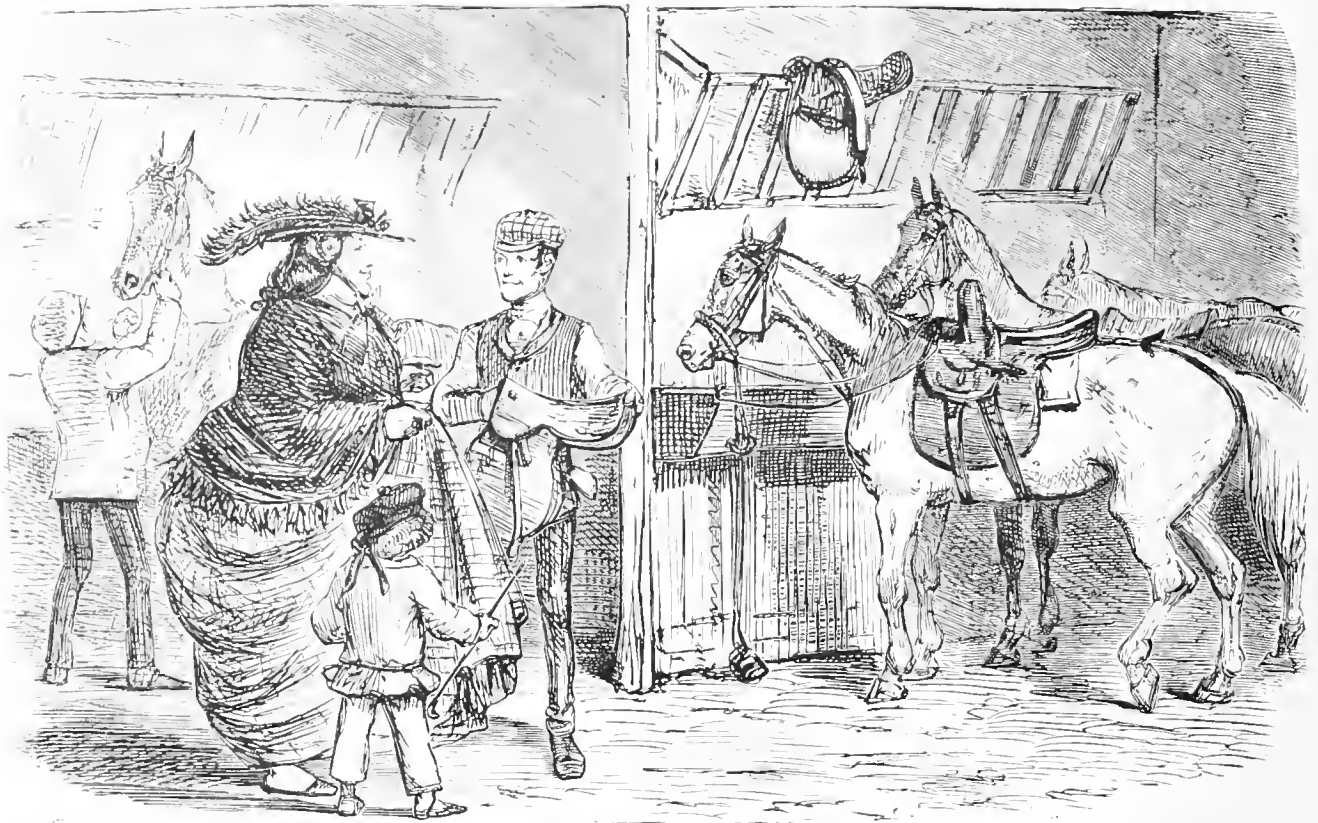
TASTE.

Shop girl (who has been expected to possess TENNYSON'S "Miller's Daughter"). "NO, MISS! WE'VE NOT GOT THE MILLER'S BUT HERE'S THE RATCATCHER'S DAUGHTER, JUST PUBLISHED!!"



INSULTING A REFUGEE.

Rude Boy. "OH CRIKEY BILL, IF 'ERE AINT THE GREAT ORANG-OUTANG BEEN TO A TAILOR, AND GOT RIGGED OUT AS A SWELL!"



A SKETCH FROM THE STAND AT SCARBORO'.

Fair Equestrian "OH! I WANT TO RIDE ON THE SANDS WITH THIS LITTLE BOY—HAVE YOU A HORSE DISENGAGED FOR HIM? ANY BIT OF A PONY THING, YOU KNOW WILL DO FOR ME!"



A WHOLESOME CONCLUSION.

Lady C. "YE LOVE—A VERY PRETTY CHURCH, BUT THE DOOR IS CERTAINLY VERY NARROW!"



INTERESTING GROUP POSED FOR A PHOTOGRAPH

BY A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY



OLD BOYS.

Old Boy (log.). "OH, SHE'S A CHARMING CYUURL, AND, UPON MY SAUL!
I THINK SHE LIKES ME AMAZINGLY!"

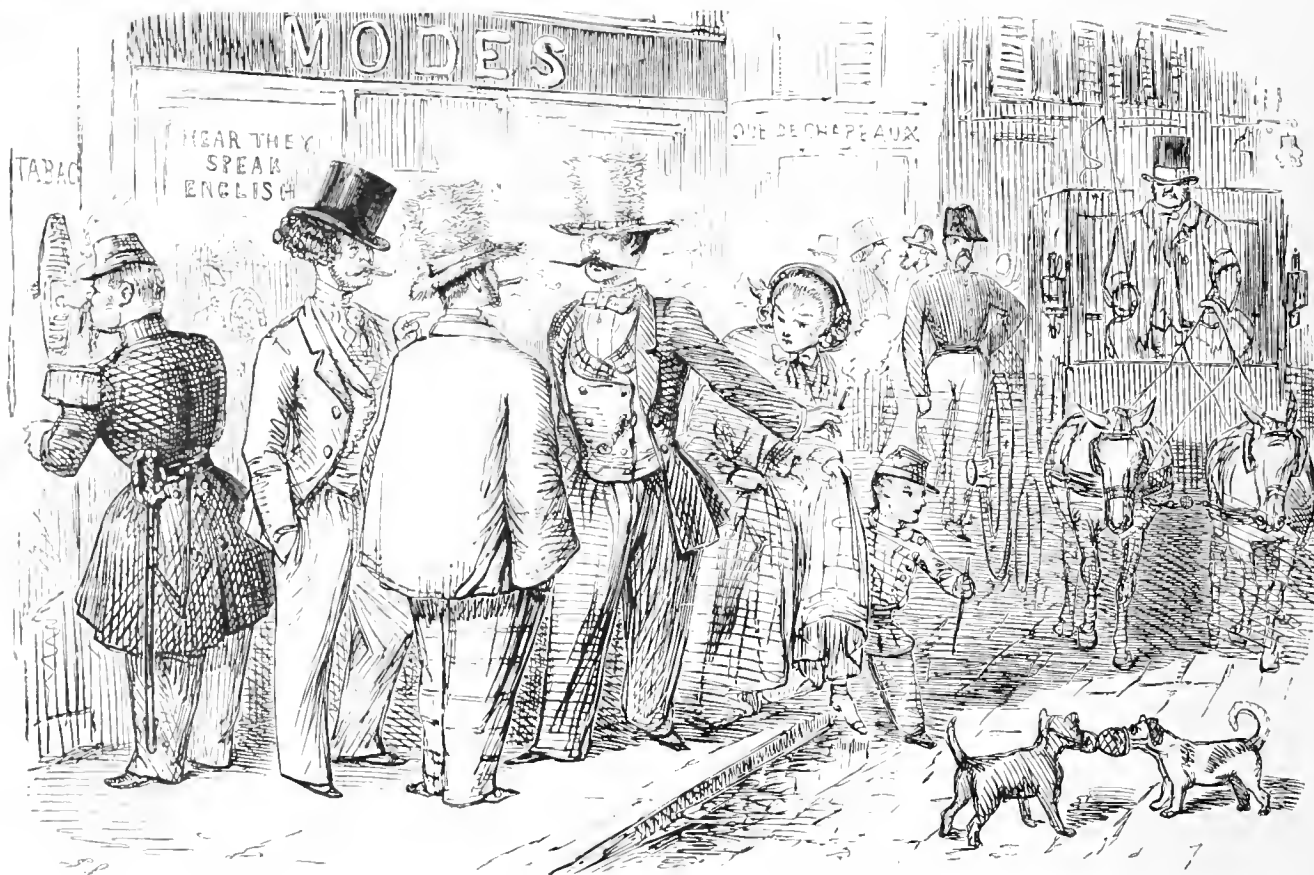


INTERESTING AND VALUABLE RESULT.



VERY ALARMING, INDEED.

Professional Man — "AH! IT'S VERY LUCKY YOU CAME TO ME IN
TIME—YOU SEE, MA'AM, YOU HAVE HAD INFLAMMATION OF THE
BRONCHIAL TUBES, WHICH, ACTING UPON THE FLEXOR LONGUS DIGI-
TORUM PEDIS, HAS OCCASIONED AN ABRASION OF THE DIGASTRICUS,
OR, AS SOME CALL IT, THE BIVENTER MAXILLÆ INFERIORIS; AND
WHICH MIGHT HAVE ENDED IN CONFIRMED DELIRIUM TREMENS, OR
EVEN PREMATURE ELEPHANTIASIS. HOWEVER, I DARESAY, &c., &c., &c.
[Old Lady gasps for breath.]



POLITENESS AS IN PARIS.
(A Perfidious Misrepresentation, of course.)



IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

Jules (who affects English manners and customs) "GOOD—A—BY, OLE BOY! I GO TO MAKE A PROMENADE IN MY TO-CAR"
(Which being interpreted means that Jules is going for a drive in his Dog-Cart.)



VERY ODD!

Lecturer on Electro-Biology. "NOW, SIR! YOU CAN'T JUMP OVER THAT STICK! AH! AH!"

Subject. "JUMP? EH! UGH! LOR BLESS ME, JUMP! NO, I KNOW I CAN'T—NEVER CCULO JUMP—UGH!"

(Thunders of applause from the Gentlemen in the cane-bottom chairs—i.e. believers.)



A TENDER POINT.

Irish Jarvie (with much excitement). "NOT FAST ENOUGH! IS IT? OH THIN, YER 'ONOR, JIST JUMP UP, TILL I TIRRIFFY YE THE WAY I'LL ROWL ALONG!"



STUMPED OUT.

Apollonius's Boy (to party rather proud of his horse) "I SAY, MISTER, MIND WHAT YOU'RE AT, OR YOU'LL BE OFF THE SHOPBOARD!"



A GENEROUS OFFER.

THE APOLLOUSIAN GIVE "A COPPER AND I'LL SEE YER SAFE OVER THE CROSSING!"



NOT A BAD IDEA FOR WARM WEATHER.

Frederick. "NOW, GIRLS, PULL AWAY—DON'T BE IDLE!"



A QUIET LOOK AT THE COUNTRY.

Frank. "THERE, CHARLEY! WE HAVE A GOOD MANY OF THOSE LITTLE DOUBLES HERE; BUT, BLESS YOU, OUR HORSES THINK NOTHING OF EM!"

Charley (who is not to be beaten). "HA, I SEE!—NICE CLEAN JUMPING! NOW IN OUR COUNTRY THE FENCES ARE L.G. AND CHAMPED."



PATERFAMILIAS HAS HIS HOLIDAY AT THE SEA-SIDE —



PLEASING DELUSION. IN RE THE ROUND HATS.

Female. "WELL! THERE CAN BE NO QUESTION ABOUT ONE THING!—THEY CERTAINLY DO MAKE YOU LOOK YOUNGER!"



THE ROUND HAT AGAIN.

Mrs. Poppo. "WELL, WHAT I SAY IS, THEY ARE VERY BECOMING—AND UNCOMMON COMFORTABLE?"



— — WHILE A RESPECTABLE ELDERLY FEMALE TAKES CARE OF THE HOUSE IN TOWN.



OH! WHAT A HUMBUG!

Amelia. "MAMMA, DEAR! HERE'S A NOTE FROM DEAR WILLIAM, WITH A BOX FOR THE OPERA, I SHOULDN'T WONDER." (Reads).—"My darling Amelia, Circumstances over which I have no control will take me as far as Greenwich. I have left my Latch-key—please to get it from the Waistcoat I took off, and send it by the Bearer to your ever affectionate Kiduna."



A PEACE CONFERENCE.

Flora "OH, I AM SO GLAD—DEAR HARRIET—THERE IS A CHANCE OF PEACE—I AM MAKING THESE SLIPPERS AGAINST DEAR ALFRED COMES BACK!"

Cousin Tom. "HAH, WELL!—I AIN'T QUITE SO ANXIOUS ABOUT PEACE—FOR, YOU SEE, SINCE THOSE SOLDIER CHAPS HAVE BEEN ABROAD, WE CIVILIANS HAVE HAD IT PRETTY MUCH OUR OWN WAY WITH THE GURLS!"



A POSER.

Darling: "OH, MAMMA, DEAR! WHAT SPLENDID FLOWERS!"

Mamma: "YES, DEAR, PUT IT DOWN. THAT IS MY WREATH. I'M GOING TO THE OPERA."

Darling: "OH! AND WHEN I GROW A BIG LADY, MAY I WEAR A WREATH, AND GO TO THE OPERA?"

Mamma: "WELL, DEAR, I HOPE SO!"

Darling: "WHAT, AND TAKE MY BEAUTIFUL VELVET AND GOLD CHURCH SERVICE UNCLE CHARLES GAVE ME?"



THE PICNIC. OVERTAKEN BY THE TIDE.



AN OBJECT OF ATTRACTION.

HOWKER, WHO IS FOND OF NICE THINGS FOR BREAKFAST, AND SOMETIMES MARKETS FOR HIMSELF, BECOMES AN OBJECT OF INTEREST FROM HAVING LAID IN A FEW BLOATERS, AND HALF-A-POUND OF FRESH CAMBRIDGE SAUSAGES, FROM BOND STREET—AND WHICH SAUSAGES AND BLOATERS ARE IN HIS COAT-POCKET.



A STRONG-BACKED CAR. SCENE—IRELAND.

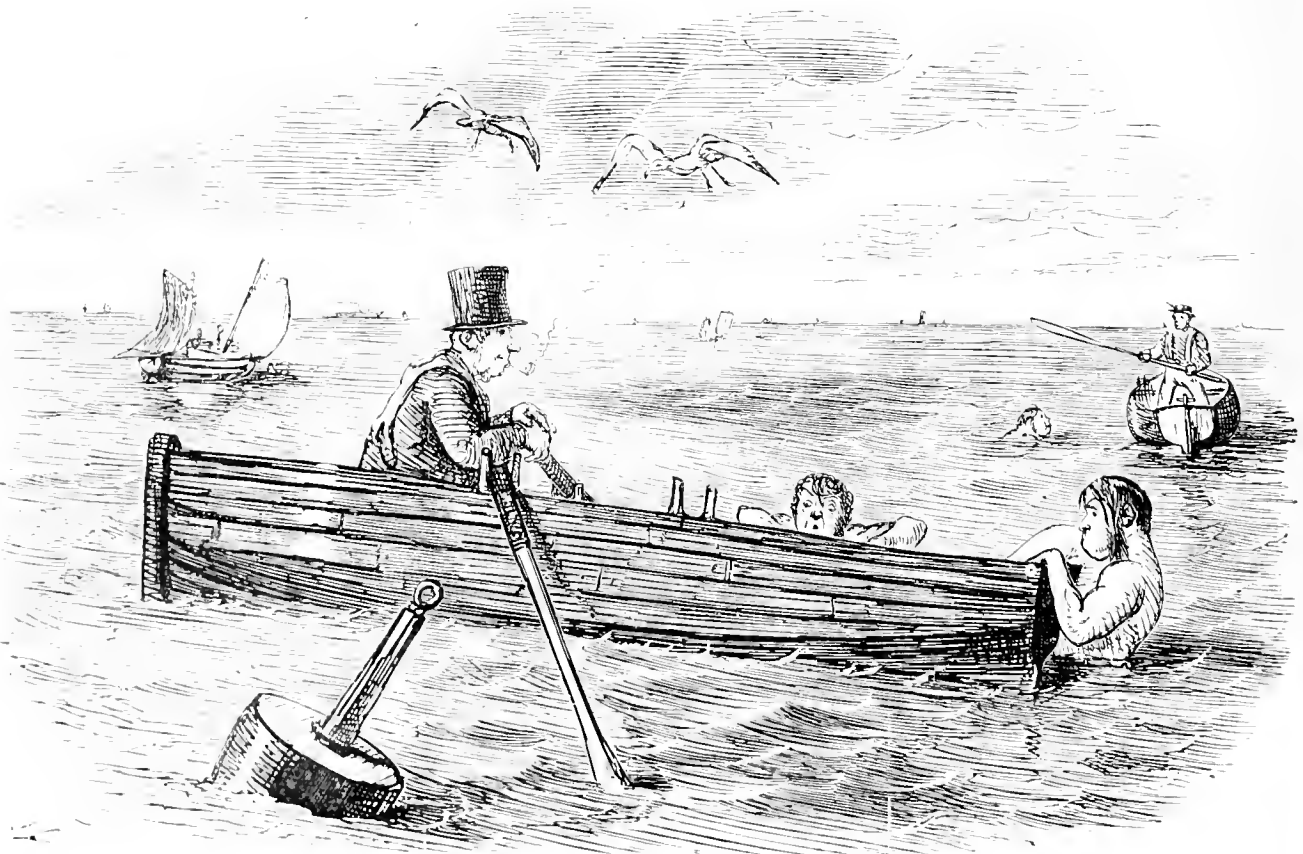
Tourist. "WELL, BUT MY GOOD FELLOW, YOU CAN'T CARRY US, AND ALL OUR LUGGAGE!"
Car Driver. "OGH, NIVER FEAR, YER 'ONOUR, SHURE I'D CARRY TWICED AS MUCH!"



THE NEW PURCHASE.

Mr. M.P. "BUT—THEY SAID HE WAS WELL KNOWN IN THIS HUNT!"

Farmer "OH, YES—AND SO HE IS VERY WELL KNOWN, HE'S BROKE MORE COLLAR BONES THAN ALL THE 'OSSES IN ENGLAND"



AQUATIC MANŒUVRES.

BY MUCH THE PLEAÑTTEST WAY OF SEA-BATHING IS TO TAKE A BOAT, AND HAVE A GOOD SWIM IN THE CLEAR BLUE WATER—AND ISN'T IT NICE SCRAMBLING INTO THE BOAT AGAIN! EH?



A PAINFUL SUBJECT.

Lieutenant Fopson (of the 121st, to his Elder Brother, who is home for the Holidays).—"A-SAY, OLD FELLAH!—DON'T YOU WISH YOU HAD LEFT SCHOOL?—IT MUST BE SUCH A HORRID BAW TO BE FLOGGED FOR SMOKING!"



THE NEW REGULATION MESS.

Swell Soldier. "WHAT, DINE OFF WOAST AND BOILED. JUST LIKE SNOBS—NO'—BY JOVE!—I SHALL CUT THE ARMY. AND GO INTO THE CHURCH!"



THE GREAT TOBACCO CONTROVERSY.

Clara (emphatically). "I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY, FRANK—I SHALL ALWAYS THINK IT A NASTY, OOLIOUS, DIRTY, FILTHY, DISGUSTING, AND MOST OBJECTIONABLE HABIT!"

Frank "HAW!—NOW, I'M REALLY SURPRISED, GLARA, TO HEAR SUCH A CLEVER GIRL AS YOU ARE RUNNING DOWN SMOKING IN SUCH STRONG LANGUAGE—FOR IT'S ADMITTED, BY ALL SENSIBLE PEOPLE. YOU KNOW, THAT IT'S THE ABUSE OF TOBACCO THAT'S WRONG!"

(Which little bit of sophistry completely vanquishes CLARA.)



AT PARIS.

A SKETCH FROM THE BOULEVARD

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



A YOUTHFUL SAGE.

Studios Boy. "JOHNNY!—I ADVISE YOU NOT TO BE A GOOD BOY!"

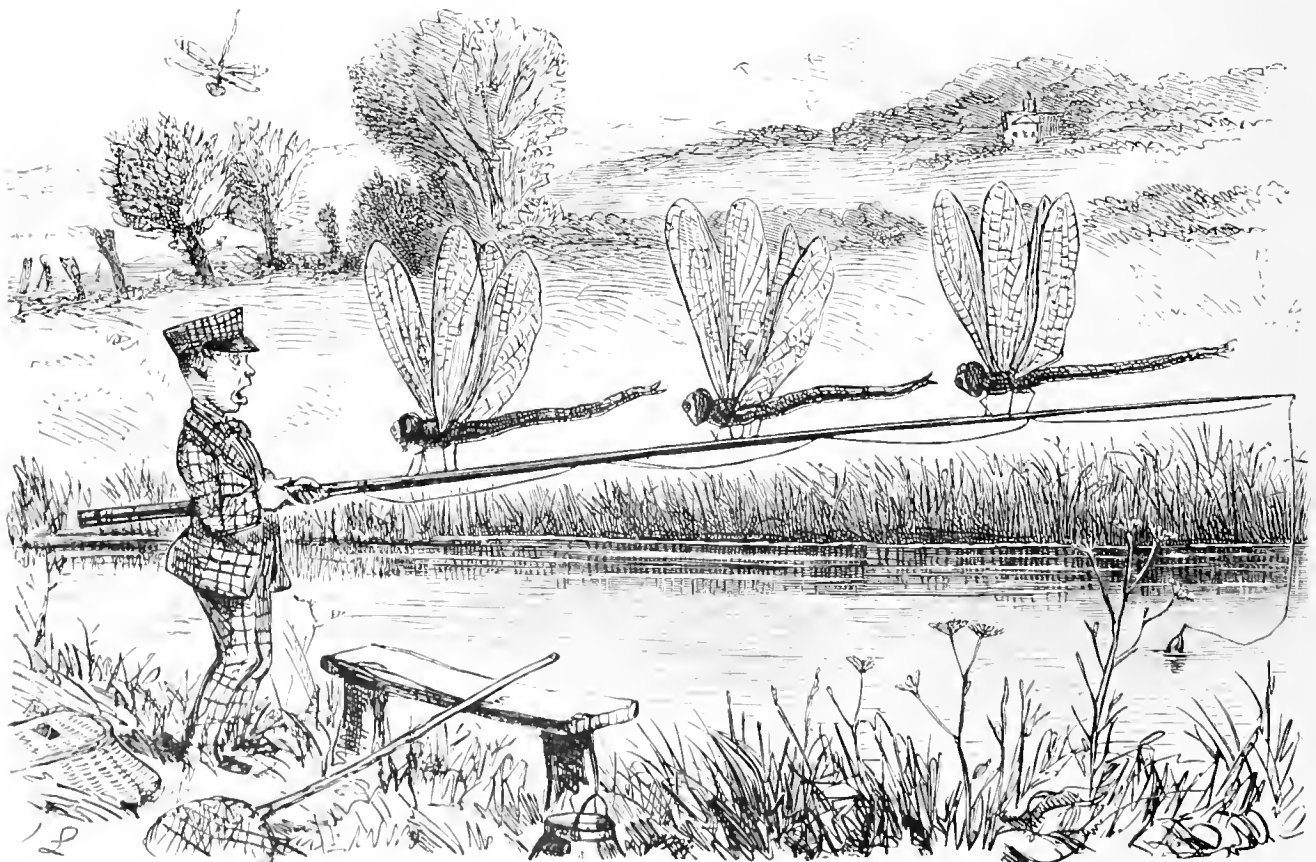
Johnny. "WHY?"

Studios Boy "BECAUSE IN BOOKS ALL GOOD BOYS DIE, YOU KNOW!"



ASTONISHING A YOUNG ONE.

Dick (to little Brother). "HAH! THIS IS ONE OF THE DISAGREEABLES IN BEING GROWN UP. WHY, BLESS YOU, IF I DIDN'T SHAVE TWICE A DAY THIS WARM WEATHER, I SHOULD NOT BE FIT TO BE SEEN!"



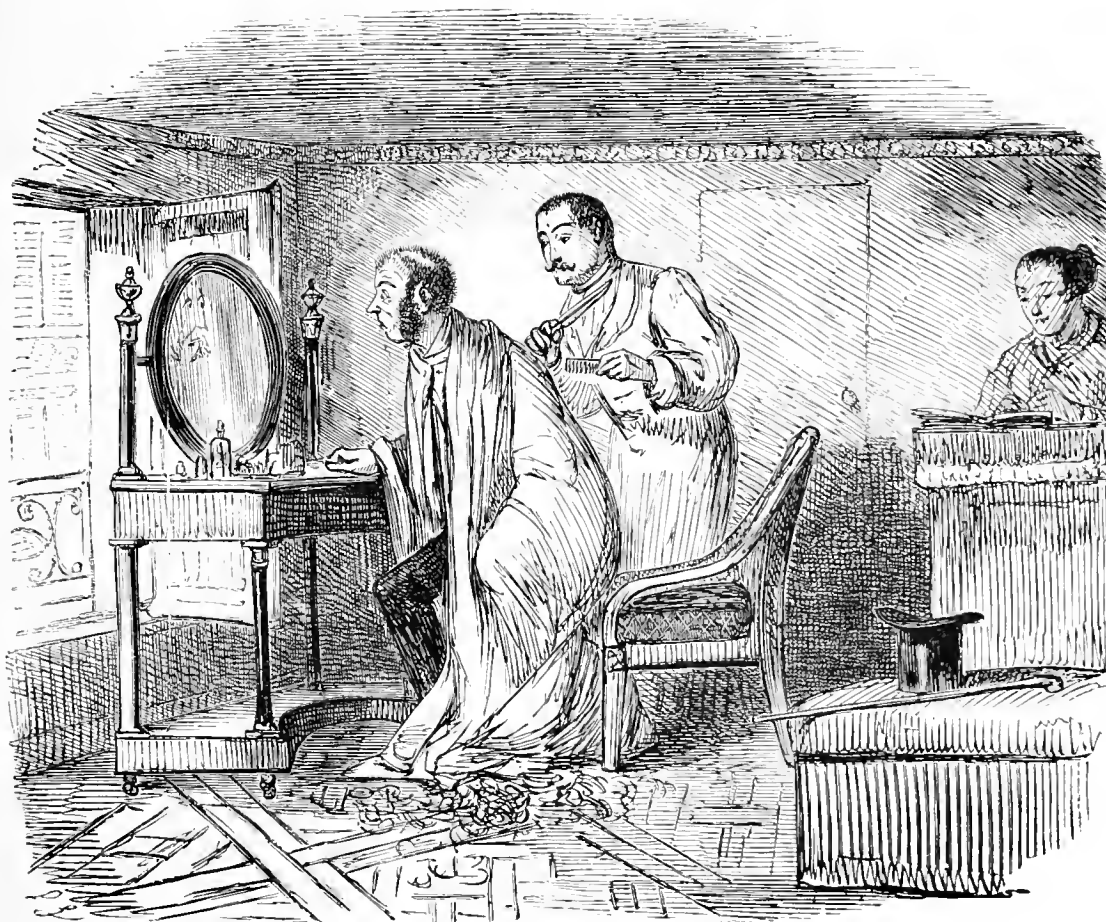
MONSTERS OF THE POOL.

MASTER GEORGE AND THE DRAGON FLIES AS THEY APPEARED TO HIS EXCITED IMAGINATION WHEN HE WAS OUT FISHING THE OTHER DAY.



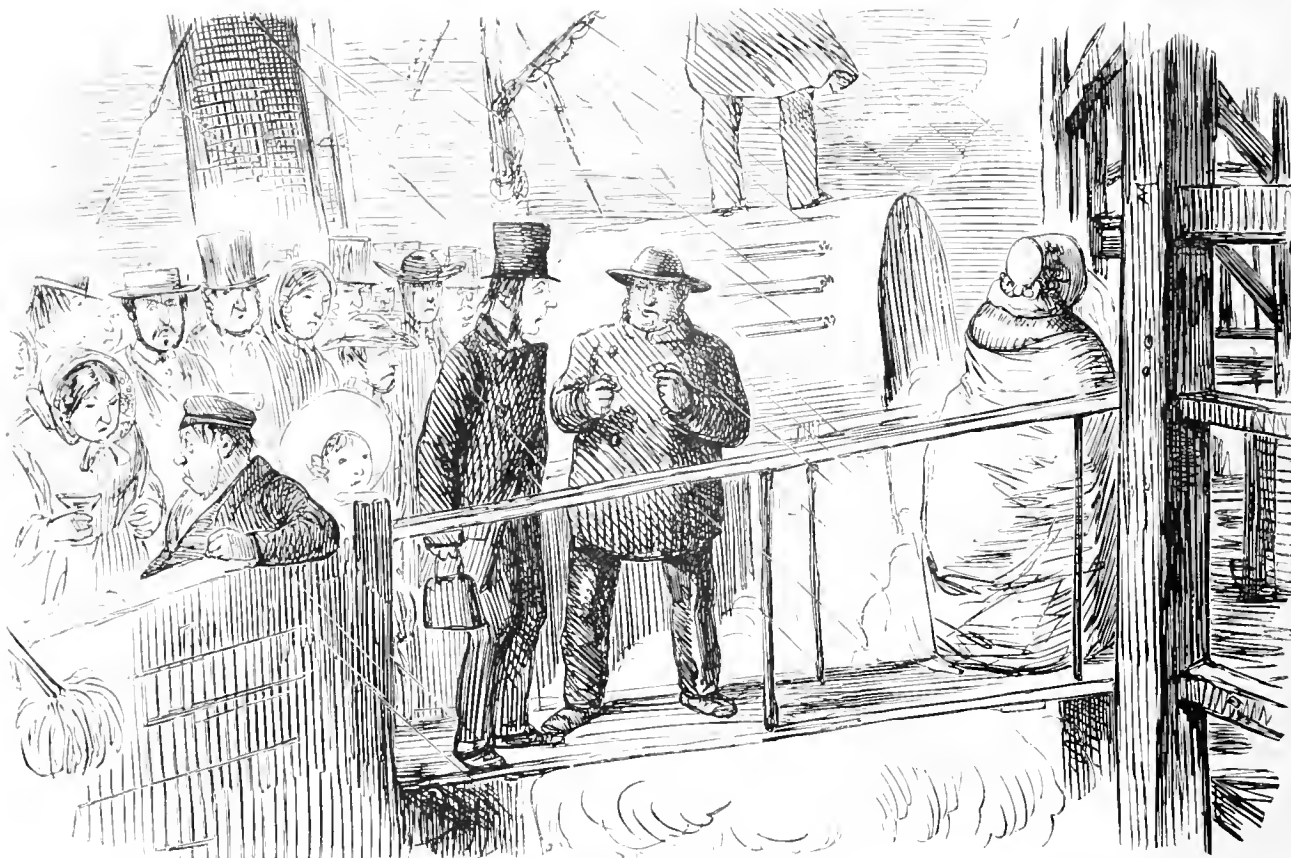
THE HUMOURS OF THE STREET.

Delightful Boy. "OH! LOOK 'ERE, JIM! HERE'S A SWELL—LET'S FRIGHTEN 'IS 'ORSE!"



CAUTION TO TRAVELLERS.

NEVER GO TO SLEEP WHILE YOU ARE HAVING YOUR HAIR CUT IN PARIS. OR IT MAY BE CUT IN THE FIRST STYLE OF FASHION!



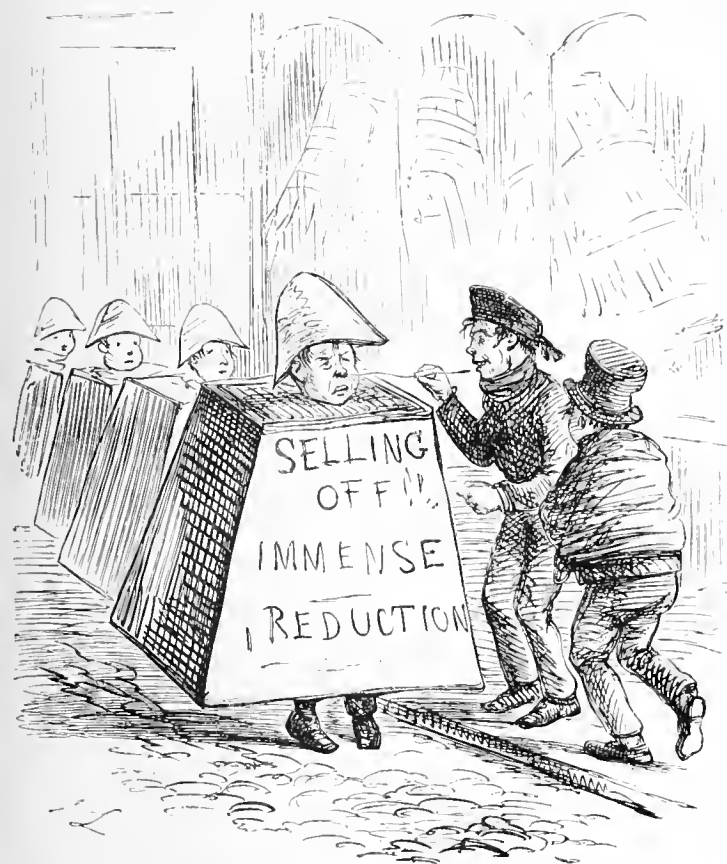
EXCURSION BOAT, AFTER A RATHER BOISTEROUS PASSAGE, ARRIVES AT 2.30 P.M.

Ticket Collector (without any feeling): "TICKETS, SIR! THANKYE, SIR! BOAT RETURNS AT 3!"



ADVENTURES OF MR. TOM NOODY.—No. IV.

OUR FRIEND HAS A DAY WITH THE BROOKSIDE HARRIERS—WITH HIS USUAL PRUDENCE HE GETS A HORSE ACCUSTOMED TO THE HILLS.



"TICKLED WITH A STRAW."

Advertising Medium. "COME, NOW, YOU LEAVE OFF! OR I'LL CALL THE PERLICE!"



IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

Military Man. "WELL! WHAT ARE YER A STARIN' AT?—AIN'T YER NEVER SEED A SOOGER BEFORE?"



IN CAMP.

Juvenile (à propos of Highlander in sentry-box). "OH! MY WIG, CHARLEY, WHAT A JOLLY JACK-IN-THE-GREEN HE'D MAKE!"



SANITAS.

"HEY, GOLIN! DINNA YE KEN THE WATTERS FOR DRINK, AND NAE FOR BATHIN'?"



THE QUADRILLE IN HOT WEATHER.

Stout Party (who suffers much from heat, and has in vain attempted to conceal himself). "OH, I BELIEVE WE ARE ENGAGED FOR THIS DANCE. I'VE BEEN—THAT IS—I'VE—EH?—I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU—A—A—EVERYWHERE—PHEW!"



OH YES, OF COURSE.

Lizzie. "OH, MR. POFFLES, I FIND I HAVE MADE A MISTAKE—I SEE I WAS ENGAGED FOR THIS DANCE."



FEMININE AMENITIES.

Sensitive Party. "WHO IS THAT GIRL WITH THE NEZ RETROUSSE?"

Amiable Party (who has rather a prominent beak). "NEZ RETROUSSE! DO YOU MEAN THAT GIRL WITH THE PUG NOSE?"



A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR MUGGINS.

"LARK! I SAY! WHAT'LL MY OLD MAN THINK WHEN HE SEE ME IN THIS 'ERE 'AT?"



HUSBAND-TAMING.



RESULT OF ALLOWING LADIES TO WITNESS RAREY'S HORSE-TAMING EXHIBITION.

Mrs. Blanch. "I ASSURE YOU, MY LOVE, HE IS COMPLETELY UNDER MY CONTROL. HE NEVER TALKS NOW OF SUCH A THING AS GOING TO HIS CLUB OR DINING AT GREENWICH WITH HIS BACHELOR FRIENDS, AND HE WILL READ TO ME WHILE I WORK FOR THE HOUR TOGETHER."

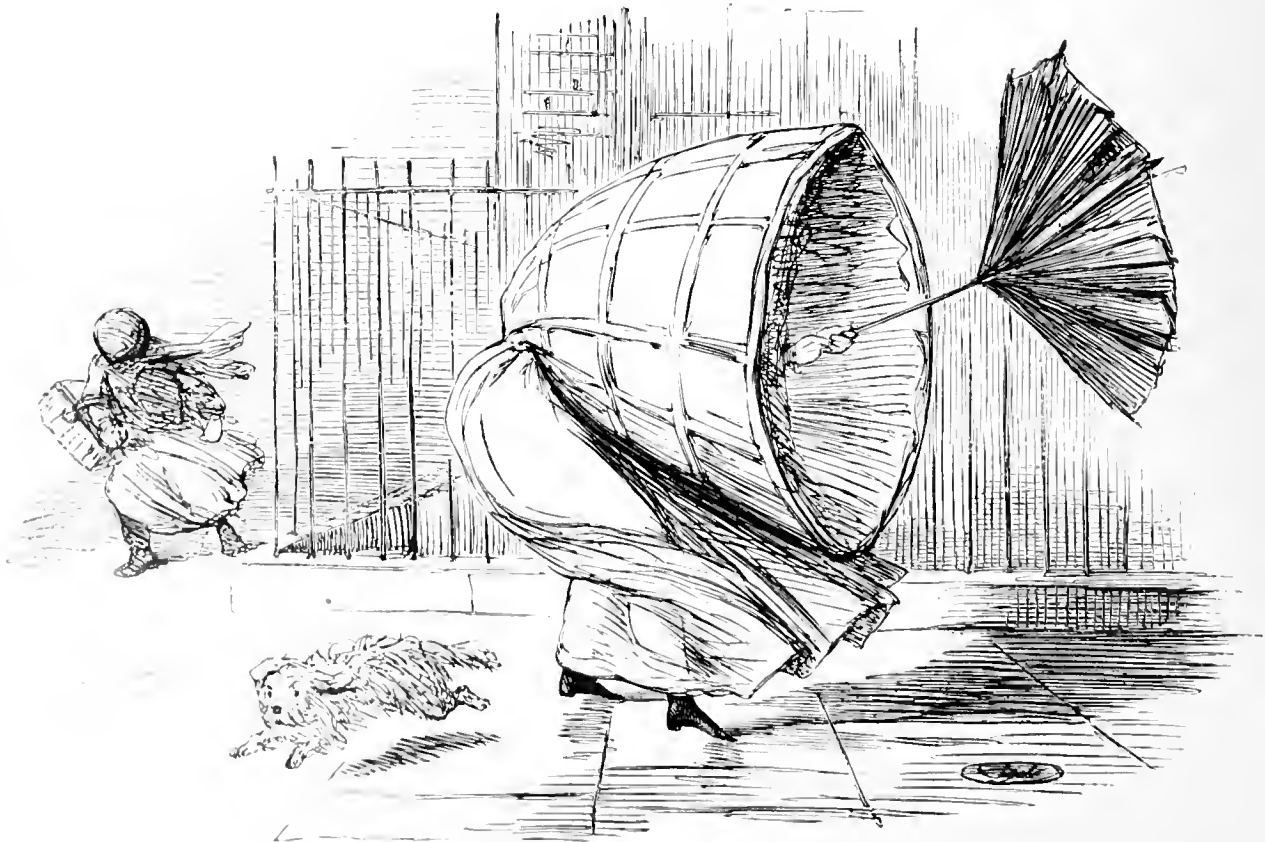
Mrs. Catherine. "OH, I MUST CERTAINLY LEARN THE ART. FOR MY AUGUSTUS IS REALLY DREADFUL!"



THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

Frederick "BUT I ASSURE YOU, DEAREST——"

Emily "OH, NONSENSE. FREDERICK!—DON'T TELL ME! I JUDGE BY DEEDS, NOT WORDS; AND I AM SURE YOU CANNOT REALLY LOVE ME, OR YOU NEVER WOULD HAVE GIVEN THAT HORRID MISS CLAPPERTON THE WING OF THE CHICKEN, AND ME THE LEG. BESIDES, YOU HANDED THE STRAWBERRIES FIRST TO FLORA GIGGLES. AND YOU KNOW HOW I HATE HER"



A SKETCH DURING THE RECENT GALE.



TERRIFIC ACCIDENT.

BURSTING OF OLD MRS. TWADDLE'S AQUA-VIVARIUM. THE OLD LADY MAY BE OBSERVED ENDEAVOURING TO PICK UP HER FAVOURITE EEL WITH THE TONGS, A WORK REQUIRING SOME ADDRESS.



THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

Lady Flora. "FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB, INDEED! FOR MY PART, I THINK YOUNG MEN OF FORTUNE MIGHT EMPLOY THEIR TIME MUCH BETTER THAN DRIVING HORSES TO GREENWICH! DON'T YOU, ALICE?"
 Alice (with a tremendous sigh). "OH, YES! DEAR!"

MR. PUNCH'S ADVICE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.



"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF."—No. I.

FOR EXAMPLE —BY GETTING UP AT DAY-BREAK, CLEANING OUT YOUR STABLE, AND TAKING THE HORSES OUT FOR EXERCISE, YOU WILL ACCOMPLISH YOUR OBJECT,



"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF."—No. II.

AND —ENABLE THE GROOMS TO GET THEIR BREAKFAST COMFORTABLY, AND SO KEEP THEM IN GOOD HUMOUR FOR THE REST OF THE DAY.



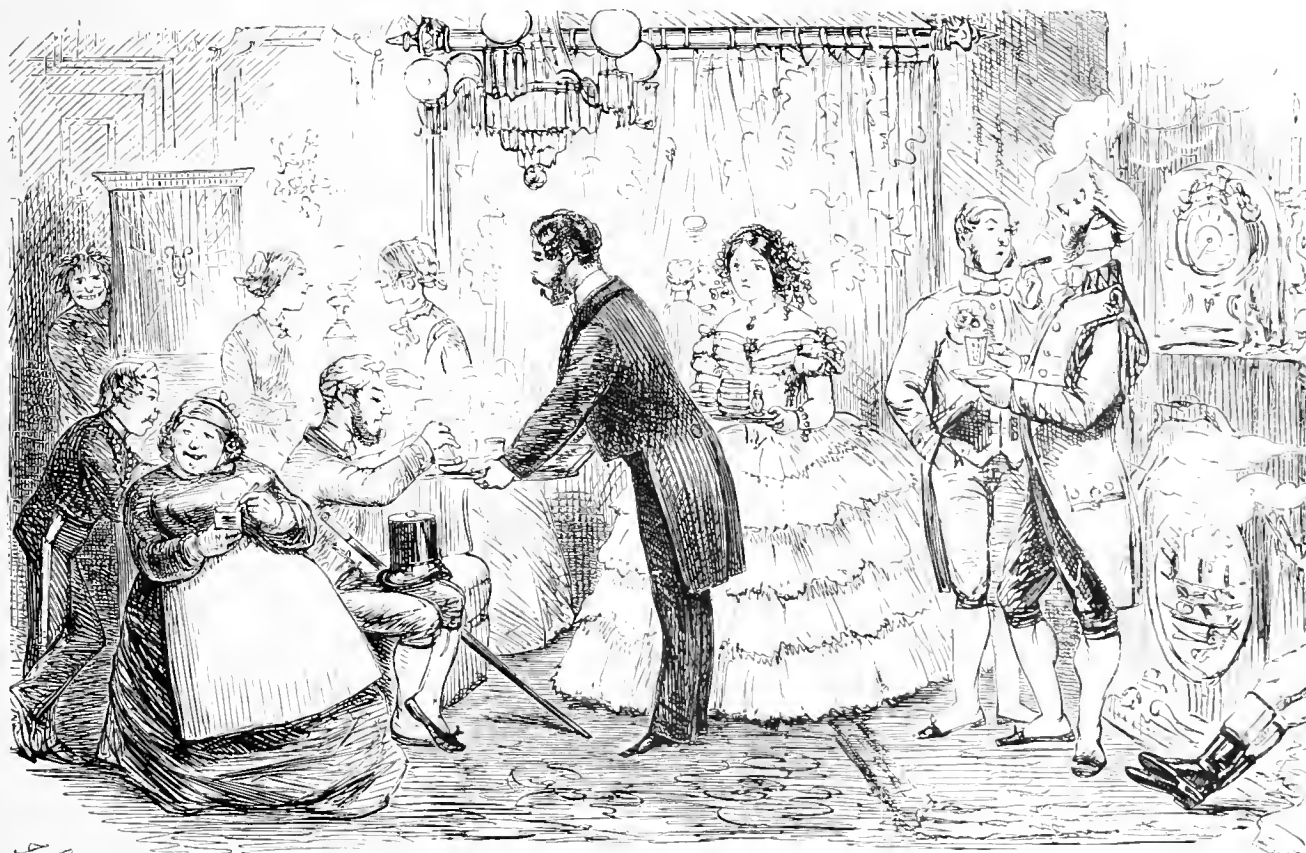
"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF."—No. III.

HAVING THOROUGHLY DRESSED AND FED THE HORSES, YOU HAD BETTER SET TO WORK UPON THE BOOTS OF THE ESTABLISHMENT. THE KNIVES, AS YOU HAVE A MACHINE, YOU MAY AS WELL DO. AND, WHILE YOUR HANDS ARE SOILED, YOU HAD BETTER HELP ALPHONSO TO CARRY UP SOME GOALS.



"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF."—No. IV.

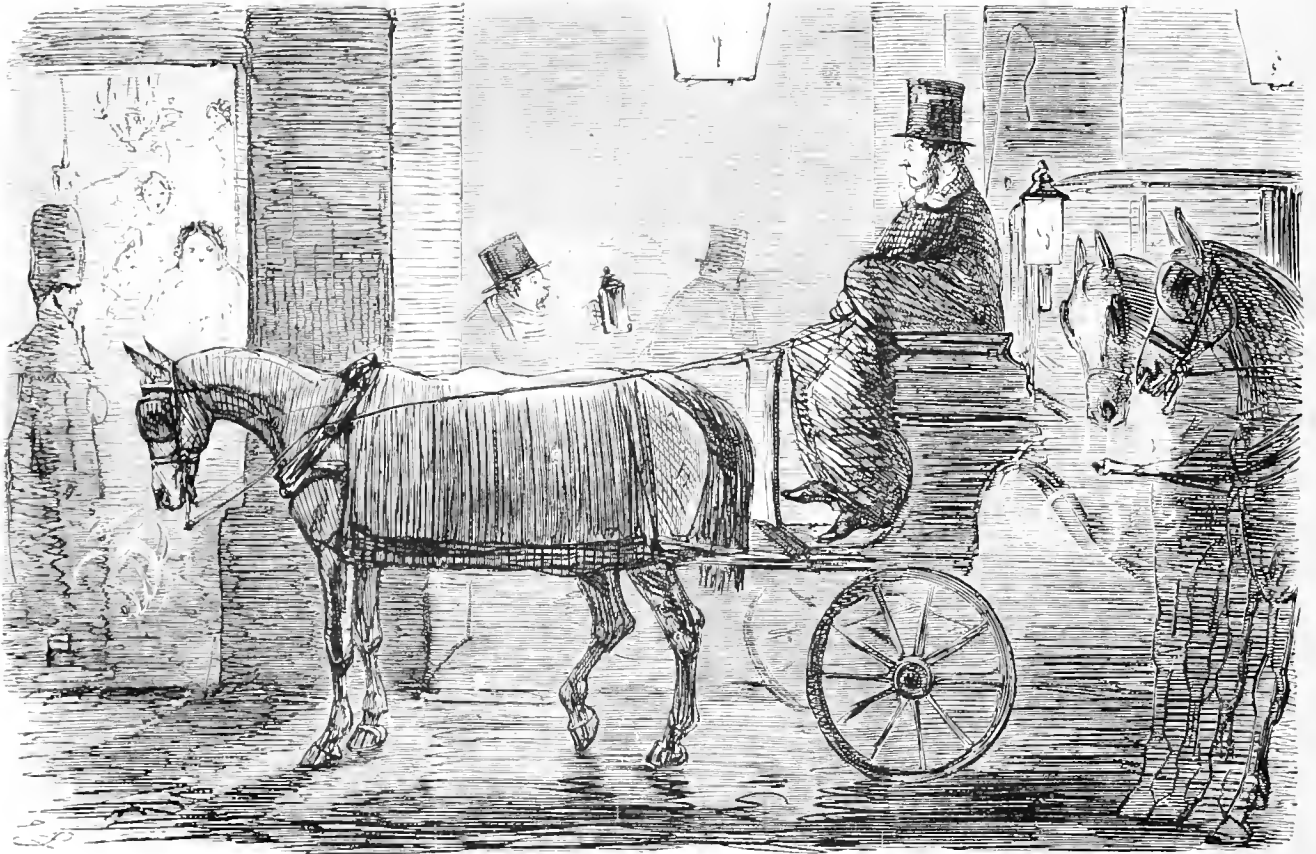
THERE CAN BE NO REASON WHY THE GIRLS SHOULDN'T DRESS THEMSELVES, THAT PARKER THE MAID MAY GO TO HER DANCING



"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF."—No. V.

AS FOR JOHN THOMAS, THE BEST PLAN, OF COURSE, IS TO WAIT UPON HIM, AND THEN, PERHAPS (ALTHOUGH IT BY NO MEANS FOLLOWS), HE MAY BE SATISFIED!
[As most Domestic are fond of the Organ-grinders, you had better engage one of an evening for their amusement.

MR. PUNCH'S ADVICE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.



"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF."—No. VI.

IT IS CERTAINLY BETTER TO MIND THE BROUGHAM YOURSELF, ESPECIALLY IN FOGGY WEATHER, AS, IN CONSEQUENCE OF ROBERT'S UNFORTUNATE PROPENSITY, YOUR FAMILY ARE ALWAYS MORE OR LESS IN DANGER WHEN RETURNING FROM THE THEATRE.



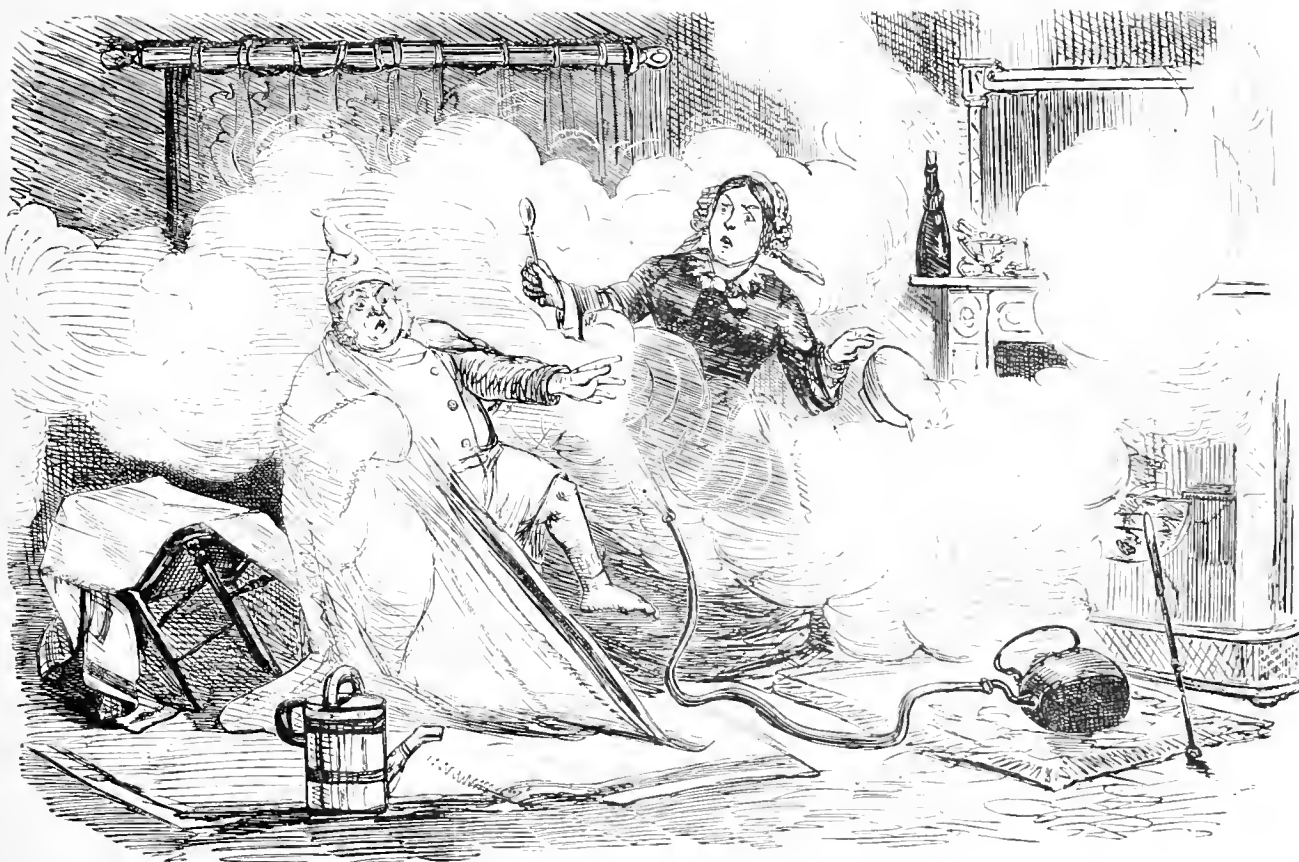
"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF."—No. VII.

NEVER DISTURB THE MAIDS IN THE MORNING, BUT JUMP OUT OF BED THE MOMENT YOU HEAR THE SWEEP, AND LET HIM IN, IT ISN'T MUCH TROUBLE, AND SAVES A WORLD OF GRUMBLING.



DOMESTIC DOCTORING.

FOR A COLD IN THE HEAD THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A STEAM BATH, AND THIS CAN BE HAD IN YOUR OWN BEDROOM WITH THE GREATEST EASE—YOU HAVE ONLY TO—



TAKE CARE THAT YOU MANAGE THE APPARATUS PROPERLY.



"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS, 'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE!"

(New Version.)

"I SAY, J.M., VOTS A PANIC?"

"BLOW'D IF I KNOW, BUT THERE'S VON TO BE SEEN IN THE CITY."



A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.

Puseyite Parson. "WHAT! WANT TO LEAVE YOUR SITUATION! WHY. I THOUGHT YOU WERE PERFECTLY SATISFIED!"

Cook. "WELL, SIR, THE FACT IS, I AIN'T EQUAL TO THEM FAST DAYS; FOR WHAT WITH A HEGG HERE, AND A HEGG THERE, AND LITTLE BITS O' FISH FOR BREAKFASTS, AND LITTLE BITS O' FISH FOR DINNERS, AND THE SWEET OMELICKS, AND THE FRIED AND THE STEWED HOYSTERS, AND THE BASHAWED LOBSTERSES, AND ONE THINK AND THE HOTHER, THERE'S SO MUCH COOKING, THAT I AIN'T EVEN TIME TO MAKE UP A CAP!"



CATCHING A TARTAR.

Irritable Old Gentleman (giving Conductor a tremendous poke in the ribs): "HOLLO THERE! STOP! WHAT THE D... CONFOUND YOU, DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO STOP AT ACACIA VILLA?"

Extremely Civil Conductor: "DEAR ME, SO YOU DID, SIR—BEG YOUR PARDON, I'M SURE, SIR, BUT I REALLY QUITE FORGOT IT."

Irritable Old Gentleman: "D-D-DON'T BEG MY PARDON, YOU IMPUDENT SCOUNDREL! —IF YOU GIVE ME ANY OF YOUR BAD LANGUAGE, I'LL HAVE YOU UP AS SURE AS YOU'RE BORN."



TOUCHING.

Groom (to Old Coachman): "WHY, GUV'NR, WHAT HEVER'S THE MATTER?"

Old Coachman (sobbing): "AH, WILLIAM! MOST AFFECTIN' SIGHT! I'VE JUST SEEN THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB GOING DOWN TO GREENWICH! TEN ON 'EM! BEAUTIFUL TEAMS! AND DRIVEN BY REG'LAR TIP-TOP SWELLS! IT'S BIN A'MOST TOO MUCH FOR ME!"

[Is relieved by tears.]



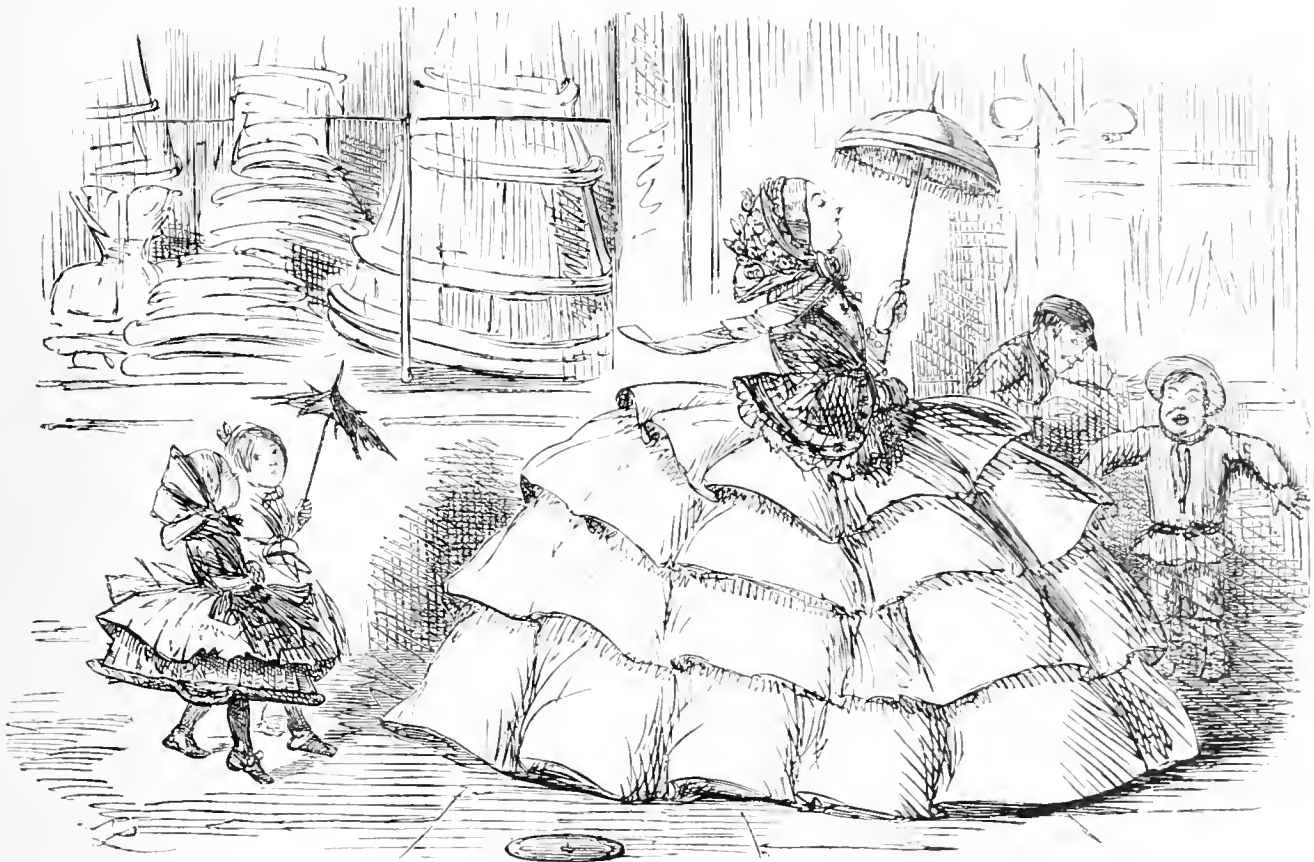
FLUNKEIANA

John Thomas: "YES, I MUST LEAVE YOU SEE MARY MY DEAR—THERE TOO MUCH RED IN THE LIVERY, AND THAT DON'T SUIT MY COMPLEXION—NEVER DID."



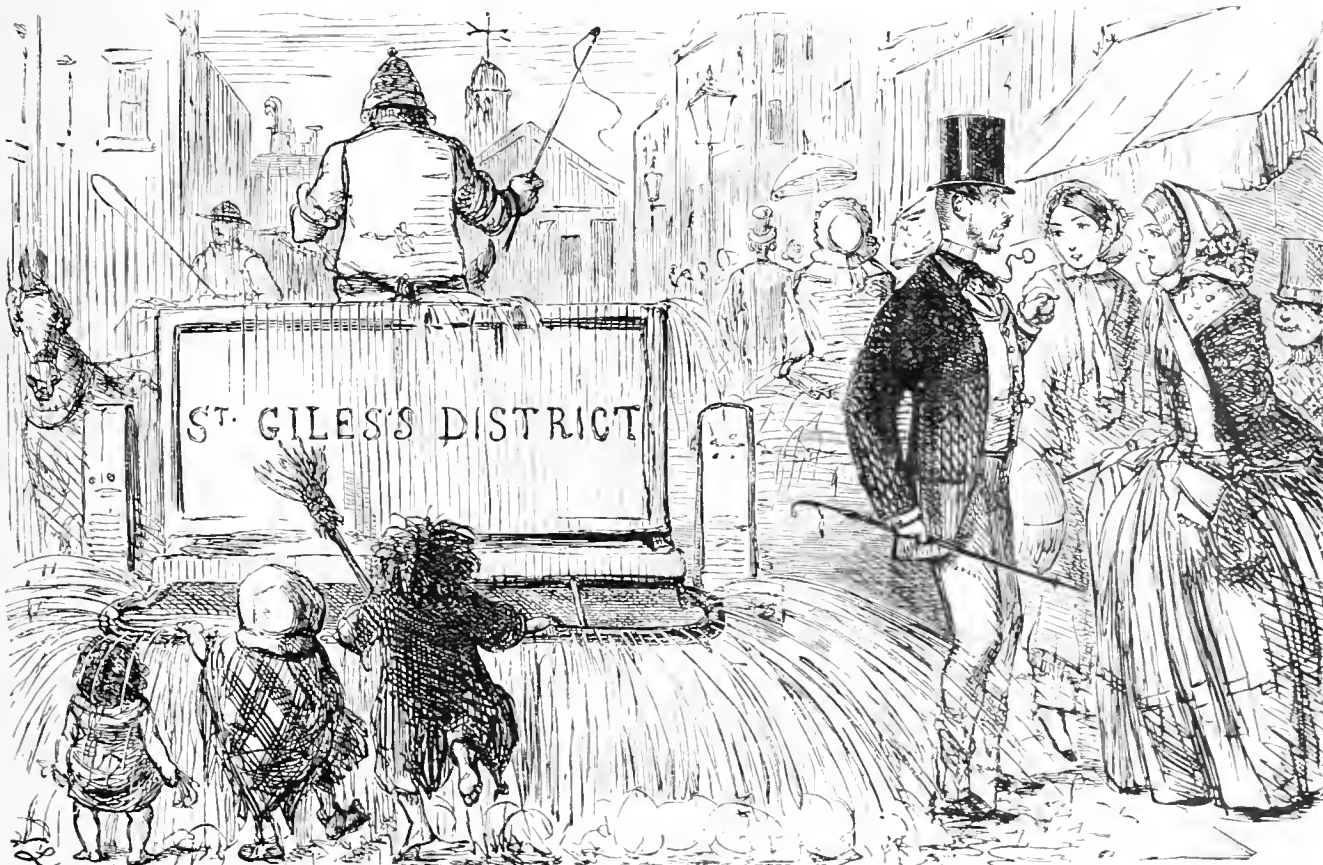
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

THIS IS ABOUT THE MARK, I THINK."



IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

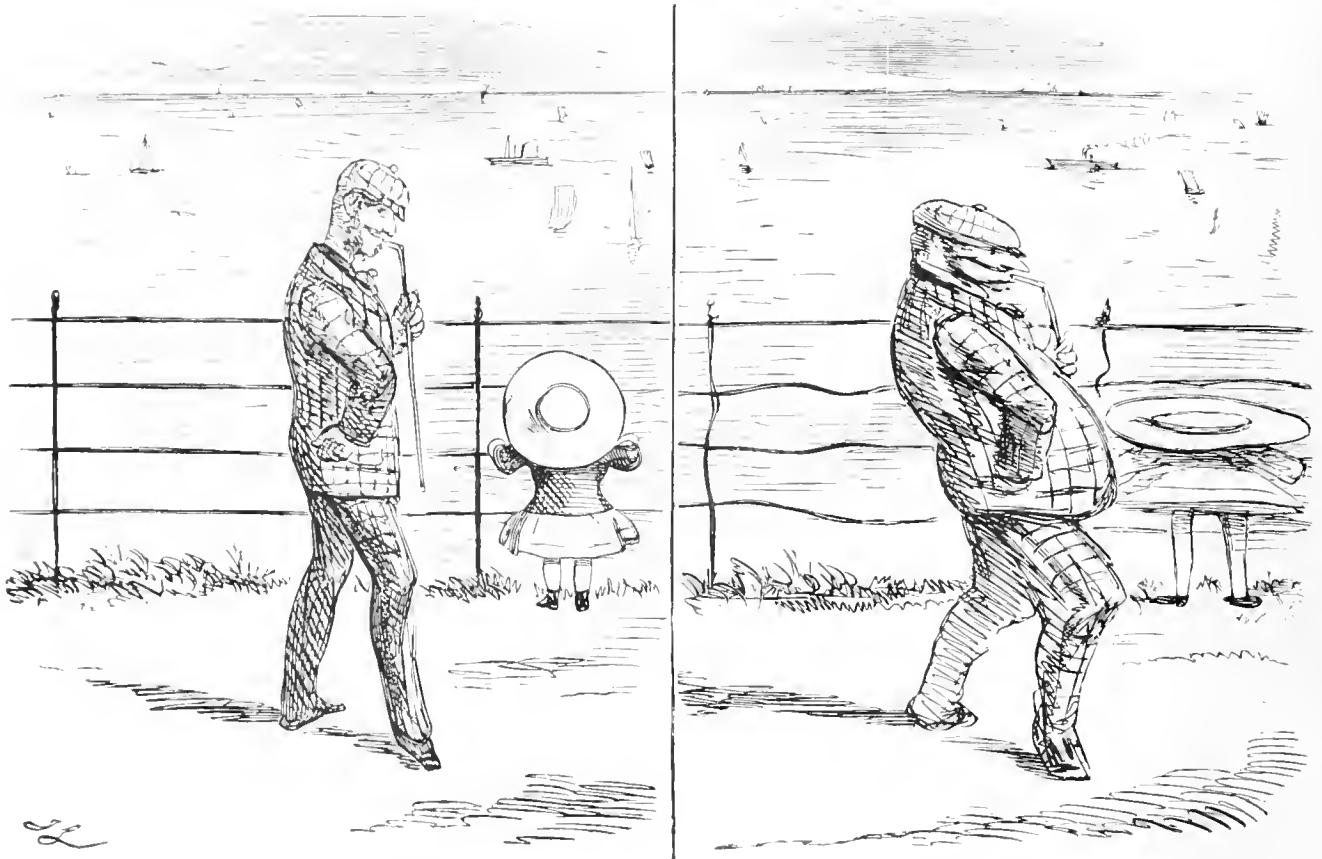
Sarah Jane to Betsy Ann, "OH, YES! IF IT COMES TO THAT, YOU KNOW, PEOPLE CAN STICK OUT AS MUCH AS OTHER PEOPLE—I ALWAYS WEARS ONE O' MOTHER'S OLD CLOTHES-BASKETS"



MALAPROPOS.

Swell (log.). "IN FACT, I'M QUITE USED UP—AND IF I DON'T VERY SOON GET TO SOME WATERING PLACE, I SHALL BE A—A—"

[Cartman pulls string—Grand display of the whole system of Fountains.



"AN ART THAT DOTTH DISFIGURE NATURE."

MR. BELVILLE DE COURCY WALKS ON THE ESPLANADE, UNDER THE IDEA THAT HE IS CREATING NO END OF SENSATION IN A CERTAIN DRAWING-ROOM

ALAS! HE LITTLE KNOWS, THAT OWING TO THE VERY INFERIOR QUALITY OF THE GLASS IN THAT DRAWING-ROOM WINDOW, HIS SPLENDID FIGURE IS DISTORTED AS ABOVE



ON THE JETTY.

YE, MY DEARS I KNOW THE SEA-BREEZE AFTER BATHING IS BENEFICIAL TO THE BACK HAIR,—BUT CONSIDER THE HEART OF YOUR TOO SUSCEPTIBLE PUNCH!



A WATER ABSTAINER.

Disgusting Boy. "I SAY, CLARA!—I'M SO JOLLY GLAD, I AM DO YOU KNOW, ALL THE PIPES ARE FROZE, AND WE SHAN'T BE ABLE TO HAVE ANY OF THAT HORRID WASHING THESE COLD MORNINGS!—AIN'T IT PRIME!"

[Sensation.]



A MORAL LESSON FROM THE NURSERY.

Arthur. "DO YOU KNOW, FREDDY, THAT WE ARE ONLY MADE OF DUST!"

Freddy. "ARE WE? THEN I'M SURE WE OUGHT TO BE VERY CAREFUL HOW WE PITCH INTO EACH OTHER SO, FOR FEAR WE MIGHT CRUMBLE EACH OTHER ALL TO PIECES!"



THE DISAPPOINTED ONE.

Lover. "WHAT A BORE, JUST AS I WAS GOING TO POP THE QUESTION TO JENNY JONES, HERE'S MY NURSE COME FOR ME!"



BROTHERS IN ARMS.



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

NOBBS HAVING COME WITH HIS FAMILY TO THE SEA-SIDE FOR A LITTLE CHANGE OF SCENE, COMPLAINS THAT THEY HAVE BEEN TERRIBLY BITTEN BY— (BUT NO, WE WILL NOT MENTION THE HORRID CREATURES)—AND IS ADDRESSED THUS BY THE LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER. "THEN HALL I CAN SAY, SIR, HIS— THAT IF YOU'VE BEEN HILL-CONVENIENCED BY 'EM, YOU MUST 'A BROUGHT 'EM DOWN WITH YOU IN YOUR PORTMANTEL!"



A BIT OF A BREEZE

MR. WIGGINS HAS A FINE OPPORTUNITY OF DISPLAYING HIS POLITENESS AND ACTIVITY



HORRIBLE QUESTION AFTER A GREENWICH DINNER.

Foot-Boy. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, COOK TOLD ME TO ASK YOU WHAT FISH YOU'D LIKE TO-DAY?"



AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

Young Sparrow. "OH, I'M SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, UNCLE—BUT COULD YOU LEND ME A RAZOR? MY CONFOUNDED FELLOW HASN'T PACKED UP MY DRESSING-CASE!"



ALARMING PROPOSITION.

Oyster-Man (to Hairy Gents). "OYSTERS, SIR! YES, SIR! SHALL I TAKE YER BEARDS OFF?"
[Gents have an uncomfortable idea that they are being chaffed.]



EPIGRAMMATIC.

Gentleman. "LET'S HAVE A BOILED MACKEREL."
Waiter. "BILED, SIR! BETTER HAVE 'EM BRILED, SIR IF THEY'RE BILED, THEY'RE SPILED, SIR!"



A SKETCH AT A RAILWAY STATION.

Respectable Citizen (reads Placard) "The Public are cautioned against Card Sharpers, Gamblers, and Pickpockets." WHY, I THOUGHT SUCH PEOPLE WAS ALL DONE AWAY WITH. DIDN'T YOU, MO?"



HI ART.

Parent. "I SHOULD LIKE YOU TO BE VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT HIS HAIR."
Photographic Artist (!). "OH, MUM, THE 'AIR IS HEASY ENOUGH! IT'S THE HIS WHERE WE FIND THE DIFFICULTY"



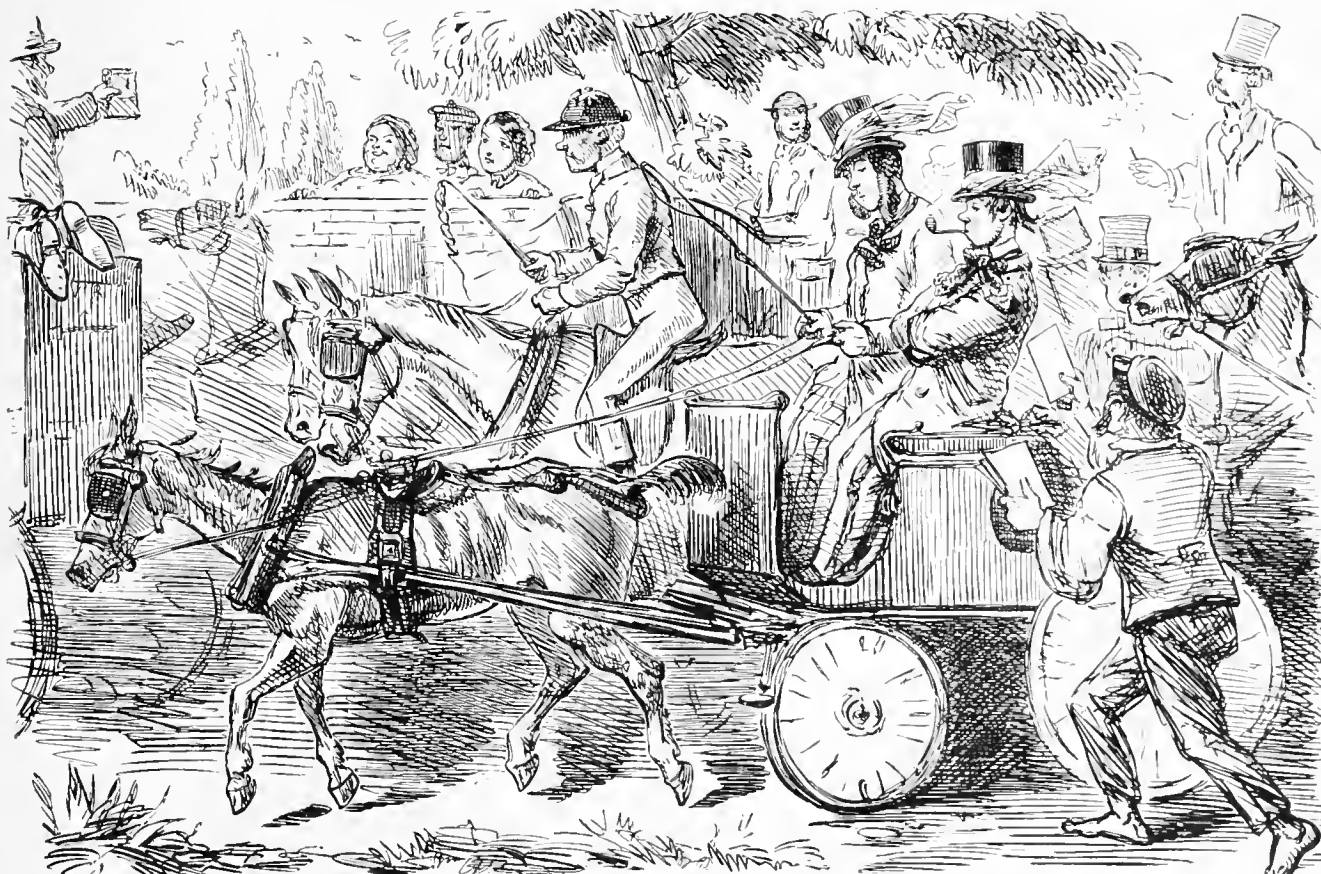
OUR LAZY CONTRIBUTOR.

"THE VERY IDEA OF WORK THIS BEAUTIFUL WEATHER IS REPUGNANT TO MY FEELINGS."
[Extract from our Young Friend's Letter.]



GOING OUT OF TOWN.

Mary. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MISSUS SAY YOU MUST FIND ROOM FOR THIS IN YOUR PORTMANTEL."



THE ROAD.

Gent (with much pride). "THERE'S ONE THING. 'ARRY, AS ALWAYS STRIKES ME A GOING DOWN TO THE DARBY, AND THAT IS HOW THE NUMBER OF SPLENDID EQUIPAGES MUST ASTONISH THE FOREIGNER!"



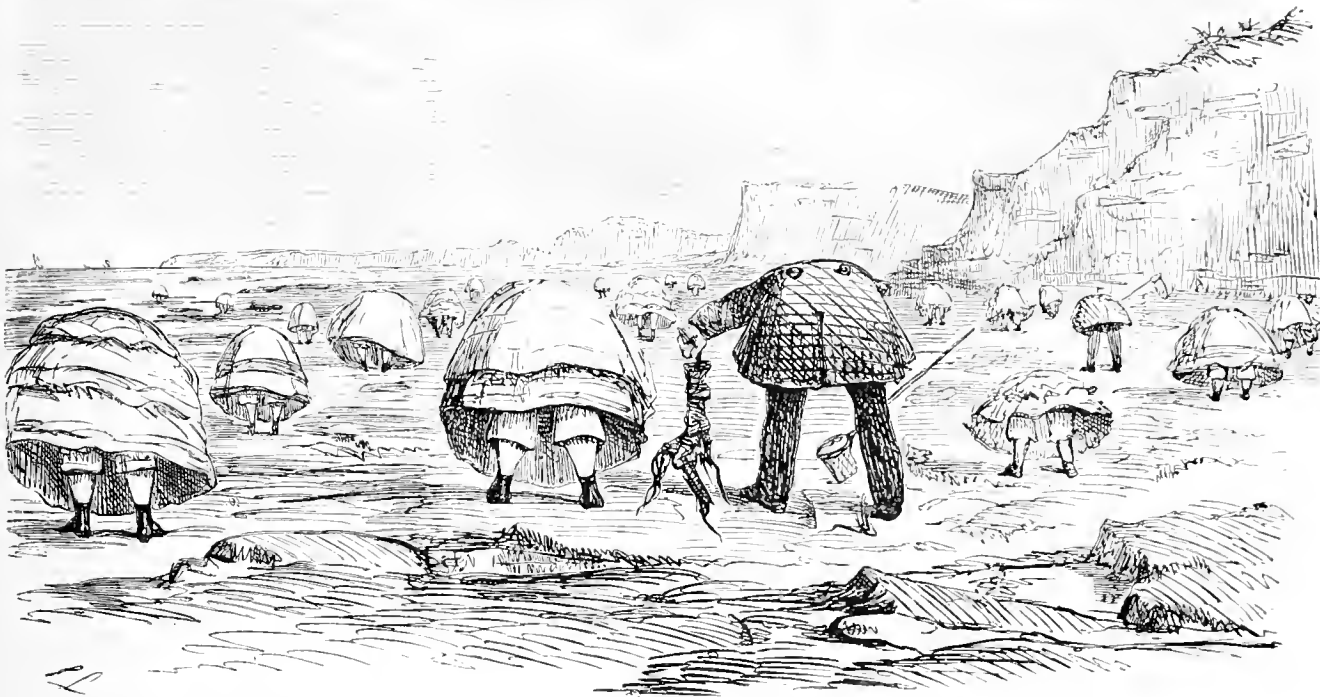
SERIOUS THING FOR BROWN,

WHO RATHER PRIDES HIMSELF UPON THE ELEGANT MANNER IN WHICH HE TAKES OFF HIS HAT THIS TIME, HOWEVER, ALTHOUGH THE HAT IS REMOVED, THE LINING STICKS



BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

Gallant Swell (who of course comes to the rescue). "HAW! CAN I BE OF ANY SERVICE?"
Beauty. "OH, YES! IF YOU WOULD SIT UPON THE HORSE'S HEAD, I SHOULD BE SO MUCH OBLIGED!"



COMMON OBJECTS AT THE SEA-SIDE—GENERALLY FOUND UPON THE ROCKS AT LOW WATER.



THE ARTISTIC (!) STUDIO.

A Stereoscopic Scene from Fashionable Life.

"Love, Pride, Revenge."—THE GROUP REPRESENTS A YOUNG MINSTREL OF HUMBLE ORIGIN, DECLARING HIS PASSION TO A LADY OF NOBLE PARENTAGE. HER HAUGHTY BROTHER, AS MAY BE SEEN FROM HIS MENACING ATTITUDE, IS ABOUT TO AVENGE THE INSULT OFFERED TO HIS FAMILY!



A TRYING THING FOR TOOTLES,
WHO SEES THE OBJECT OF HIS ADMIRATION FLY OVER A HOG-BACKED STILE, HE HAVING THE GREATEST AVERSION TO TIMBER



CRINOLINE FOR EVER!—NO BATHING-MACHINE REQUIRED.

A HINT FOR THE SEA-SIDE.



NAUTICAL STYLE.



ALWAYS BE POLITE WHEN TRAVELLING.

Affable Young Gent (who is never distant to Strangers). "WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE Bell's Life, SIR? THERE'S AN OUT-AND-OUT STUNNING MILL BETWEEN CONKEY JIM AND THE PORKY ONE!"



A YOUNG SPORTSMAN

Lucy. "WELL, REGINALD, AND WHEN DO YOU GO BACK TO SCHOOL?"

Reginald. "OH! THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW!—AND AIN'T IT A BORE, JUST AS ONE'S HUNTERS ARE IN SUCH SPLENDID CONDITION?"



QUITE A CHEAP TRIP.



'ARRY AND 'ARRIET.

DURING SOME OF THE WINTER MONTHS, WITH A NICE BRAGING NORTH-EAST WIND BLOWING, YOU MAY GO TO MANCHESTER AND BACK FOR 5s.—AN OPPORTUNITY NOT TO BE LOST—OH DEAR, NO!



MALICIOUS.

Flora "CAN YOU STILL SEE THE STEAMER, LUCY, DEAR?"

Lucy "OH, YES, QUITE PLAINLY!"

Flora "AND DEAR, DEAR WILLIAM TOO?" Lucy "OH, YES!"

Flora "DOES HE SEEM UNHAPPY, NOW HE IS AWAY FROM ME?"

Lucy "EVIDENTLY. I SHOULD SAY, DEAR, FOR HE IS SMOKING A CIGAR, AND DRINKING SOMETHING OUT OF A TUMBLER TO CHEER HIM, POOR FELLOW!"



DISGUSTING FOR AUGUSTUS.

Augustus (who was rapidly coming to the point). "THEN, EMILY! OH, MAY I CALL YOU EMILY?—SWEETEST!—BEST!—SAY THAT YOU WILL NOT GO—WITHOUT—"

Fish woman (cuts in) "ANY FEECH TO-DAY, MARM?—ANY MACKEREEL, SOLES, OR WHITING?"



QUITE A SEDUCTIVE SON OF MARS.

Lady "AND SO, CAPTAIN—THY SAY YOU ARE GOING TO TURN BENEDECK?"

Aunt "WHY, YA-AS-AW—I DIDN'T WISH TO—BUT—AW—IN FACT, LADY MARY'S ATTENTIONS BECAME SO MARKED—THAT—AW—TH THING AW—WAS INVITABLE—AW."



PLEASURES OF TRAVEL.

Chambermaid. "VERY SORRY, BUT YOUR LUGGAGE HAS GONE ON TO LONDON, SIR."



CRINOLINE ON THE WATER.

Waterman, "YOU'VE NO CALL TO BE AFRAID, MISS, WE'RE LICENSED TO CARRY SIX!"



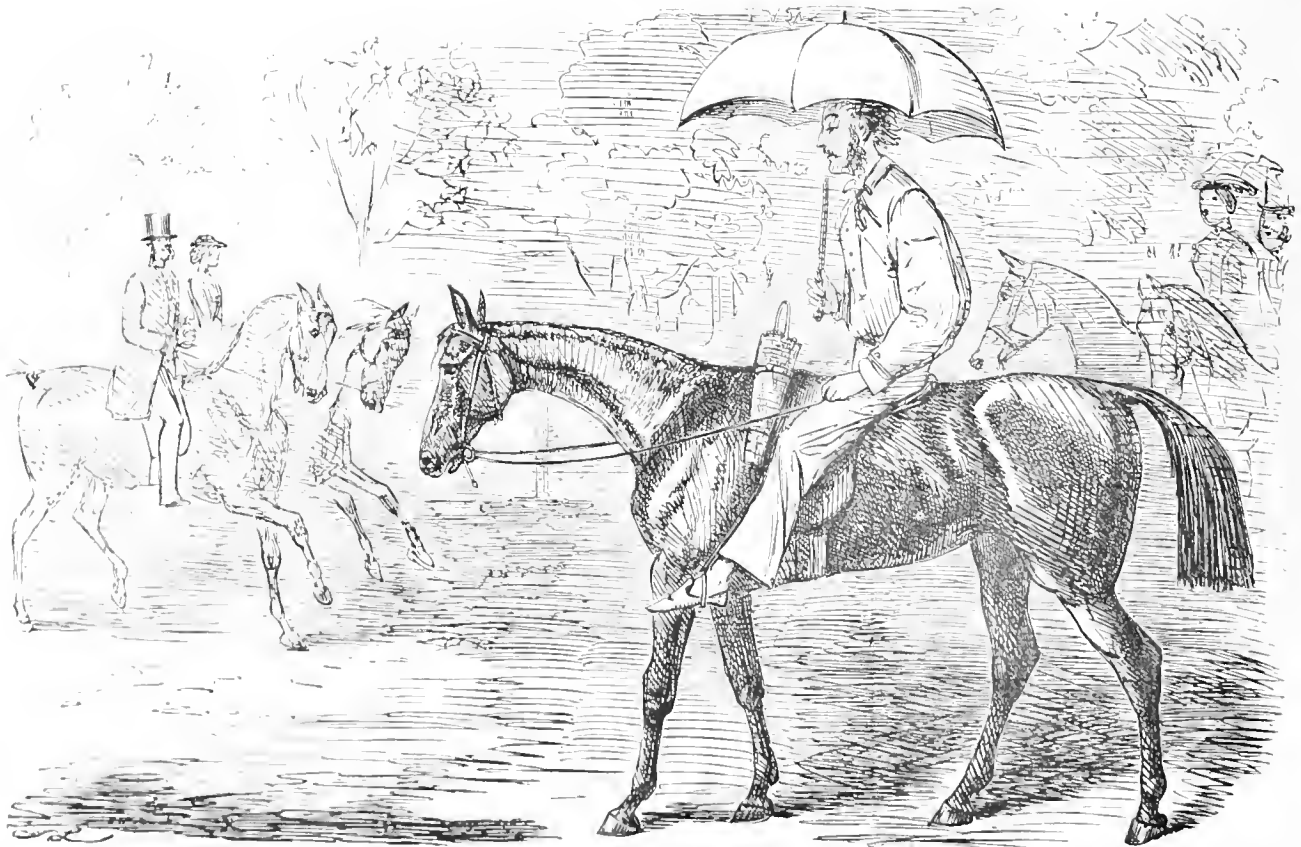
GOING TO CHURCH—SCARBOROUGH.



A DAY VERY LATE IN THE SEASON.—SAY, THE FIRST OF APRIL.

THE OPQ HOUNDS HAVE A RATTLING HOUR AND TEN MINUTES AFTER A GOOD STOUT CUTTERFLY, OVER A SPLENDID PRIMROSE AND VIOLET COUNTRY.—

Huntsman to J. "SHALL I GIVE THE WINGS TO THE LADY, SIR?"



SENSIBLE RIDING COSTUME FOR WARM WEATHER.



IT MUST BE ALL RIGHT!

Mamma. "I WONDER WHERE THAT CHILD, ARTHUR, IS—HE IS VERY QUIET. I HOPE HE IS NOT IN MISCHIEF."

Child. "OH, NO, MAMMA, DEAR! HE'S NOT IN MISCHIEF, FOR HE IS IN THE LIBRARY. PLAYING WITH THE PENS AND INK."



AN ASTONISHING REQUEST.

Fast Young Lady (to Old Gent). "HAVE YOU SUCH A THING AS A LUCIFER ABOUT YOU, FOR I'VE LEFT MY CIGAR-LIGHTS AT HOME!"

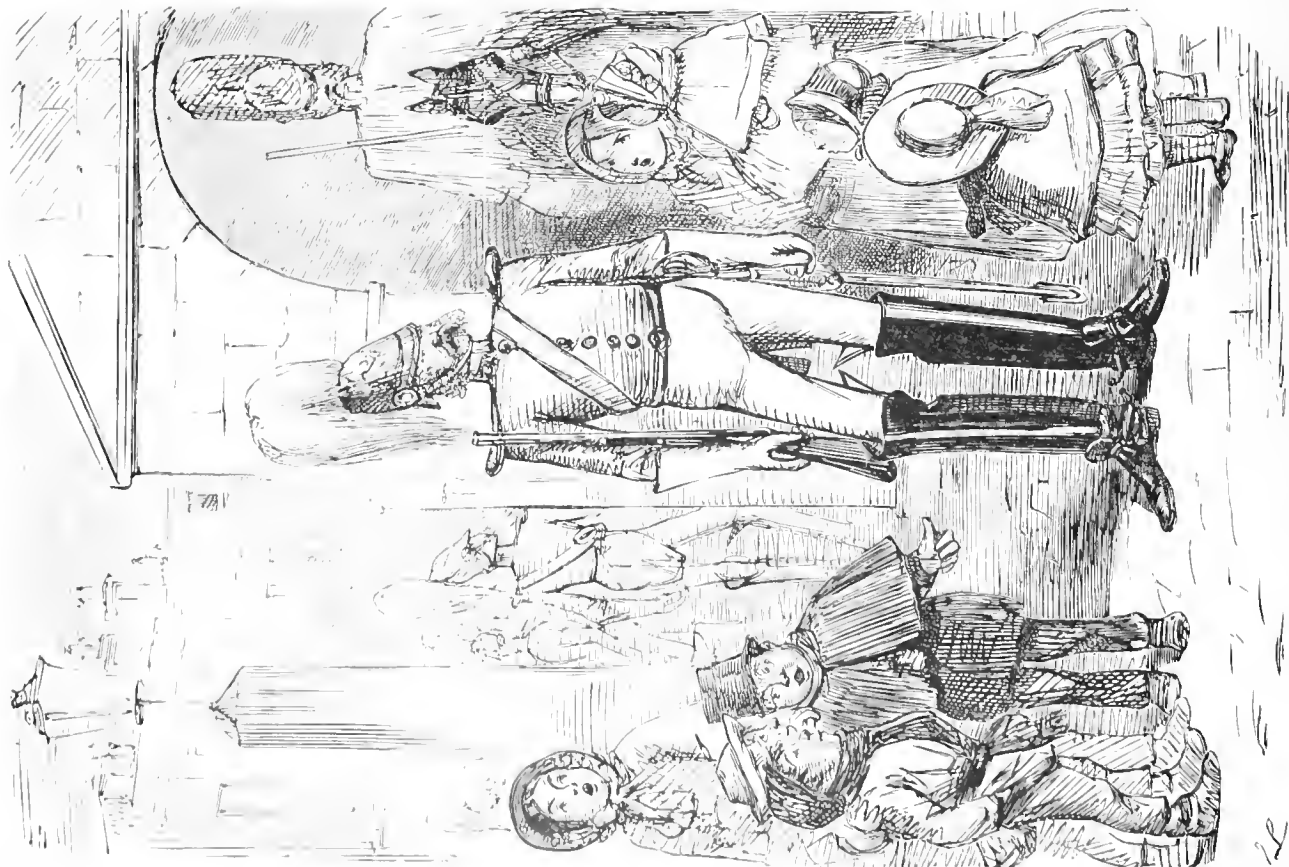


THE UNEXPECTED ALWAYS HAPPENS.

DISMAY OF TOOTLES AT HEARING A STRANGER COMMENCE "THE STANDARD BEARER"—A SONG WHICH HE (TOOTLES) HAS BEEN PRACTISING FOR MONTHS, WITH THE VIEW OF CREATING A SENSATION AT MRS. BLOWER'S MUSICAL EVENING.—UNFORTUNATELY, TOO, FOR TOOTLES. "THE STANDARD BEARER" IS HIS ONLY SONG!

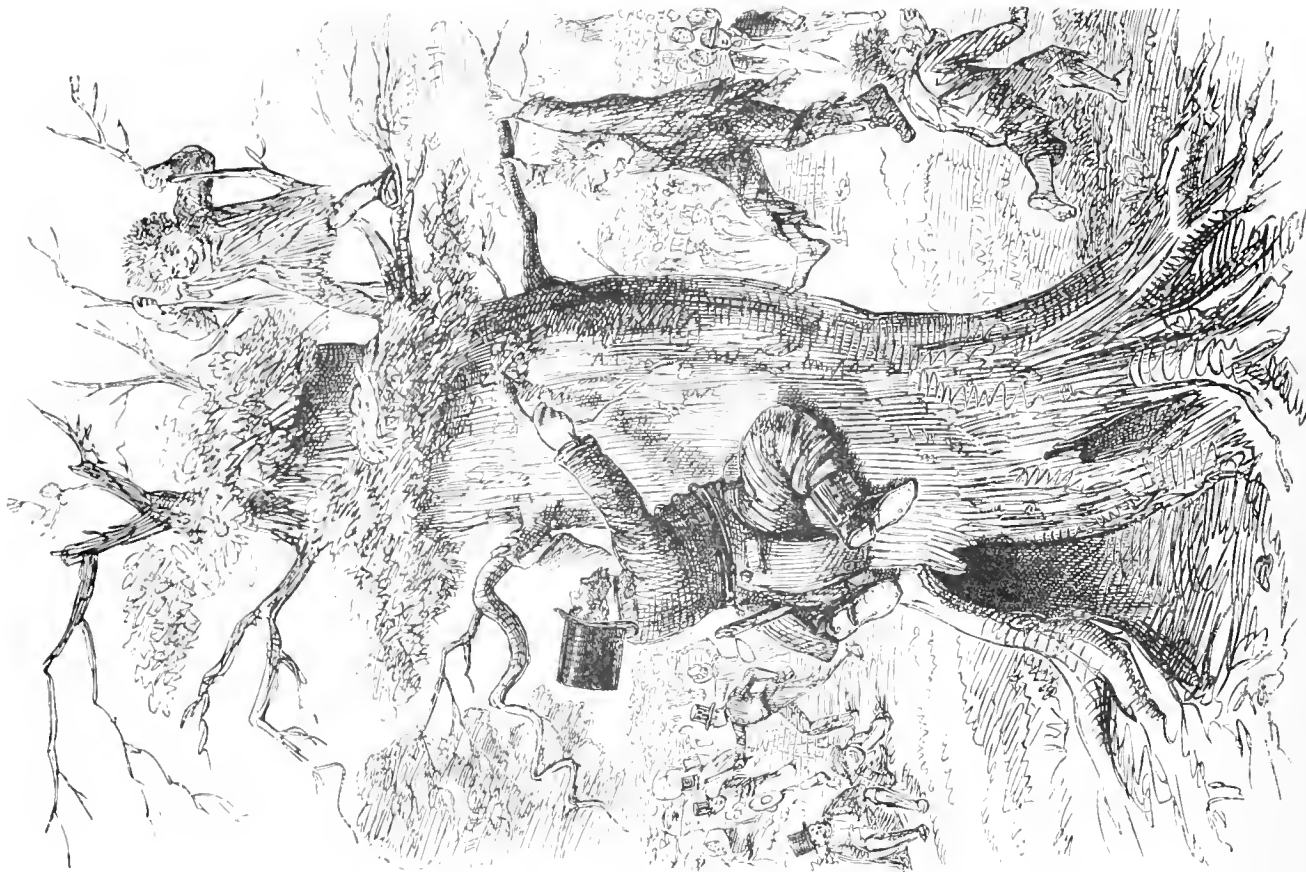


A MASTER OF THE ART.



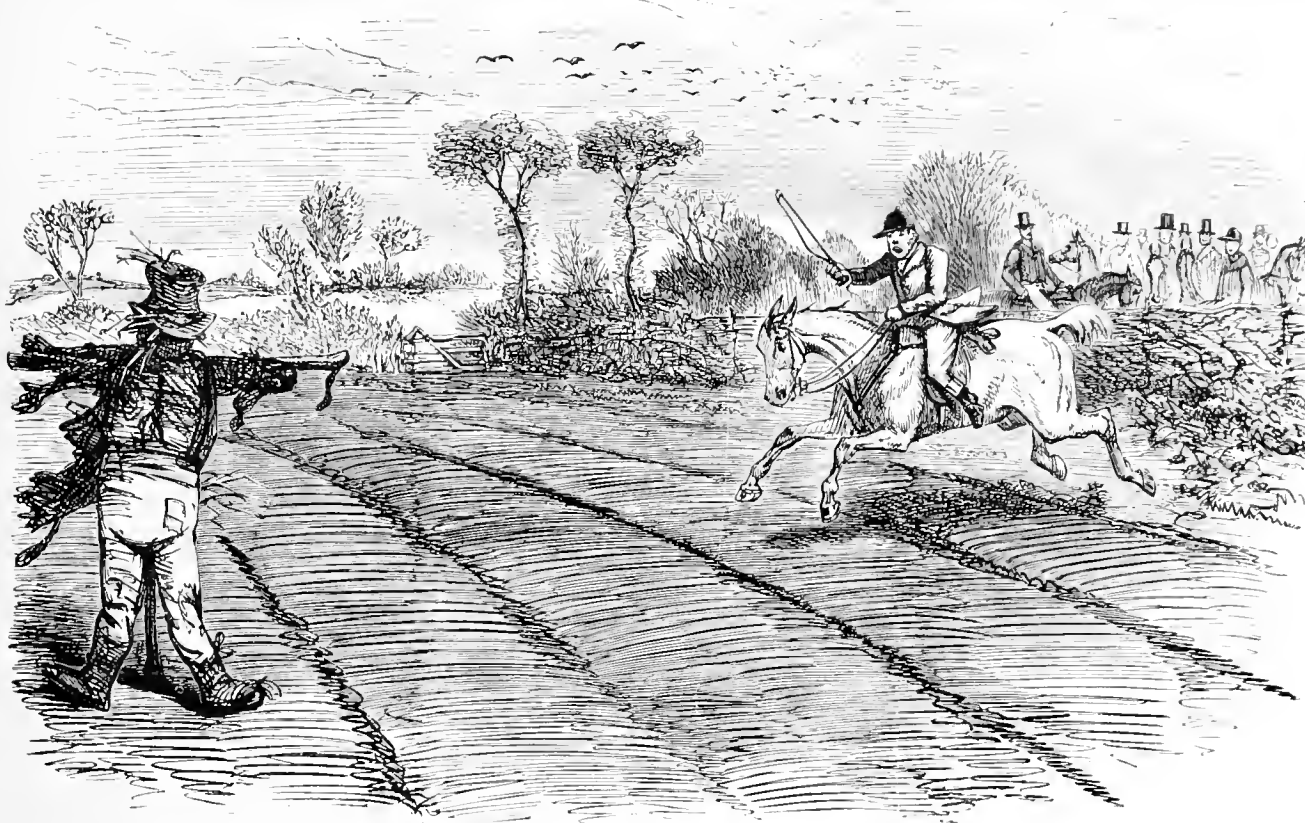
THE LAST ALTERATION.

Small Boy. "OH, AIN'T IT A SHAME! THEY'RE A-GOING TO TAKE OFF THEM POOR COVES' BOOTS AND COATS, AND PUT 'EM ON FROCKS AND TROWERS."



BATTLE OF THE HYDE PARK.

GALLANT AND OARING ACT OF PRIVATE LOBBS (OF THE CRUSHERS), WHO, BY HIMSELF, STORMED AN OLD TREE, AND VERY NEARLY CAPTURED THREE SMALL BOYS.



BLIND WITH RAGE.

Huntsman (riding furiously over a fence to a Scarecrow). "—YOU GREAT FOOL, WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU STAND POINTING THERE

FOR?—WHY DON'T YOU HOLLER OUT WHICH WAY THE FOX BE GONE? BLOWED IF I DON'T CUT YOU INTO BITS!"



A NOTION OF PLEASURE.

Boy. "OH, COME HERE, TOMMY!—HERE'S SUCH A LOT O' GRAINS BIN SHOT DOWN HERE! LET'S TURN 'EAD OVER 'EELS IN 'EM!"



PRECOCITY.

Youth. "HERE'S A NUISANCE, NOW! BLOWED IF I AIN'T LEFT MY CIGAR-CASE ON MY DRESSING-ROOM TABLE, AND THAT YOUNG BROTHER OF MINE WILL HAVE ALL MY BEST REGALIAS!"



PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

Grandmamma. "WELL, CHARLEY, AND WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN LEARNING TO-DAY?"

Charley. "PNEUMATICS, GRANMA!—AND I CAN TELL YOU SUCH A DODGE!—IF I WAS TO PUT YOU UNDER A GLASS RECEIVER, AND EXHAUST THE AIR, ALL YOUR WRINKLES WOULD COME OUT AS SMOOTH AS GRANDPAPA'S HEAD!"



AN INDISCRETION.

Fascinating Gent (to precocious Little Girl). "YOU ARE A VERY NICE LITTLE GIRL; YOU SHALL BE MY WIFEY WHEN YOU GROW UP!"—

Little Girl. "NO, THANK YOU; I DON'T WANT TO HAVE A HUSBAND; BUT AUNT BESSY DOES. I HEARD HER SAY SO!" [Sensation on the part of Aunt Bessy.]



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

Scholarboy (to Farmer who has come out to protect his fields). "NOW THEN, OLD TURNIP-TOPS! WARE WHEAT!"



THE COURSE OF TRUE, &c., NEVER DID, &c.

HERE'S POOR YOUNG WIGGLES ANXIOUS TO MEET THE BEING HE ADORES, BUT CANNOT DO SO, BECAUSE THE NEWLY-PITCHED BOAT UPON WHICH HE HAS BEEN SITTING, HAS CAUGHT HIM ALIVE, O!



THE EXPENSE OF FASHION.

Chair Proprietor. "WOULD YOU PLEASE TO PAY FOR THE CHEFRS, MUM?"
Chair Proprietor. "WELL, MUM—HOW MANY MIGHT YOU BE A SITTIN' ON?"

Lady. "HOW MUCH?"



IN THE WITCHING TIME OF LIFE.

SOME LIKE ONE THING, AND SOME ANOTHER—FOR EXAMPLE, JACK LIKES A BLOW ON
THE NORTH CLIFF——



WHILE CHARLES PREFERS A QUIET CORNER OUT OF THE WIND



SISTERLY LOVE.

Papa, "THERE, THERE! MY LITTLE POPPET! DON'T CRY! DON'T CRY!—IF YOU ARE GOING TO HAVE THE MEASLES, YOU WILL SOON BE WELL AGAIN, I HOPE. THERE, THERE!"

Blanche (sobbing violently). "I—I—I'M NOT CRYING, PAPA, BECAUSE I'M GOING TO HAVE THE MEASLES; BUT BECAUSE I—I—I—THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO RIDE MARY'S PONY ALL THE TIME SHE WAS ILL, AND NOW I SHAN'T!"



A DOMESTIC EXTRAVAGANZA.

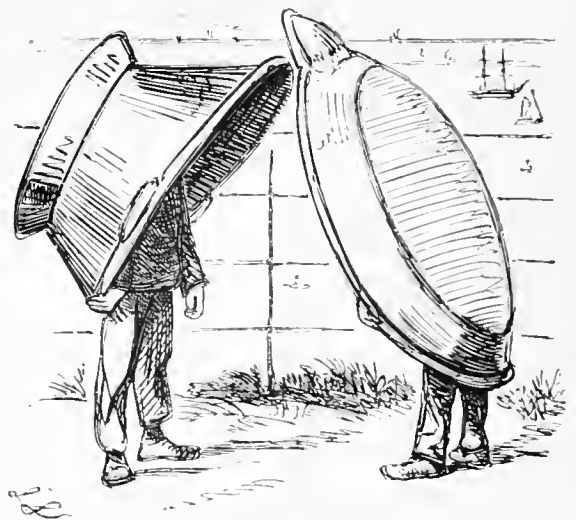
Mamma "WHY, GOOD GRACIOUS, NURSE! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ADOLPHUS! HE LOOKS VERY ODD!"

Nurse. "AND WELL HE MAY, MUM! FOR HE THOUGHT THE COLOURED BALLS IN MISS CHARLOTTE'S NEW GAME OF SOLITAIRE WAS BULL'S EYES, AND HE'S SWALLOWED EVER SO MANY OF 'EM."



A HINT TO RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

BY BREATHING ON THE GLASS—AND HOLDING A SPEAKING DOLL BY WAY OF BABY TO THE WINDOW—YOU MAY GENERALLY KEEP YOUR COMPARTMENT SELECT.



A SEA-SIDE DIALOGUE.

"HOLLO, JIMMY!—WHERE ARE YOU A-GOING WITH YOURN?"

"HESPLANAOE!—WHERE BE YOU?"

"PROSPEC PLACE!"

[Exit Companions of the Bath.]



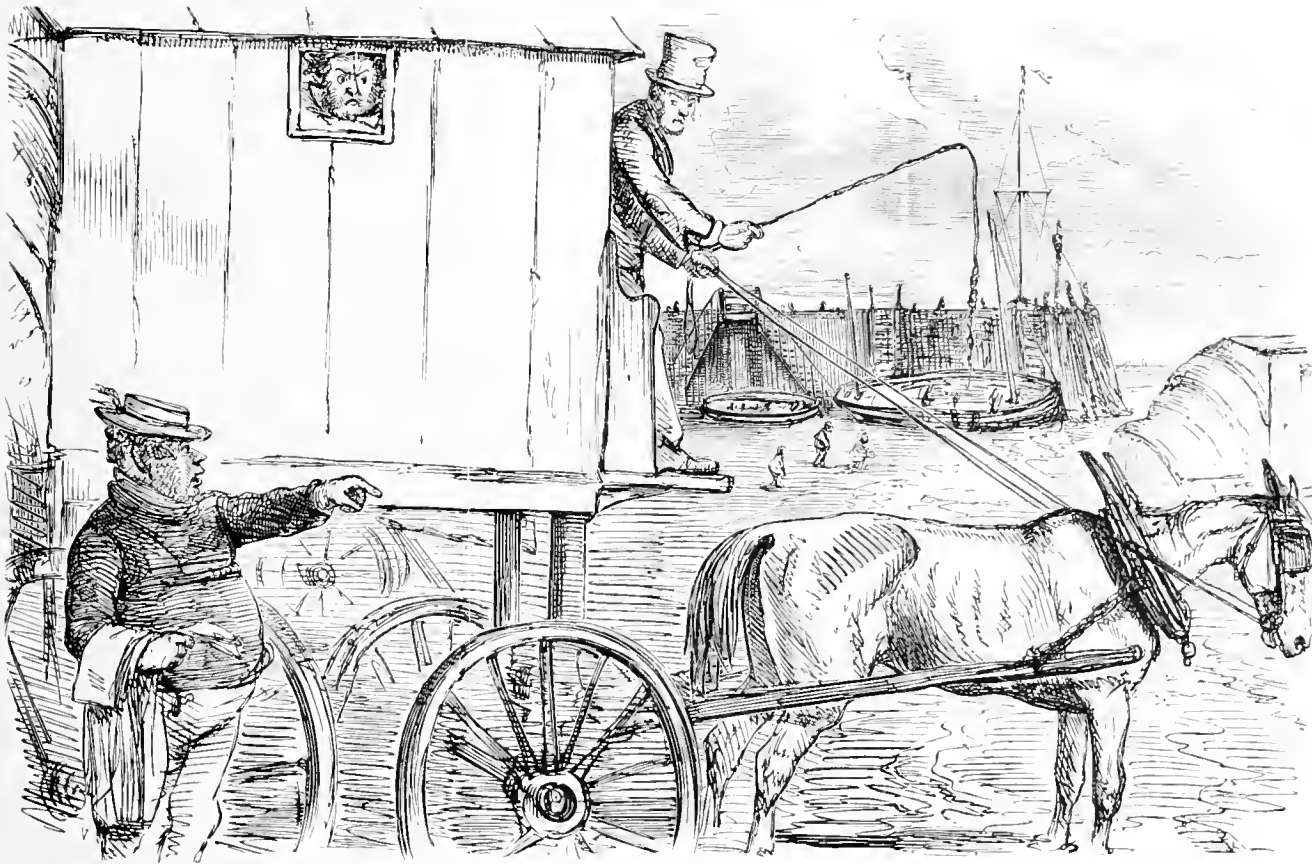
A QUID PRO QUO.

Small Boy (to prodigious Swell). "I SAY, MISTER KETCH MY DDNKEY, THAT'S A GOOD CHAP—I'LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU ANOTHER TIME!"



TOUCHING APPEAL.

Testy Old Gent (wearied by the importunities of the Brighton Boatmen). "CONFOUND IT, MAN! DO I LOOK AS IF I WANTED A UOAT?"



A DELICIOUS DIP.

Bathing Attendant. "HERE, BILL! THE GENT WANTS TO BE TOOK OUT DEEP—TAKE 'IM INTO THE DRAIN!"



A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

OLD DIPPS DECLARES THEY MANAGE SEA-BATHING BETTER IN FRANCE, AND THAT WHEN HE IS AT BO-LONG, HE DOES AS BO-LONG DOES—WELL! THAT'S A MATTER OF TASTE!



MISPLACED INTELLIGENCE.

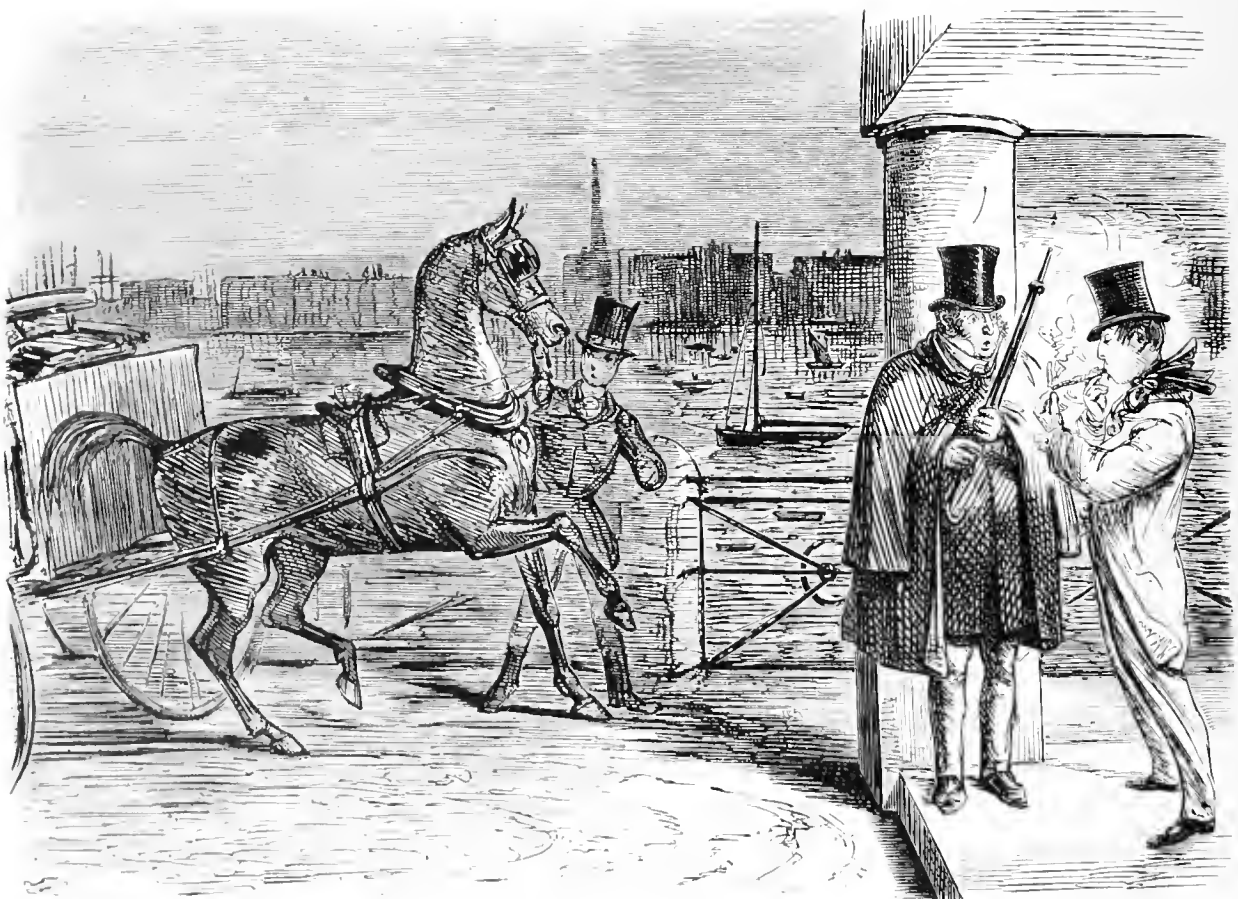
Mamma "WHY, TOM! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT NASTY DUST-PAN AND DROOM?"

Tom "BROTHER FRED TOLD ME TO BRING IT IN AND SWEEP UP ALL THE H'S MRS. MOPUS HAD DROPPED ABOUT!"

[N.B. Great Expectations from Mrs. M.]



KNIGHTS OF THE BATH.



SCENE: GREENWICH.

Senior Party "OOG CART! GOOD GRACIOUS! BUT YOU ARE NEVER GOING TO DRIVE?"

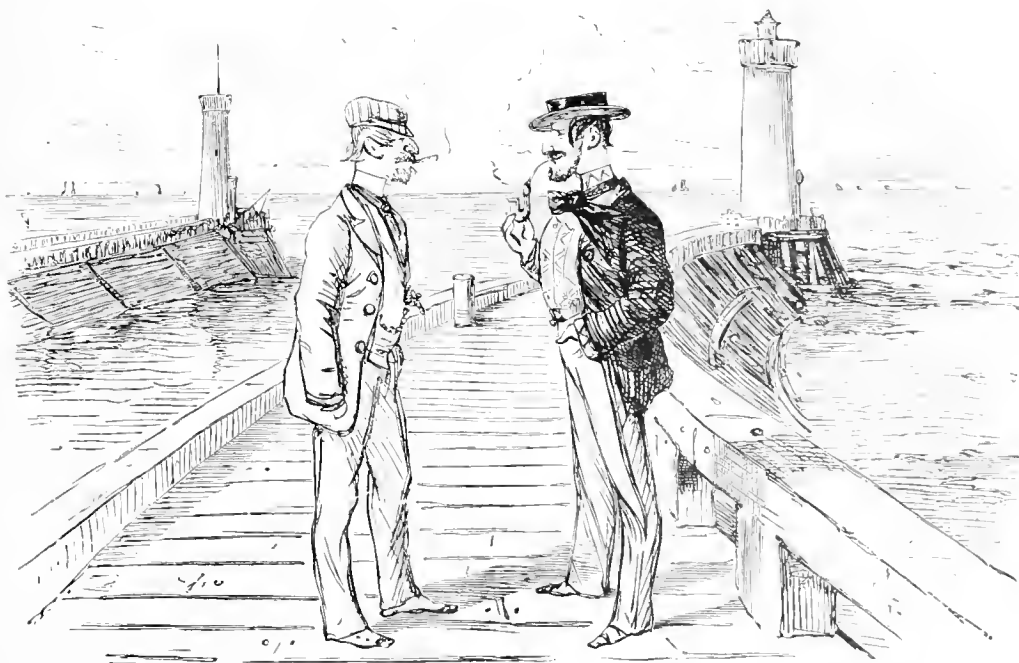
Junior Party "NOT GOING A-DWIVE? WHY NOT GOING A-DWIVE? JUS-AINT I, THO'?"

[The last train has gone, and the Senior Party under the impression that the vehicle was a brougham, has accepted the offer of a lift to town.]



SHOCKING RESULT OF WEARING INDIA-RUBBER GOLOSHES.

YOUNG JACK ROBINSON SEES WHAT HE IMAGINES TO BE THE IMPRESSION OF HIS DARLING'S FOOT—HE MENTALLY EJACULATES, "BEETLE-CRUSHER, BY JOVE!" AND FLIES TO OTHER CLIMES.



A HAVEN OF REFUGE.

THINGS ARE SO BAD IN THE CITY, THAT MR. SNAFFLE AND MR. FLUKER GO TO BOULOGNE FOR CHANGE AND AIR



TOO BAD, BY JOVE!

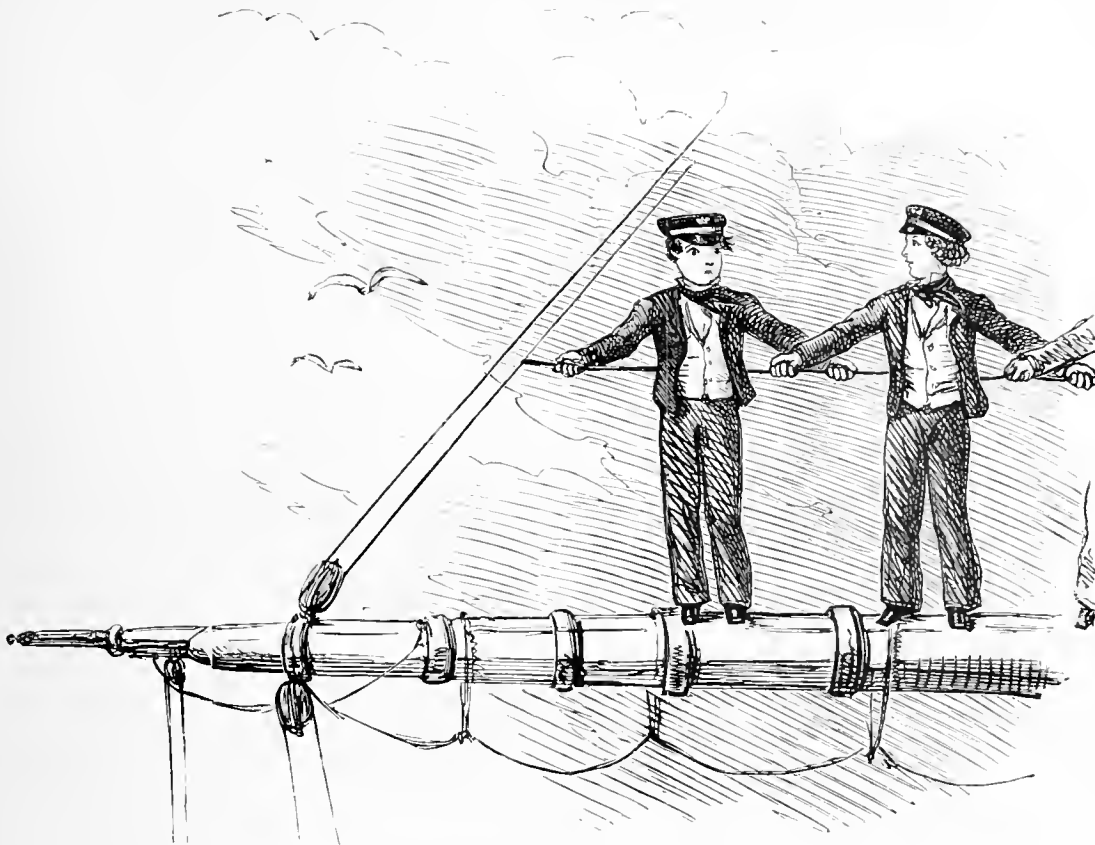
Heavy Swell. "DEUCED STUPID—THESE NEWSPAPERS!"

Lady (with keen perception of the ludi rous) "YES, CHARLES!—ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY SAY THAT A DISMOUNTED DRAGOON IS ABOUT AS EFFECTIVE AS A SWAN ON A TURNPIKE ROAD!"



HEARTLESS PRACTICAL JOKE.

Charlotte "HERE THEY COME, BLANCHE. LET US PRETEND WE DON'T RECOLLECT THEM"



SCENE ON BOARD H.M.S. —

"I SAY, WHY AM I LIKE THE QUEEN'S CHIEF COOK? DO YOU GIVE IT UP?"
 "BECAUSE I AM IN A HIGH COOL-AND-AIRY (culinary) POSITION."

"YES."

[Astonished Cadet nearly falls from the yard]



A BYE-DAY AT EASTER.

Youth (quite at home for the holidays). "NOW, LOOK HERE, OLD BOY; IF THE FOX BREAKS AT THIS CORNER, DON'T YOU HOLLER TILL HE GETS WELL AWAY!"—(N.B. The old Nimrod is the MASTER himself.)



A GREAT PLAGUE IN LIFE.

PATERFAM L'AS, WHOSE PET AVERSION IS STREET MUSIC, GOES TO THE SEA-SIDE, HOPING TO ESCAPE FROM THE NUISANCE, HE IS AT BREAKFAST,—BEAUTIFUL VIEW, NEW-LAID EGG, &C., &C.—WHEN—



OH, HORROR!



DREADFUL FOR YOUNG OXFORD.

Lady. "ARE YOU AT ETON?"

Young Oxford. "AW, NO!—I'M AT OXFORD!"

Lady. "OXFORD! RATHER A NICE PLACE, IS IT NOT?"

Young Oxford. "HUM!—HAW! PRETTY WELL, BUT THEN I CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT FEMALE SOCIETY!"

Lady. "OEAR! OEAR! PITY YOU DON'T GO TO A GIRLS' SCHOOL, THEN!"



WONDERFUL INTELLIGENT CHILD.

— "ROSE, WILL YOU HAVE SOME DINNER?"

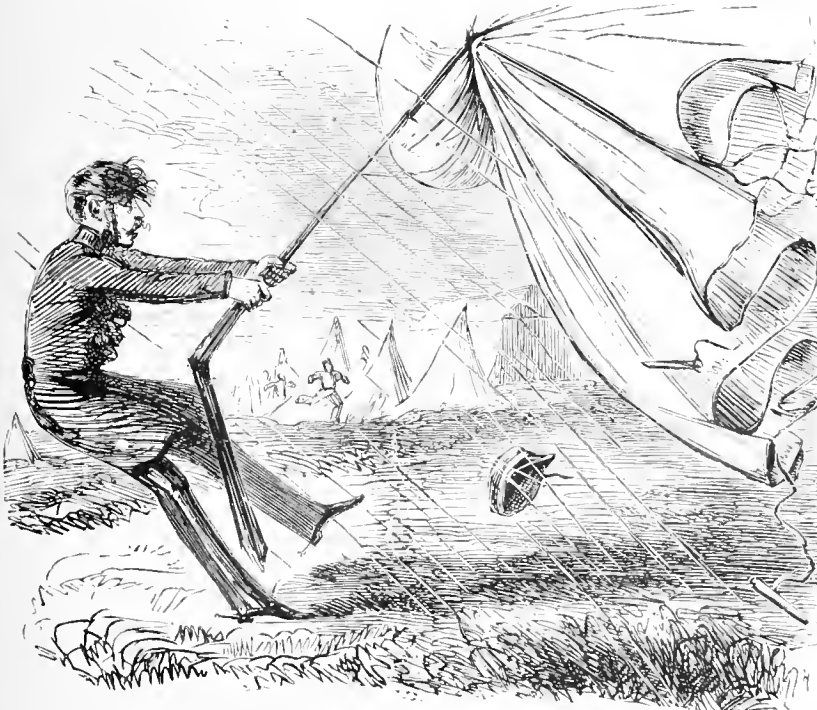
Rose. "HAVE HAD MY DINNER."

— "WHAT HAVE YOU HAD FOR YOUR DINNER?"

Rose. "SOMETHING THAT BEGINS WITH AN S!"

— "AND WHAT BEGINS WITH AN S?"

Rose. "GOLD BEEF!"



AN INCIDENT OF CAMP LIFE.

Captain Holster. "HERE! HI! SOME ONE!—STOP MY BED-ROOM!—HI!"



MAL DE MER.

A FOREIGN NOBLEMAN IN DIFFICULTY.



SUNDAY AT THE CLUB.

JUST A SANDWICH AND A NICE GLASS OF HOCK AND SELTZER WATER.



AT THE ROADSIDE INN.

A MOUTHFUL OF DUST AND A PULL AT THE PUMP.



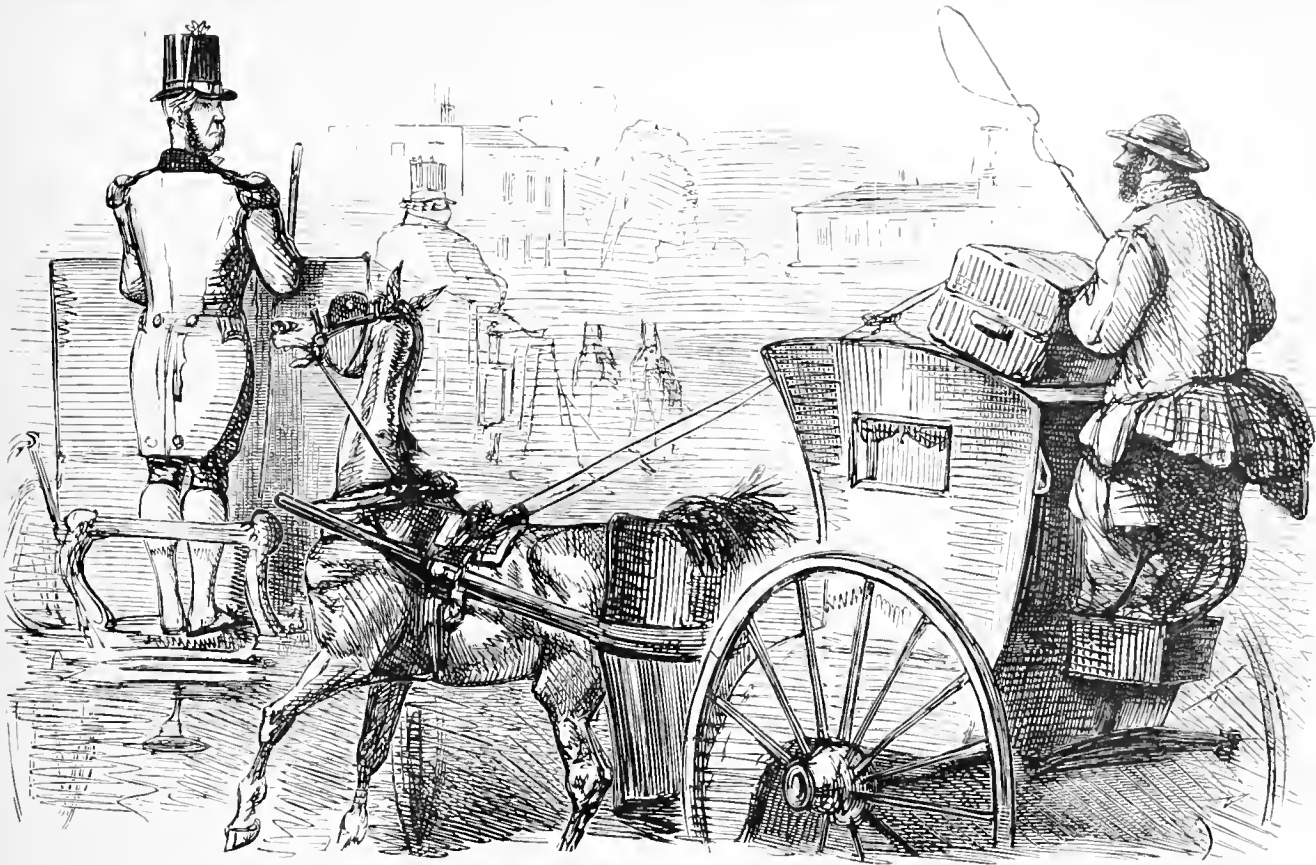
AN INJURED INDIVIDUAL.

Stinks (who has missed his bird, but peppered WILKINS) "THERE, NOW, I'VE A DOOCED GOOD MIND TO SAY THAT I'LL NEVER COME OUT SHOOTING WITH YOU AGAIN—YOU'RE ALWAYS GETTING IN THE WAY!"



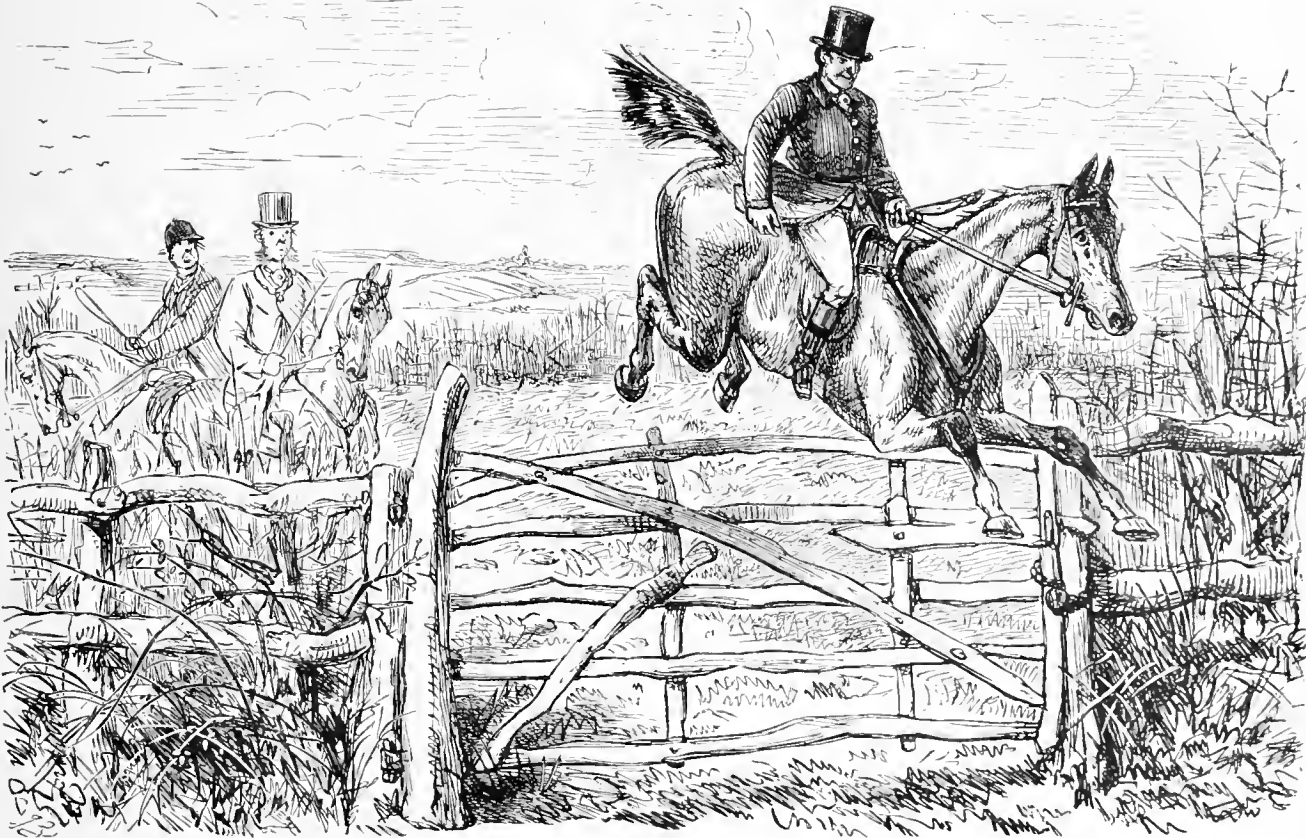
THE MOORS. GRATIFYING VERY!!

ON ARRIVING, AT THE BEST PART OF YOUR SHOOTING, YOU FIND THOSE AMIABLE TOURISTS, THE NOBDS'S, HAVE BEEN OVER THE GROUND A GOOD DEAL. AS THE BIRDS ARE WILD, YOUR SPORT IS NOT MUCH IMPROVED THEREBY. NODUS, JUNIOR MAY BE OBSERVED TAKING IN THE "OBJECTS OF INTEREST" WITH HIS TELESCOPE.



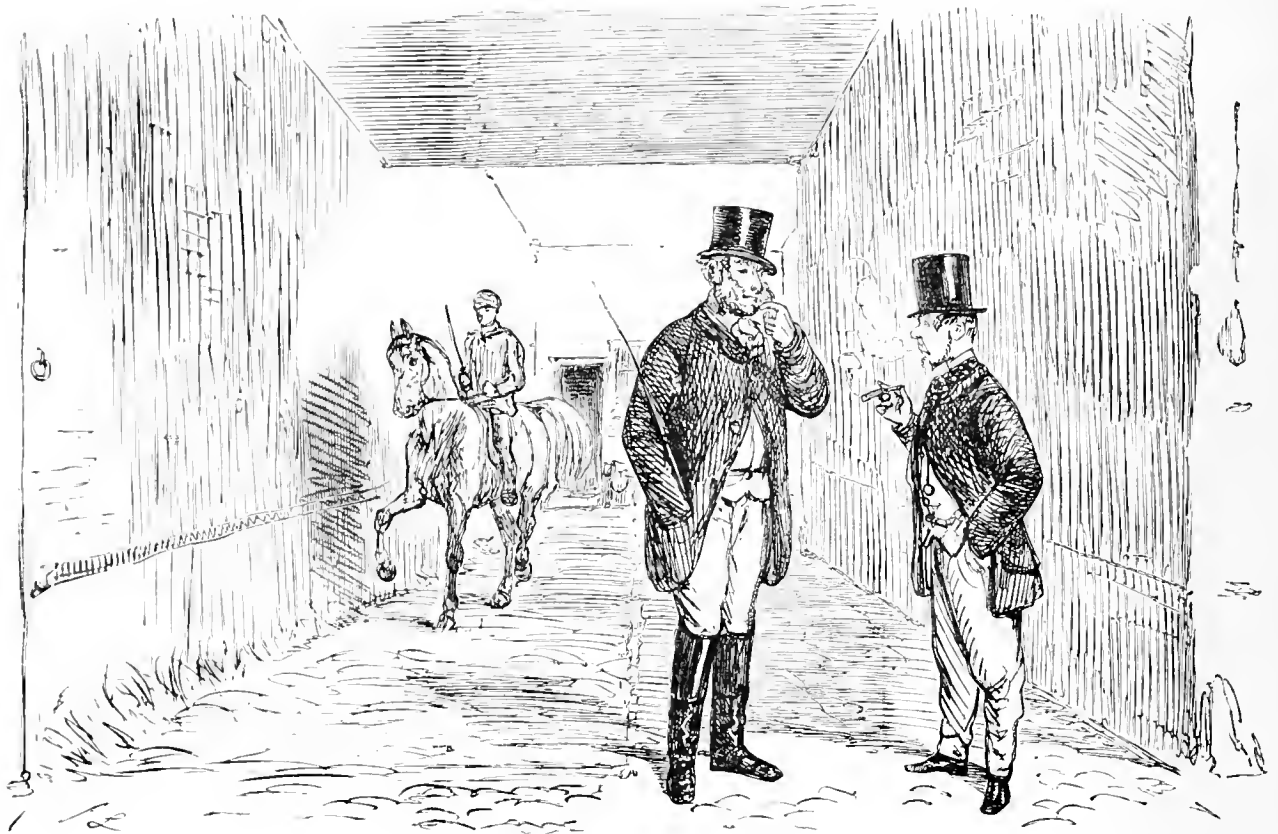
FRIENDLY BADINAGE.

Cabby. "NOW, JOHN! WHEN YOU'VE DONE CLEANING THEM KNIVES BEHIND, JUST CLEAN THAT OLD SPOON ON THE BOX, AND LET'S COME BY!"



THE NOBLE SCIENCE.

TOMKINS AND HIS FRIEND (WHO HAVE BEEN THROWN OUT) CONGRATULATE THEMSELVES ON FALLING IN WITH THE SQUIRE'S SECOND HORSEMAN, WHO IS SURE TO BRING THEM BY A LINE OF GATES TO THE HOUNDS AGAIN—AND SO HE DOES, ONLY—THE LAST OF THE GATES IS LOCKED, AND OVER WHICH HE "HOPS LIKE A BIRD!"



THE VERY THING.

Dealer. "I THINK I KNOW EXACTLY THE OSS YOU WANT, SIR—ABOUT FIFTEEN-TWO—GOOD SHOULDER, LIGHT HEAD AND NECK—WELL RIBBED UP—TAIL WELL SET ON, GOOD FLAT LEGS—PLENTY OF BONE——"

Gent (delighted). "YA-AS——"

Dealer. "NO SHY ABOUT HIM A GOOD GOER, HIGH COURAGED, BUT TEMPERATE—TO CARRY HIS OWN HEAD, NICE MOUTH, AND SWEET TEMPER—FOR ABOUT FIVE-AND-TWENTY PUND!"

Gent (in ecstasy). "THE VERY THING."

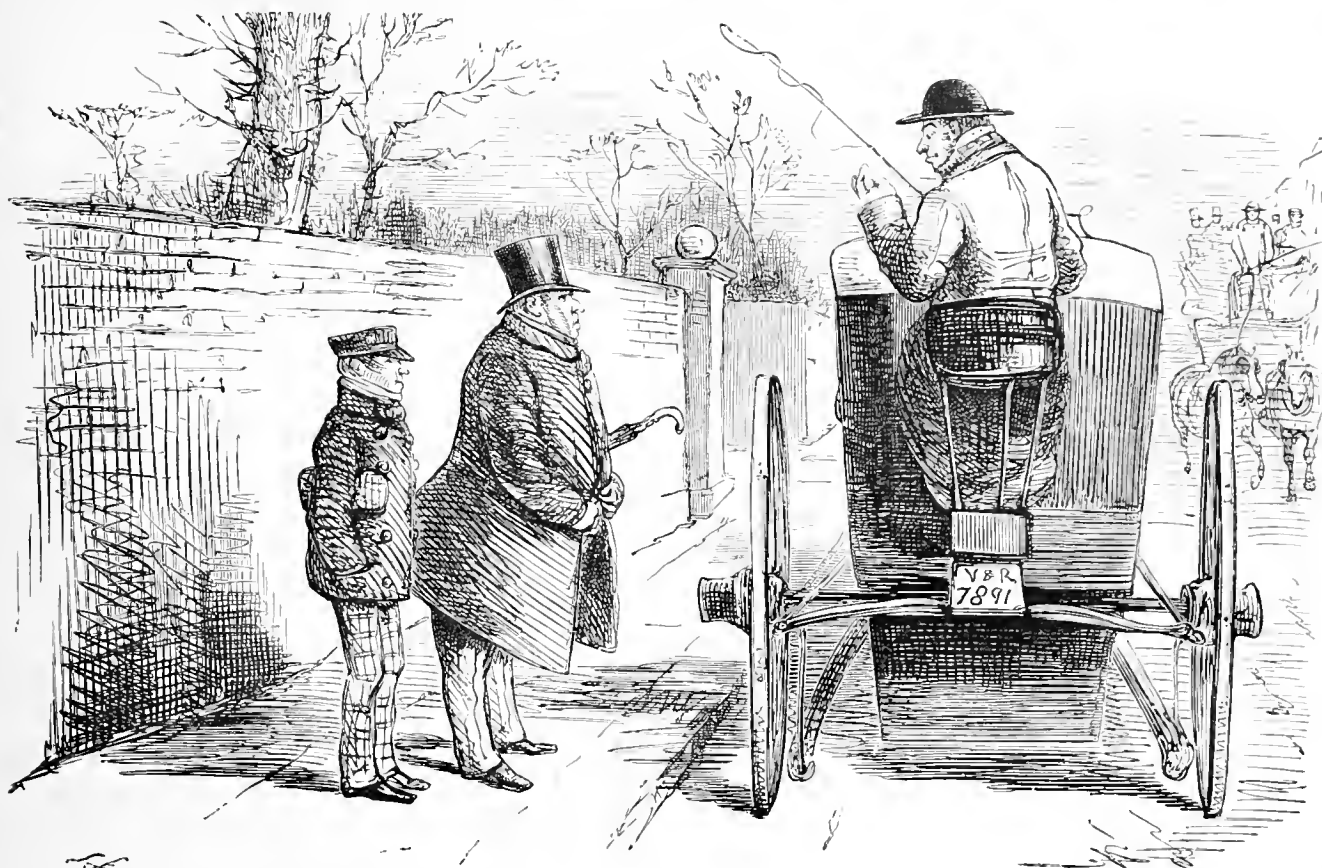
[GENT subsides.]

Dealer. "HAH! THEN DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET IT?"



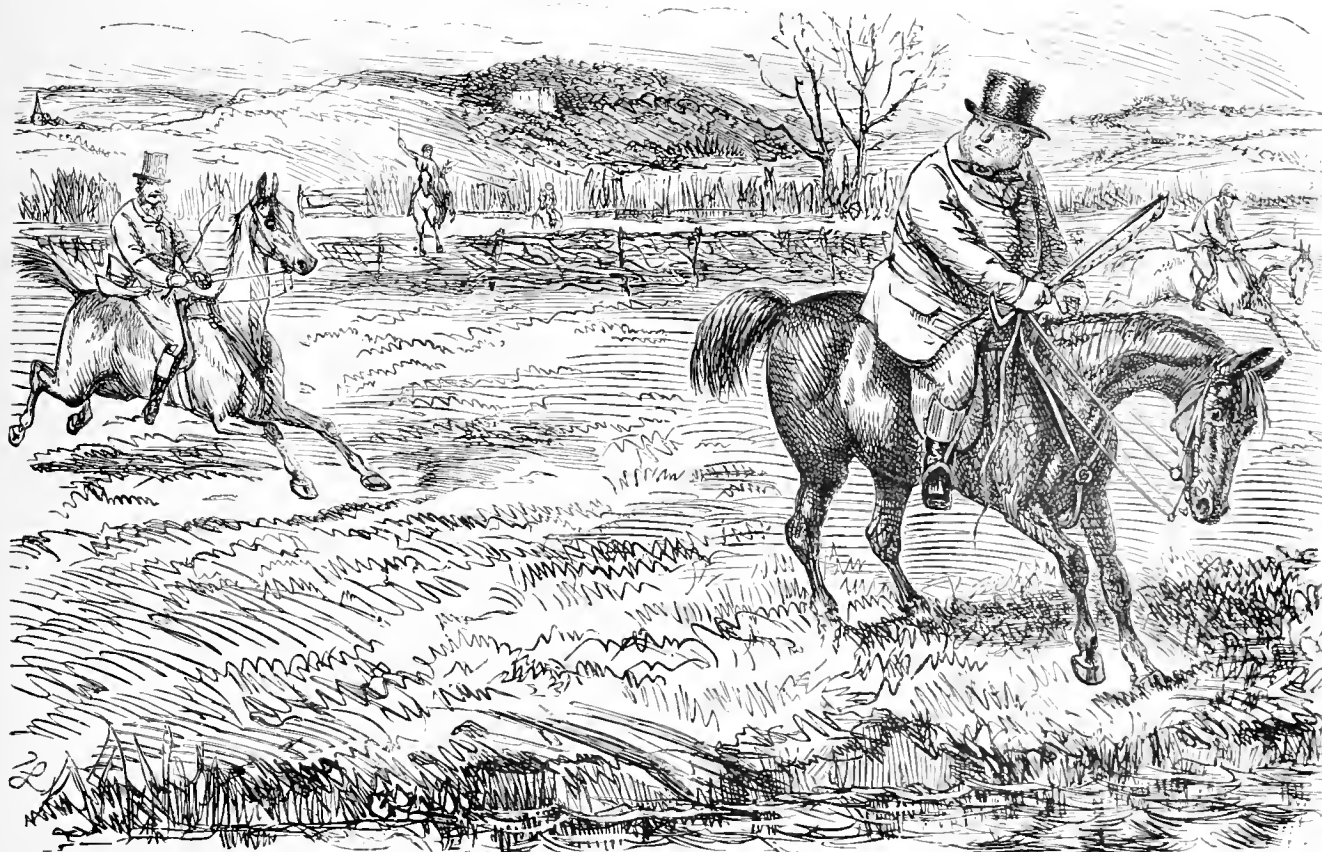
PLEASURES OF SPORT.

THE NEXT BEST THING TO KEEPING YOUR OWN HUNTERS, IS, TO HIRE "MADE HORSES," THAT THOROUGHLY KNOW THEIR BUSINESS.



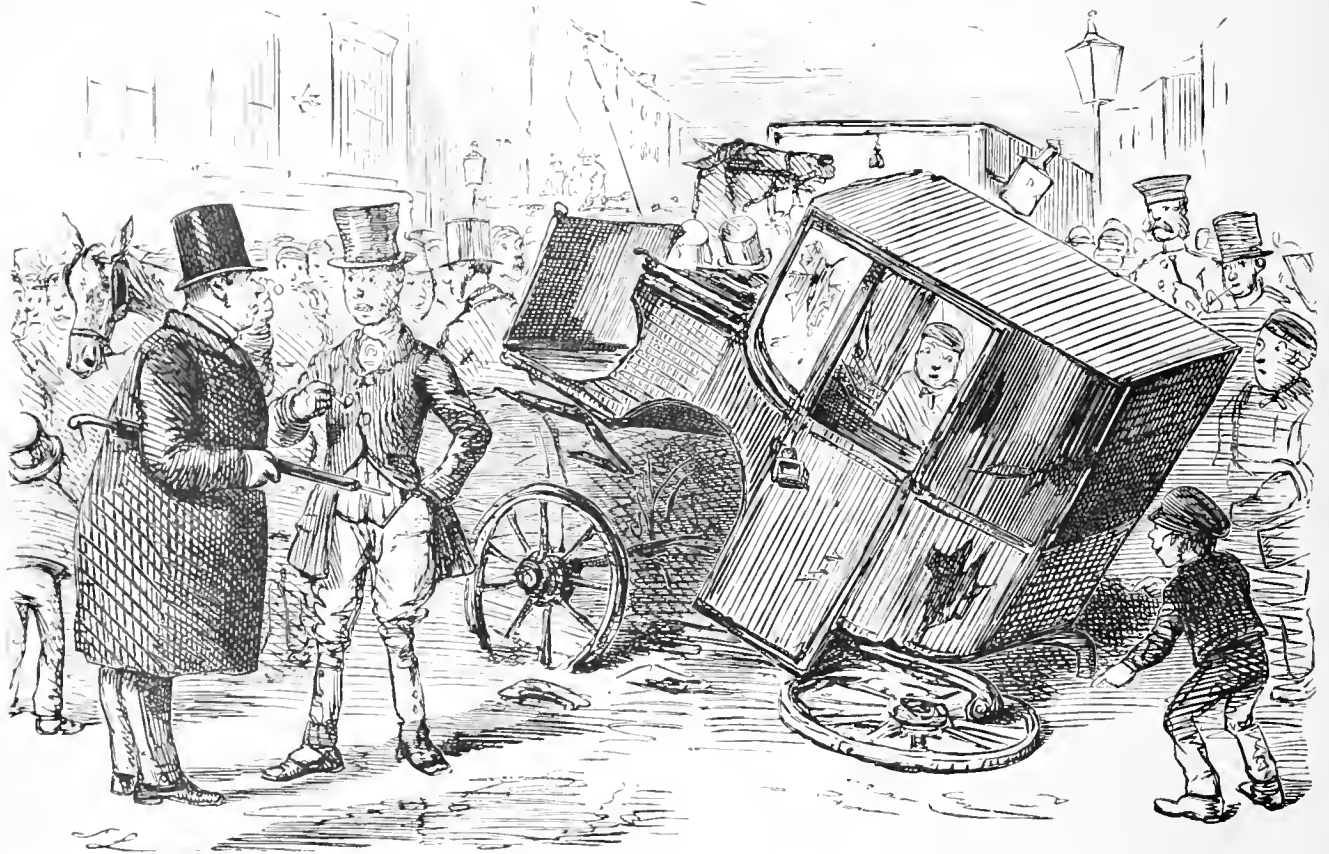
THE OLD GENTLEMAN HAS HAD A LONG MILE, AND TENDERS THE LEGAL FARE—SIXPENCE.

Cabby (with feigned surprise and delight), "WHAT, ALL—THIS—AT ONCE!!"



VERY ATTENTIVE.

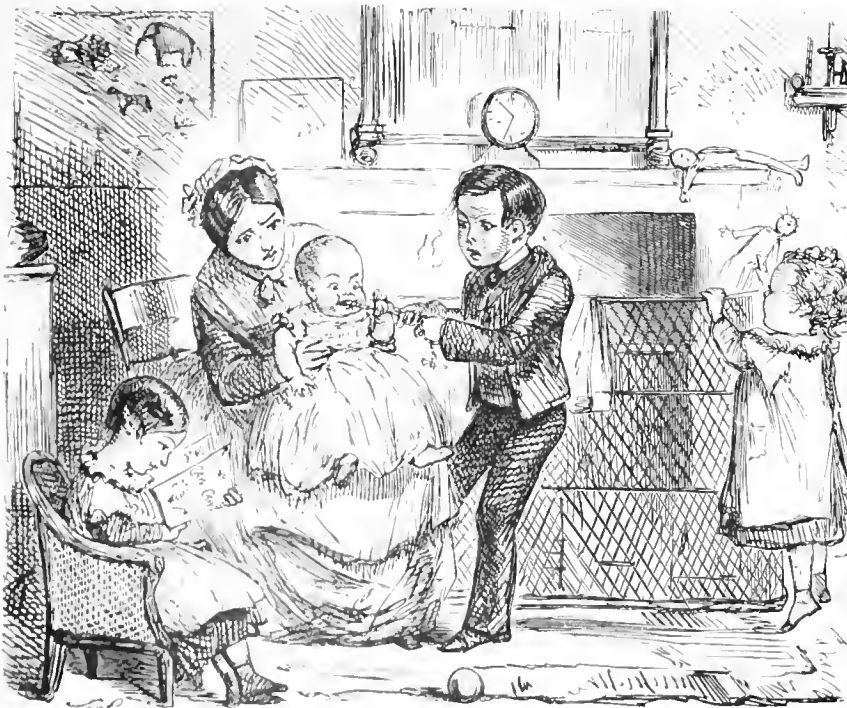
Hard-riding Cornet (to Old Party, who is rather bothered by a Brook). "DON'T MOVE, SIR! PRAY DON'T MOVE AND I'LL TAKE YOU OVER WITH ME!"



NOTHING TO SPEAK OF!

Old Gent. "PRAY, MY GOOD MAN, WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

Confused Individual "MATTER, SIR! GENLMN'S OSS RUN AWAY WITH A BROOM, SIR! NIVER SEE ANYTHINK LIKE IT IN ALL MY BORN DAYS! DOWN HE COMES THE 'ILL WITH THE SHARVES A-DANGLING ALL ABOUT HIS LEGS—KNOCKS A BUTCHER'S CART INTO A LINENDRAPER'S SHOP—BANGS AGIN A CARRIDGE AND PAIR, AND SMASHES THE PANEL ALL TO BITS—UPSETS A FEAYTON, AND IF HE 'ADN'T A-RUN UP AGIN THIS HERE CAB AND DASHED IT RIGHT OVER, AND STOPPED HISSSELF, BLOWED IF I DONT THINK THERE'D A BIN SOME ACCIDENT!"



THRILLING DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

Master Alfred "DONT, DADY!—YOU'LL SPOIL IT. LEAVE GO, SIR! HERE, NURSE! HE'S SWALLOWING MY NEW WATCH!"



AFTERNOON TEA.



THE FAIR TOXOPHILITES.

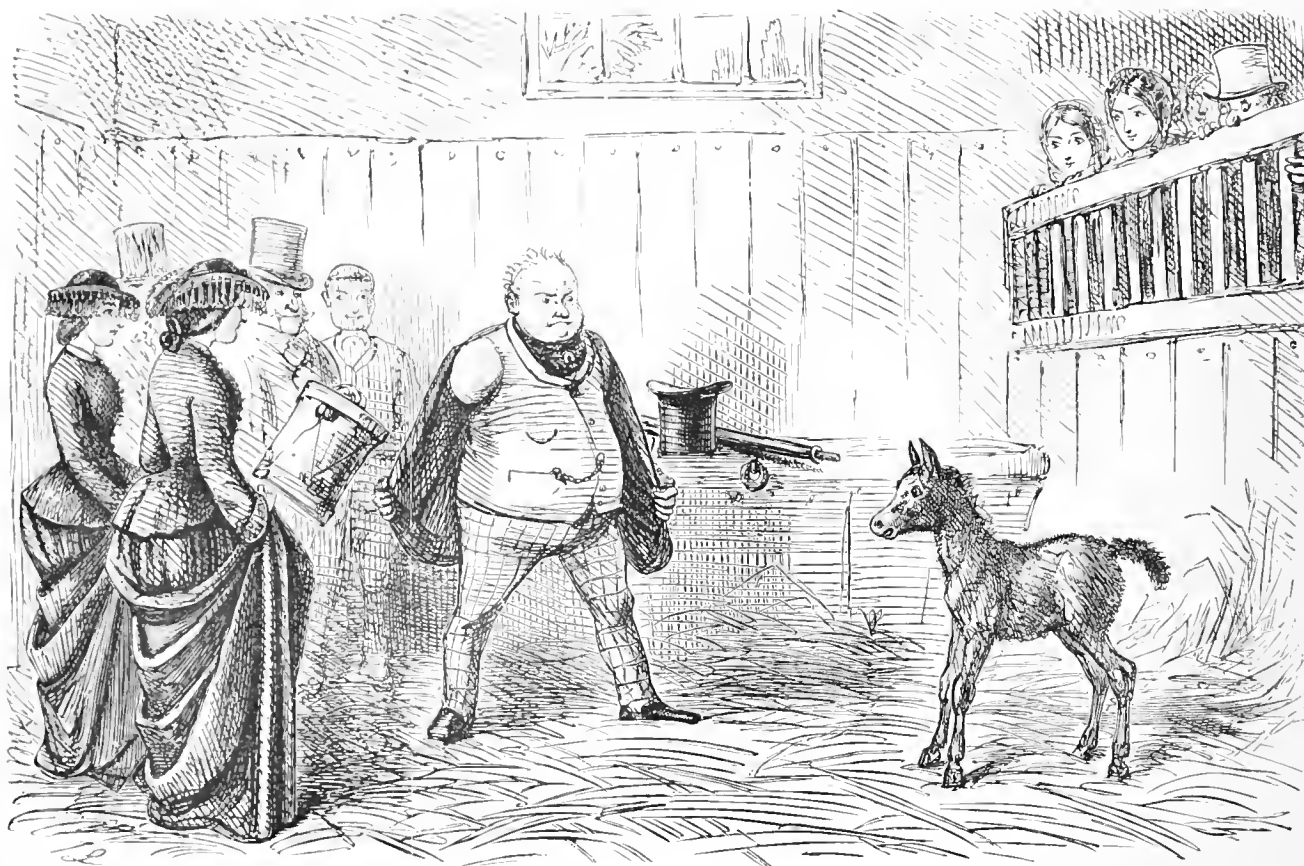
Constance. "OH, MAMMA! I'M SO DELIGHTED! I HAVE JUST MADE THE BEST GOLD, AND WON THE BEAUTIFUL BRACELET GIVEN BY CAPTAIN RIFLES."

Lucy (disappointed). "WELL, CONSTANCE, I THINK YOU HAD BETTER NOT SAY MUCH ABOUT IT. YOU KNOW IT WAS A FLUKE! FOR YOU TOLD ME YOU ALWAYS SHOT WITH YOUR EYES SHUT, AS YOU FEEL SO VERY NERVOUS!"



HINT TO GENTLEMEN RIDING HOME AFTER DINNER.

NEVER CARRY "PATENT VESUVIENNES," 2d. A BOX, IN YOUR COAT-TAIL POCKET!



MR. BRIGGS, HAVING BECOME AN ADEPT IN THE ART OF HORSE-TAMING, OPERATES UPON
A COLT HE HAS BRED HIMSELF, AND



WITH COMPLETE SUCCESS!



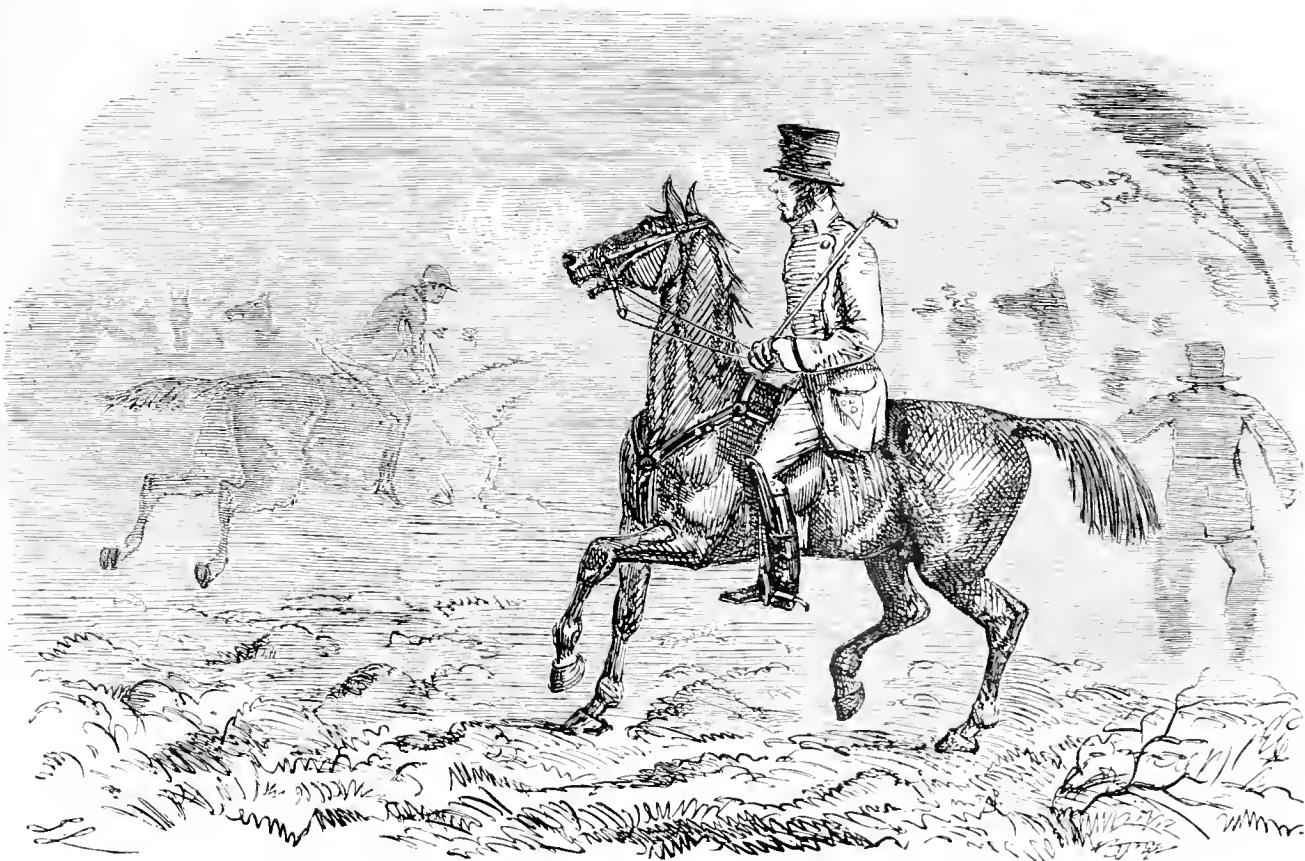
AN UNINVITING PROSPECT.

A FRENCH FRIEND PAYS HIS FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND, AND IS SHOWN THE GREAT METROPOLIS. HE IS PROFOUNDLY IMPRESSED BY OUR NOBLE REGENT STREET



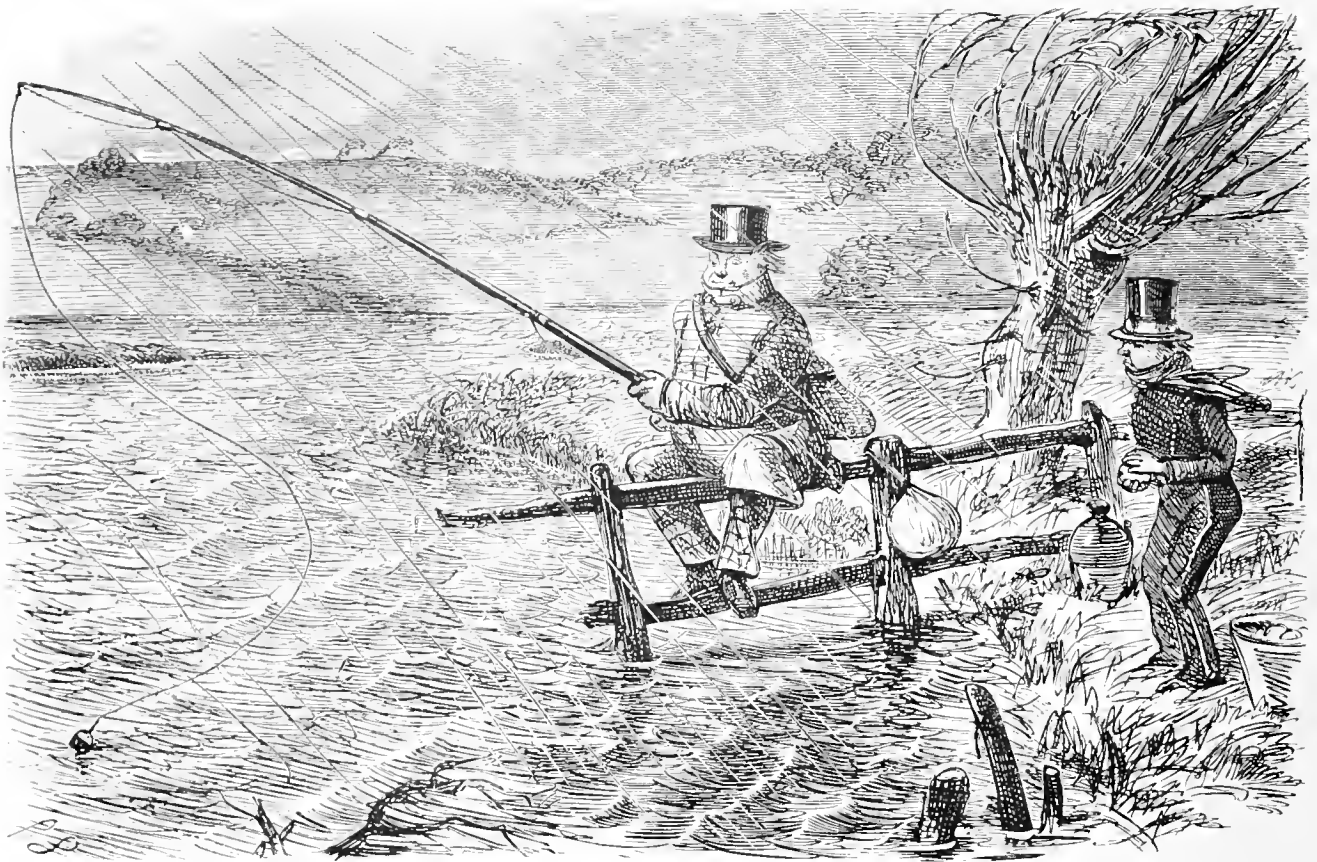
THE DEMON OF THE STREET.

THE FRIGHTFUL FIGURE THAT NEARLY TERRIFIED OLD FOGGY AND HIS WIFE OUT OF THEIR WITS—AND WHICH PROVED, AFTER ALL, TO BE ONLY AN ORDINARY MORTAL CARRYING ROASTED CHESTNUTS!



FOXHUNTING IN A FOG.

Wild Huntsman (in the distance). "ALL RIGHT, JACK! COME ALONG! CAN HEAR 'EM IN THE NEXT FIELD!"



IT'S THE EARLY BIRD THAT PICKS UP THE WORM.

Piscator. "THERE, THOMAS, YOU NOW SEE THE ADVANTAGE OF EARLY RISING. I HAVE GOT THE VERY BEST PLACE ON THE WATER, AND I'LL BE BOUND TO SAY THE OTHER SUBSCRIBERS ARE NOT OUT OF BED YET!"



F. M. PUNCH SYMPATHISES WITH THE POOR(!) ITALIAN ORGAN-GRINDER.

F. M. P. "THERE, MY MAN IT'S A PITY A GREAT HULKING FELLOW LIKE YOU SHOULD TURN A HANDLE TO MAKE SUCH A NASTY NOISE! HERE'S AN INSTRUMENT FOR YOU! GO AND PLAY UPON IT IN YOUR OWN COUNTRY!"



DELICATE TEST.

Elevated Party. "A NEVER THINK A FL'EAR'S HAD 'MUSH WINE S'LONG AS A WINDSUP-ISH WASH!"
[Proceeds to perform that operation with corkscrew.]



A WAKE IN THE MINING DISTRICTS.

J'moimer Ann. "HAS THEE FOWGHTEN, BILL?"

Bill. "NOOAH!"

J'moimer Ann. "THEN GET THEE FOWGHTEN, AND COOM WUM. DADDY GOT HIS'N DONE BY FOWER O'CLOCK!"



A BAD TIME FOR JOHN THOMAS.

Rude Boy. "I SAY, JACK, AIN'T HE A FINE UN?—D'YE THINK HE'S REAL, OR ONLY STUFFED?"



THE COMING COLLISION.



REMARKABLE CASE OF TABLE-TALKING.

Table (loquutor). "DON'T YOU BELIEVE HIM, MUM—I'M NOT MAHOGANY, BUT I'M VENEERED AND SECONO-HANO."
 [Table dances about on its legs for a considerable time, and vanishes in a blue flame.]



THE FOUR-IN-HAND MANIA.

Hearse Driver (to Swell, who has just started a Team). "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT HEARING AS YOU HAD STARTED FOUR 'OSSLES, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT A YOUNG MAN AS COULD BRING YOUR COACH UP TO THE DOOR AS IT 'AD OUGHT TO BE!"



TOUCHING.

Friend. "—AND WHAT BECOME OF HER?"

Buss Driver (with emotion). "WELL!—SHE WAS TOOK AWAY FROM ME—AND GOT IN BAD HANDS, YER SEE—AND SOON WENT ALL TO PIECES.—OEAR! OEAR!—SHE WOS WER BEAUTIFUL!—SUCH A SHAPE! AND SUCH A LOVELY COLOUR! (Sighing.) HAH! I SHA NEVER, NEVER, SEE—SUCH—ANOTHER—BUSS ACIN!"



SIX OF ONE AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

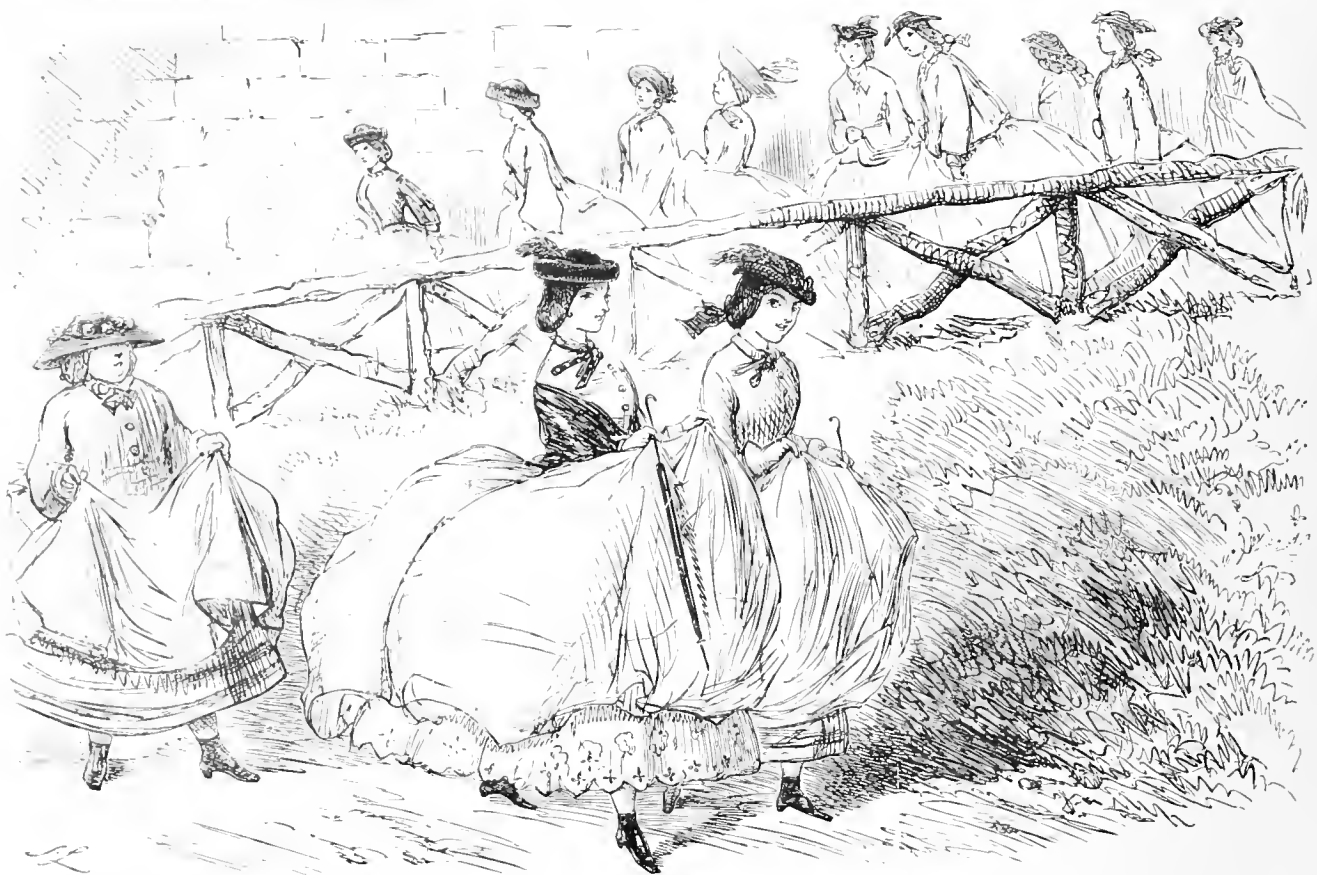
Miss Matilda to Miss Priscilla, "WELL, I'M SURE!—THE CREATURE NEEDN'T SIT THERE IN THAT DISGUSTING MANNER!"



AN EQUESTRIAN DIFFICULTY.

Mr. Sprat. "DON'T YOU THINK, MY LOVE, THAT THE GROOM, WHO UNDERSTANDS THESE THINGS, HAD BETTER PUT YOU UP?"

Mrs. Sprat (with indignation). "THE GROOM, MR. S! THE GROOM PUT ME UP! NO, SIR! PUT ME UP YOURSELF, A PRETTY HUSBAND YOU ARE! GROOM, INDEED!"



THE RACE FOR A BATHING MACHINE.

ALICE FIRST, CLARA SECOND, MISS TODDLES A BAD THIRD; AND THE REST NOWHERE!



RIVER FROLICS.

WHAT CAPITAL FUN IT IS SETTING TRIMMERS FOR JACK, AND ROWING AFTER THEM UNDER A BURNING SUN!—BUT WHY DOES NOT TOM HAUL UP THE ANCHOR?



THE WILL AND THE WAY.

MRS. POTTLES SEES NO REASON WHY SHE SHOULDN'T GO OUT ON THE ROOF OF HER HOUSE TO SEE THE FIREWORKS.



PREJUDICE.

Boy. "OH! LOOK 'ERE, BILL! 'ERE'S A BLOATED HARISTOCRAT. THERE'S NO ONE LOOKING. LET'S PUNCH HIS 'ED!"



THE COMET.

Master Tom. "I SAY, GRAN'MA, THIS IS A BAD JOB ABOUT THE COMET!"

Gran'ma. "GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Master Tom. "WHY, HERE'S A LETTER IN THE PAPER SAYS,—'The particles of the tail, if thrown out from the head, having only, as before, the same rate of orbital motion as the head, and having larger and larger orbits to describe, the further they are removed from the head, will necessarily fall further and further behind as they recede from the comet, and thus form a curve independently of a resisting medium;' AND THAT, 'the panic-allaying doctrine of the tenuity of cometic nuclei cannot be maintained from the mere fact of their translucency.'"



VIVE LE SPORT!

English Friend (to Foreigner of distinction). "THE FOX HAS BROKE, AND GONE AWAY!"

Foreigner of distinction (who has been galloping about the rides to his immense satisfaction). "AHA! HE IS BROKEN, AND GONE AWAY! WHAT A PITY! ZEN I SUPPOSE IT IS ALL OVARE AND WE MUST GO HOME!"



TAKING FIRST PLACE.

Boy from School. "GATE NAILED, OLD BOY! NEVER MIND! I'LL MAKE A GAP FOR YOU!"



CANDID.

Cook. "FINE DAY, MR. CHALKS!"

Mr. Chalks. "YES, COOKEY, IT'S A VERY FINE DAY! BUT IF WE HAVEN'T SOME RAIN SOON, I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE SHALL DO FOR MILK!"



FORTUNATE FELLOWS.

Stalwart Briton. "I TELL YER WHAT, BILL! WE OUGHT TO DE VERY THANKFUL WE'RE ENGLISHMEN, FOR WHETHER IT'S THE CLIMATE, OR WHETHER IT'S THEIR HABITS, JUST SEE HOW THOSE AMERICANS ARE DEGENERATING!"



NOT A PERSONAL ALLUSION.

Stout Gent. "DEAR! DEAR! SO HE HAS FORMED AN ATTACHMENT THAT YOU DON'T APPROVE OF! AH! WELL. THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING. DEPEND UPON IT, MA'AM, THERE'S A SKELETON SOMEWHERE IN EVERY HOUSE!"



RETURNING FROM THE DERBY.

"AT LENGTH HE PRESENTED HIMSELF BUT IN SUCH A STATE THAT WE WERE OBLIGED TO TIE HIM ON THE BOX, AND I HAD TO RIDE HOME."—
Extract from Letter to particular Friend.



AT EPSOM.

Excited Gentleman. "THEY'RE OFF!—THEY'RE OFF!"
Quiet Lady. "ARE THEY, DEAR? WON'T YOU HAVE SOME PIE?"



AN ABSENTEE.

"WHY ARE YOU ON THE CROSSING, JAMES? IS YOUR FATHER ILL?"
"NO. HE'S DROVE MOTHER DOWN TO HASCOT."



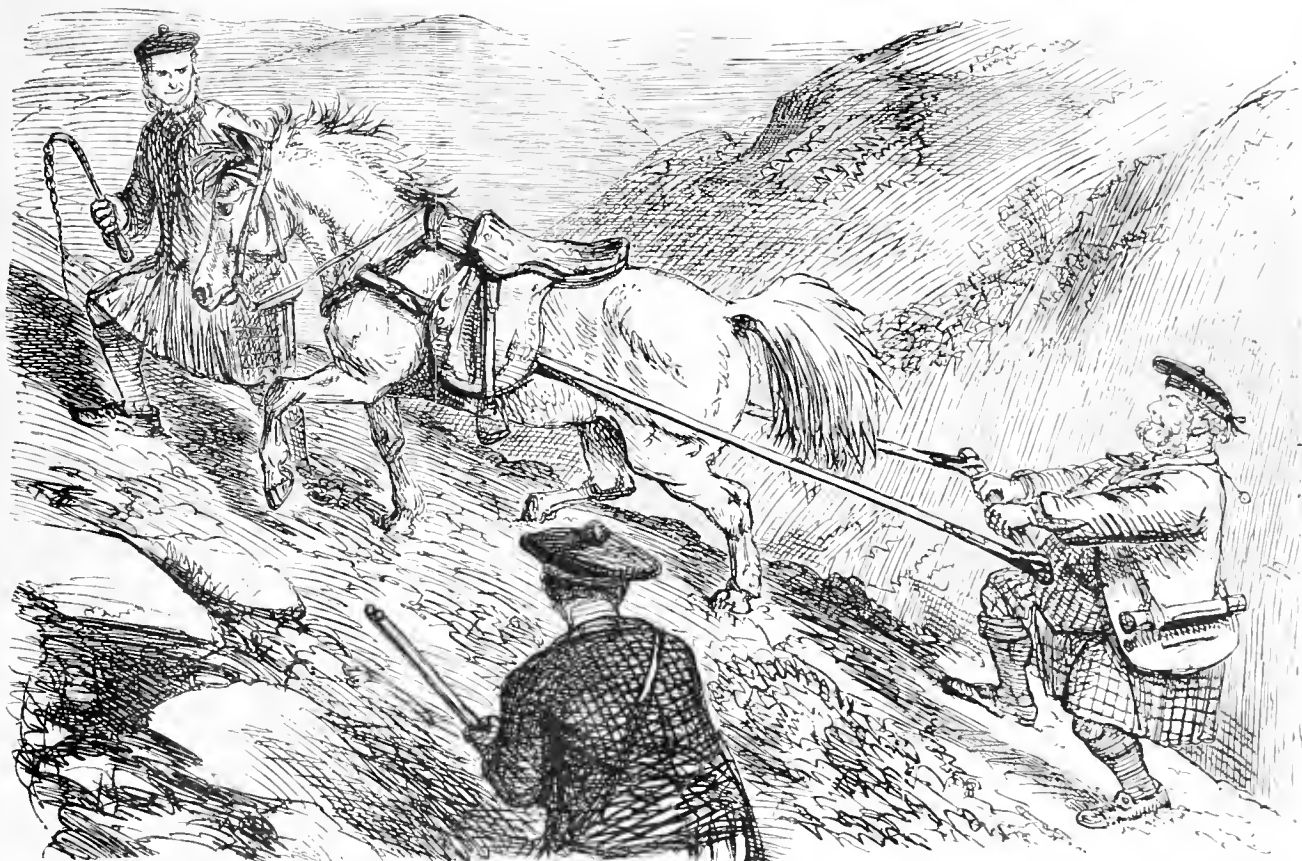
SELF-EXAMINATION.

Party (slightly influenced). "QESHION ISH' AM I FIT TO GO INTODRAWINGROOM? LETSH SHEE!—I CAN SHAY GLORIUSH CONSHYSHUSHN'—HAVE SEEN BRISH INSHYCHUSION —ALL THAT SORTOTHING—THATLEDO—HERE GOSH'."



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Old Mr. What's-his-name. "EGAD, I DONT WONDER AT MOUSTACHES COMING INTO FASHION, FOR—EH! WHAT! BY JOVE IT DOES IMPROVE ONE'S APPEARANCE!"



DEER-STALKING MADE EASY. A HINT TO LUSTY SPORTSMEN.



A FACT FROM THE NURSERY.

Nurse. "MY GOODNESS GRACIOUS, MISS CHARLOTTE, YOU MUSTN'T PLAY WITH THOSE SCISSORS!"
Miss Charlotte. "I'M NOT PLAYING WITH 'EM, NURSE DEAR—I'M CUTTING 'LITTLE BRUDDER'S NAILS!"



RETIREMENT.



GRAND CHARGE OF PERAMBULATORS, AND DEFEAT OF THE SWELLS.



A SUBURBAN DELIGHT.

Dark Party (with a ticket-of-leave, of course). "AX YER PARDON, SIR!—BUT IF YDU WAS A-GOING DOWN THIS DARK LANE, P'RAPS YOU'D ALLOW ME AND THIS HERE YOUNG MAN TO GD ALONG WITH YER—'COS YER SEE THERE AINT NO PERLICE ABOUT—AND WE'RE SO PRECIOUS FEARED O' BEIN' GAROTTED!"



TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

AS, FOR EXAMPLE, WHEN YOU GET THE ASPARAGUS SHOT OVER YDUR FAVOURITE DRESS COAT WITH THE SILK FACINGS.



GOING TO THE BALL—THE FINISHING TOUCH.



"PERFORMERS," AFTER A RESPECTABLE FUNERAL.



THE BRITISH JURYMAN PREPARING FOR THE WORST.

Wife of his Bussum. "THERE, MY LOVE, I THINK WITH WHAT YOU'VE HAD, AND THIS BOX OF CONCENTRATED LUNCHEON, YOU MAY HOLD OUT AGAINST ANY OF 'EM!"



A DISTRESSED AGRICULTURIST.

Landlord, "WELL, MR SPRINGWHEAT, ACCORDING TO THE PAPERS, THERE SEEMS TO BE A PROBABILITY OF A CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES."

Tenant (who strongly approves of War prices). "GOODNESS GRACIOUS! WHY, YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THAT THERE'S ANY DANGER OF PEACE!"



SOMETHING LIKE A HORSE-TAMER.

Stout Party who weighs about ten sacks of flour and a cartload of bricks). "REALLY, NOW, AND SO YOU HAVE BEEN INITIATED, AND IT'S ALL RIGHT, EH? WELL, I CERTAINLY MUST TAKE SOME LESSONS, AND BECOME A HORSE-TAMER MYSELF!"



SPACIOUS ACCOMMODATION.

"THE WERRY FIRST THING AS EVER I DOES WHEN I GOES TO THE CHRISTIAL PALIS, IS GIT A CHEER!"



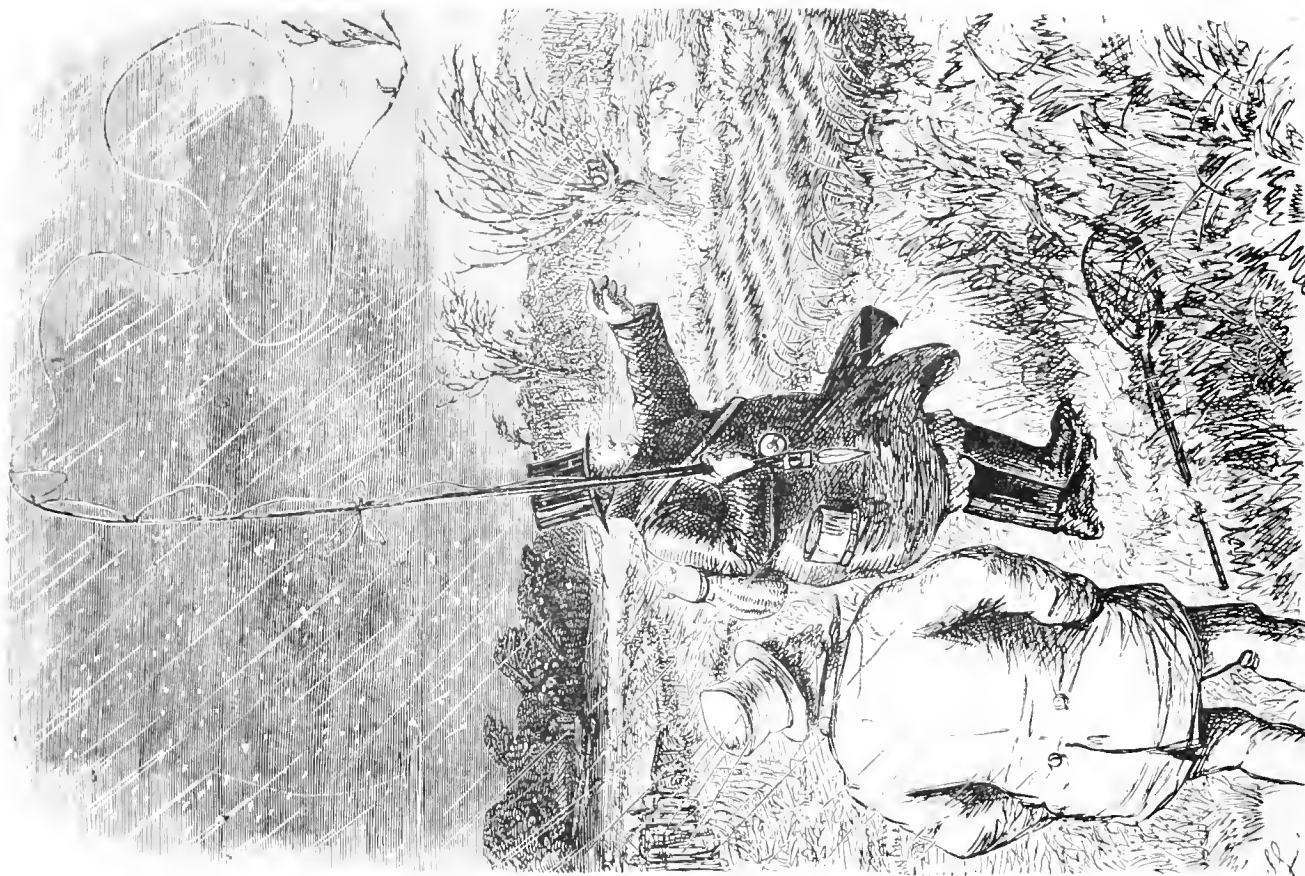
EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

Master of the House. "OH, FRED, MY BOY—WHEN DINNER IS READY, YOU TAKE MRS. FURBELOW DOWNSTAIRS!"



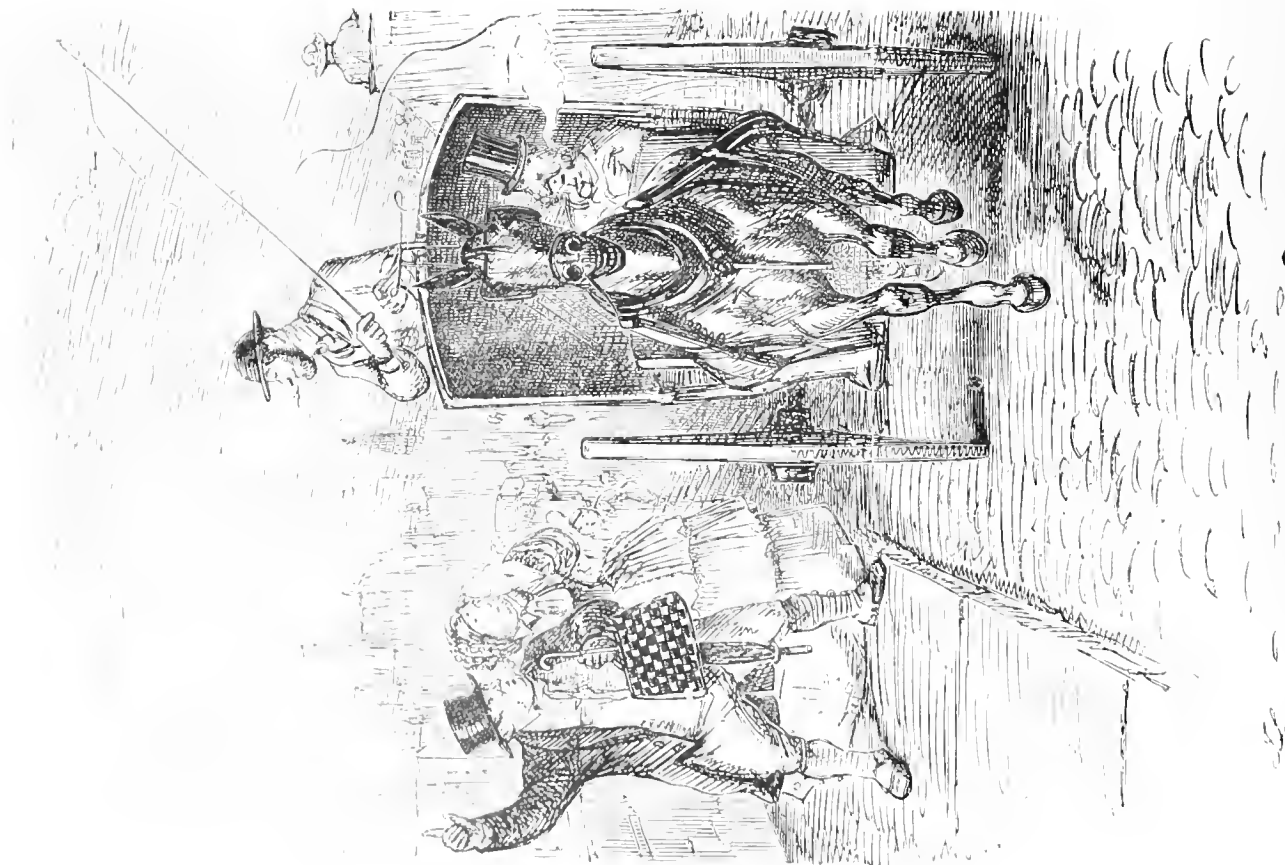
A DOUBLE GAME.

GREAT CHESS MATCH (UPON THE MORPHY SYSTEM) BETWEEN MR AND MRS. CASTLETOP AGAINST THEIR DAUGHTER CLANCHY AND HER INTENDED, YOUNG CHARLEY ROOKTON



THANK GOODNESS! FLY-FISHING HAS BEGUN!

Miller. "DON'T THEY, REALLY! PERHAPS THEY'LL RISE BETTER TOWARDS THE COOL OF THE EVENING. THEY MOSTLY DO!"



THE CIVIL CABMAN.

Cabby (to Old Parly, who has been to the Crystal Palace). "WANT A CAB, SIR!—SORRY I'M ENGAGED, SIR!—WERRY 'APPY TO TAKE YOU NEXT WEEK!"



A CAVALIER.

Adolphus. "NOW, GIRLS!—IF YOU'RE GAME FOR A RIDE ON THE SANDS—I'M YOUR MAN."



WET DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.

PARTY IN THE TABLEAU THINKS, THAT PERHAPS STROPPING HIS RAZORS
MIGHT AMUSE HIM



SCIENCE STUDENTS.

SO FOND OF ASTRONOMY, THAT THEY ARE ALWAYS ON THE BALCONY, LOOKING
FOR THE COMET!



A SPECIMEN OF PLUCK.

Ruggles. "HOLD HARD, MASTER GEORGE! ITS TOO WIDE, AND UNCOMMON DEEP!"
Master George. ALL RIGHT, RUGGLES! WE CAN BOTH SWIM!



A FACT.

Short-sighted Officer. "SERGEANT! GET THAT MAN'S HAIR CUT IMMEDIATELY!"



MATTER OF OPINION.

Miss Matilda. "GO ON, FIDO!—THERE'S ONE GREAT DRAWBACK TO THESE HATS—THEY MAKE ONE LOOK LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE (Ahem!)"



OUR LITTLE FRIEND TOM NODDY DETERMINES TO HAVE A DAY'S HUNTING IN A FRESH COUNTRY.

T. N. (log.). "WELL NOW, OLD FELLOW, WHAT SORT O' COUNTRY IS IT WHERE WE ARE GOING TO-MORROW?"

His Friend. "OH, BEAUTIFUL!—VERY EASY DIGGISH DULLFINCHERS WITH A DITCH ON ONE SIDE TIMBER OF COURSE, SUCH AS POSTS AND RAILS, AND THAT SORT OF THING, AND IF WE GO TO MUDCURY, NOTHING BUT RAZOR-BACKED BANKS AND—WATER!"



THE SWIMMERS.

Georgina NOW, CLARA, THAT'S NOT FAIR—YOU KNOW YOU HAVE ONE FOOT ON THE GROUND"



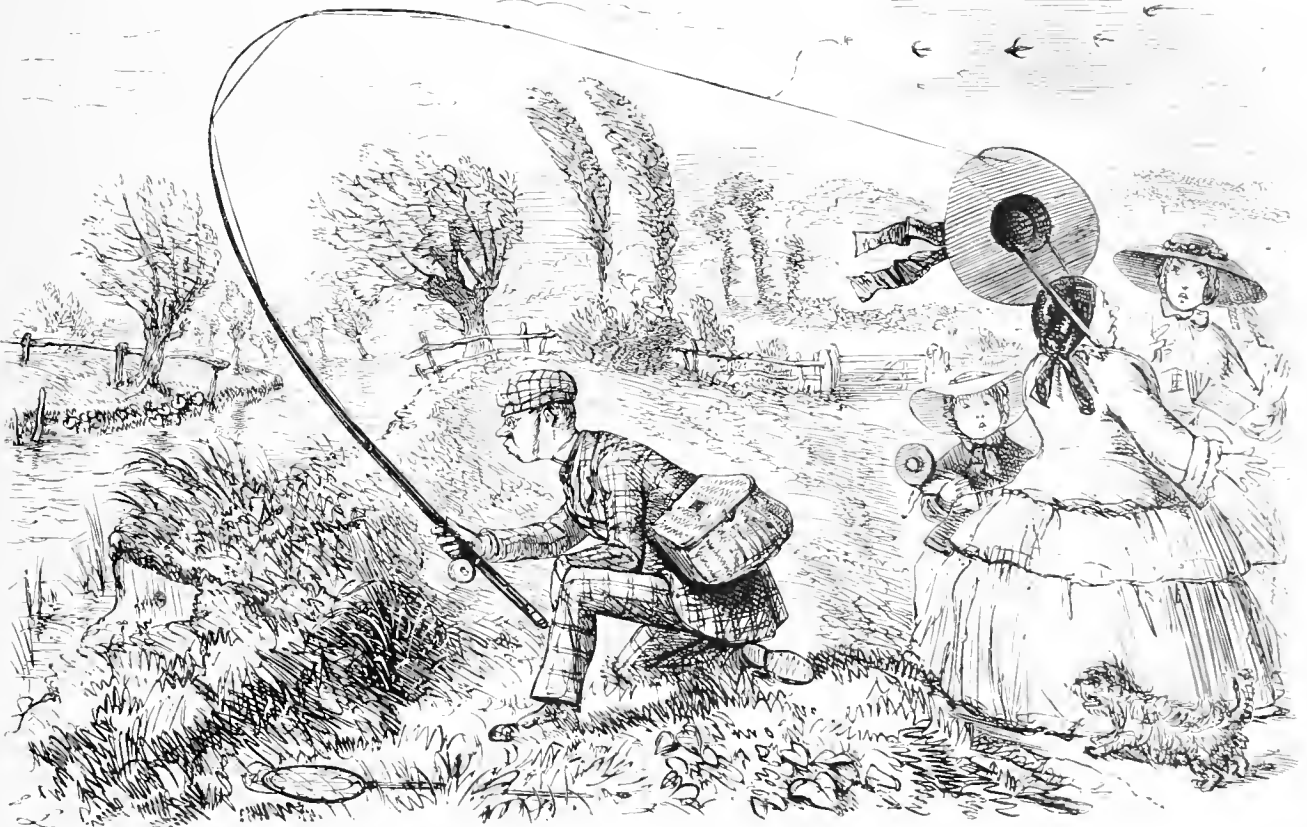
A MODERN ANTIQUE.



FRENCH AS IT IS SPOKEN.

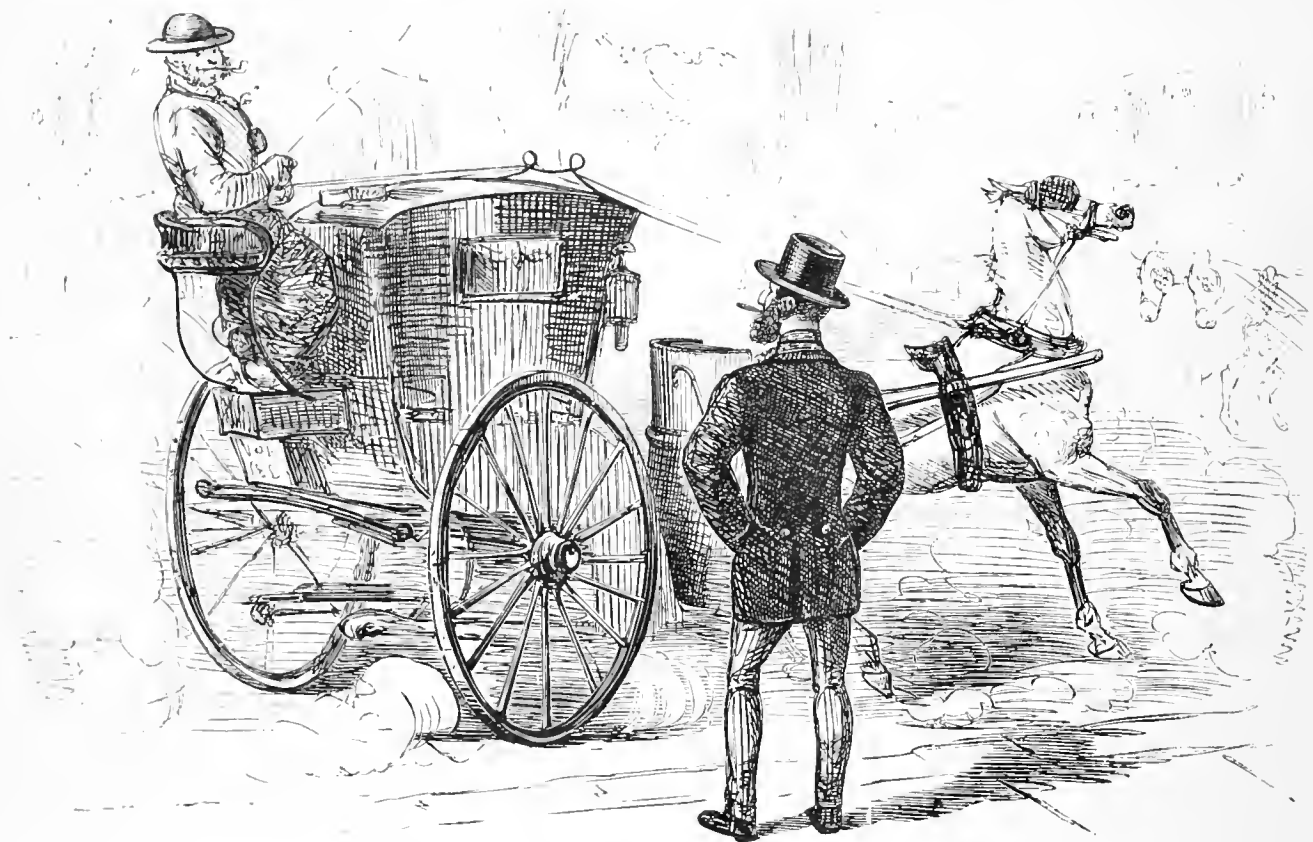
Scene. Paris, a Table d'Hôte.—Old Lady at Breakfast.—The Garçon has been ordered to bring some fruit to Old Lady.

Garçon. "VOILÀ, MADAME!"—Old Lady (who, in her Daughter's absence, will let off her French). "OH! TRES BYANG, TRES BYANG, CARÇON; BONGI MARECEY, MARECEY, MAIS—THESE ARE GURRANTS—BYANG NAMPORT! CET EGAL—ONLY—JE N'AIME PAS SO WELL AS GOOSEBERRIES, YOU KNOW!"
[Instructive rather!]



A GOOD CATCH.

FLY-FISHING A NICE RIPPLE ON THE WATER.— NOW FOR A BIG ONE



FELLOW FEELING.

Cahly "NOT GOT NO MONEY?"—NEVER MIND, SIR,—JUMP IN! I CAN'T STAND SUCH AN OSSEY-LOOKING GENT AS YOU TO GO ABOUT A-WALKING!"



THE FARM-YARD.

Country Friend to *London Friend* who is dressed within an inch of his life: "THERE, MY BOY—COME AND SLE THIS LOVELY PIQ, AND THEN WE'LL GO AND LOOK AT THE REST OF THE STOCK."



DELICATE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Tailor (measuring). "TRIFLE WIDER ROUND THE CHEST, SIR, THAN YOU WAS



TABLE-TURNING EXPERIMENT AT GREENWICH.

"THERE, OLD FELLA! HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED IT GOES ROUND NOW."
"OH YESH! THERE'S NO MISTAKE!"



A COOL REQUEST.

Boy. "I SAY, SIR—HEAVE US UP TO HAVE A LOOK AT THEM PICTURES!"



FASHION OF THE PERIOD.

THE RARE ZEBRA PATTERN—A SWEET THING FOR THE SEA-SIDE.



OFFENDED DIGNITY.

Small Boy (to Ex Cook, who has come about a place): "IS THERE A FOOTMAN KEP?
WHY, O' COURSE THERE IS—I'M THE FOOTMAN!"



A HINT TO THE ENTERPRISING.

Boy. "HERE YOU ARE, SIR. BLACK YER BOOTS, AND TAKE YER LIKENESS, FOR
THE SMALL CHARGE OF THREEPENCE!"



THE ROYAL KNICKERBOCKER ARCHERS.

INVASION, INDEED! WHY, HERE IS A CORPS OF VOLUNTEERS, WHO HAVE NEVER EVEN BEEN THOUGHT OF—WHAT WITH THE GLANCES AND THE ARROWS
THEY WOULD SHOOT, AN ENEMY WOULD BE WORRIED TO DLATH IN NO TIME!



SERVANTGALISM.—No. XI.

Mistress. "NOT GOING TO REMAIN IN A SITUATION ANY LONGER! WHY, YOU FOOLISH THINGS, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, THEN?"
 Eliza. "WHY, MA'AM, YOU SEE OUR FORTUNE-TELLER SAY THAT TWO YOUNG NOBLES-
 MEN IS A-GOING TO MARRY US—SO THERE'S NO CALL TO REMAIN IN NO SITUATIONS
 NO MORE!"



A MONSTROUS LIBERTY.

Flunkey. "HALLO, WILLIAM, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Groom. "MATTER?—WHY, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT NEXT?—HERE'S MASTER,
 WITHOUT SAYING NOETHUN TO ME, 'AS BIN AND LENT MY 'OSS TO A FRIEND—AND I'M
 DONE OUT OF MY AFTERNOON'S RIDE!"



SERVANTGALISM.—No. XII.

Mistress. "I THINK, COOK, WE MUST PART THIS DAY MONTH."
 Cook (in astonishment). "WHY, MA'AM? I AM SURE I'VE LET YOU HAVE YOUR OWN WAY IN 'MOST
 EVERYTHINK!"



THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD.



FRIENDLY SYMPATHY.

First Party (who is hard hit and sentimental) "THIS IS THE VERY SPOT WHERE I LAST SAW THE DARLING CREATURE. I ASSURE YOU FRANK, SHE IS THE LOVELIEST THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THE—THE—TH—IN FACT."

Second Party (who has heard the same thing for the last two hours) "HM! HA! DESSAY! YES, I SAY, OLD FELLAH! HAVE A WEED!"



MEN OF TASTE.

Alphonso "YOU FIND YOUR MOOSTARCHERS A GREAT COMFORT. DON'T YOU TOIA?"

Tim "WELL!—YES!—BUT I'M AFRAID I MUST CUT EM, FOR ONE'S OBLIGED DRESS SO DEUCEO EXPENSIVE TO MAKE EVERYTHING ACCORD!"



CAUTION TO GENTLEMEN WALKING TO EVENING PARTIES.

DON'T FORGET TO TAKE OFF YOUR GULOSHES AND TURN DOWN YOUR TROUSERS BEFORE ENTERING THE ROOM.



HUMILITY.



A DAY AT THE CAMP.

Sentinel. "WHO COMES THERE?"
Sentinel. "ADVANCE, FRIEND!"

Ebriosus. "FRIEND!"
Ebriosus. "ADVANSH; COME, THATSH A GOOD UN!"



RUSTIC PLEASANTRY.

Gent. on Horseback. "GET OUT OF THE WAY, BOY!—GET OUT OF THE WAY!—MY HORSE DONT LIKE DONKEYS!"
Boy. "DOANT HE?—THEN WHY DOANT HE KICK THEE ORF?"



MUCH TOO CURIOUS.

Officious Little Gent "HOLLO, CABBY WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR 'ORSE?"

Cabby. "WELL—THAT'S JUST WHAT I DON'T KNOW, AND I BRED HIM. YOU'RE ALWAYS WANTING TO BE BEHIND THE SCENES, YOU ARE! SUPPOSE YOU GET INSIDE AND SEE!"



THE PLEASURE OF LE SPORT.

Foreigner of Distinction (about to charge an obstacle). "TAKE NOTICE, MES AMIS! ZAT I LEAVE EVERY SING TO MY WIFE!"



A JUDGE BY APPEARANCE.

Bathing Guide. "BLESS 'IS 'ART! I KNOWD HE'O TAKE TO IT KINDLY—BY THE WERRY LOOKS ON 'IM!"



A VERY NATURAL MISTAKE.

Young Lady (who is in Hat and Coat of the Period). "CAN I HAVE A MACHINE NOW?"
Bathing Woman. "NOT HERE, SIR!—GENTLEMEN'S BATH. NO A LITTLE FURTHER DOWN!"

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



COMMON OBJECTS AT THE SEA-SIDE.

CH! LOOK HERE, MA! I'VE CAUGHT A FISH JUST LIKE THOSE THINGAMIES IN MY BED AT OUR LODGINGS!



GUY-FAWKES DAY.

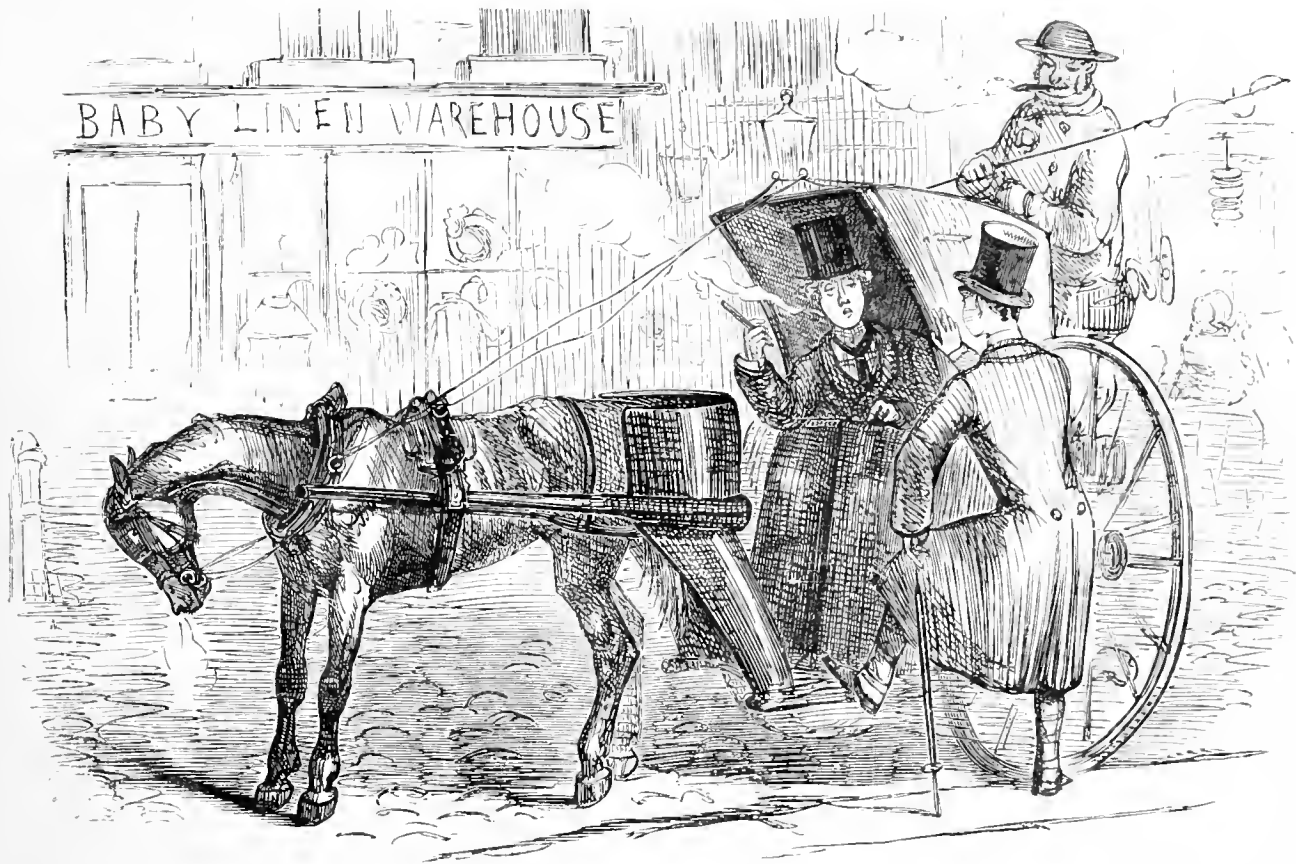
A STURDY DEFENDER OF CHURCH AND STATE.



IRISH LAKE-FISHING.

Mr. F. "GIVE THE BOAT, FEM! VERY LEAKY, AND TO WANT MENDING A GOOD DEAL!"

B. "WANT MENDING IS TO DO! NIVER FEARD! SHURE THE BOAT'S WELL ENOUGH IF YE SIT STILL, AND DONT COFF OR SNAZE SHE'LL CARRY YE PRETTY WELL!"



LAST REFUGE OF A BANISHED SMOKER.

First Juvenile Swell. "JUMP IN OLD FELLAH!"

Second Ditto. "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

First Ditto. "OH! NOWHERE! I'VE ONLY HIRED HIM TO HAVE SOMEWHERE TO SMOKE!"



AN EAST WIND JOKE.

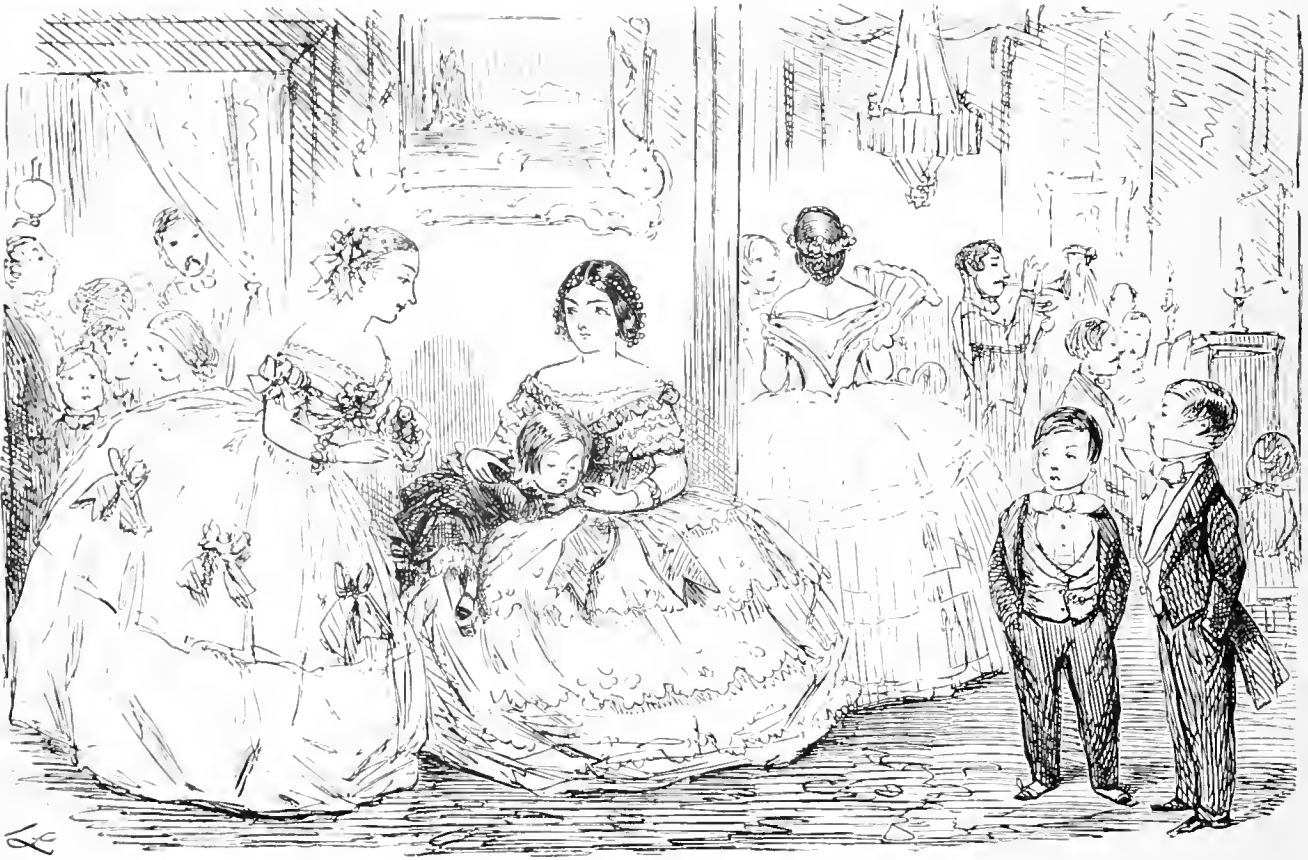
Brown. "AH, TOMKINS! HERE'S A MERRY SPRING TO YOU!"

Tomkins. "THE SAME TO YOU, BROWN, AND MANY OF THEM IF YOU COME TO THAT!"



NOT VERY LIKELY.

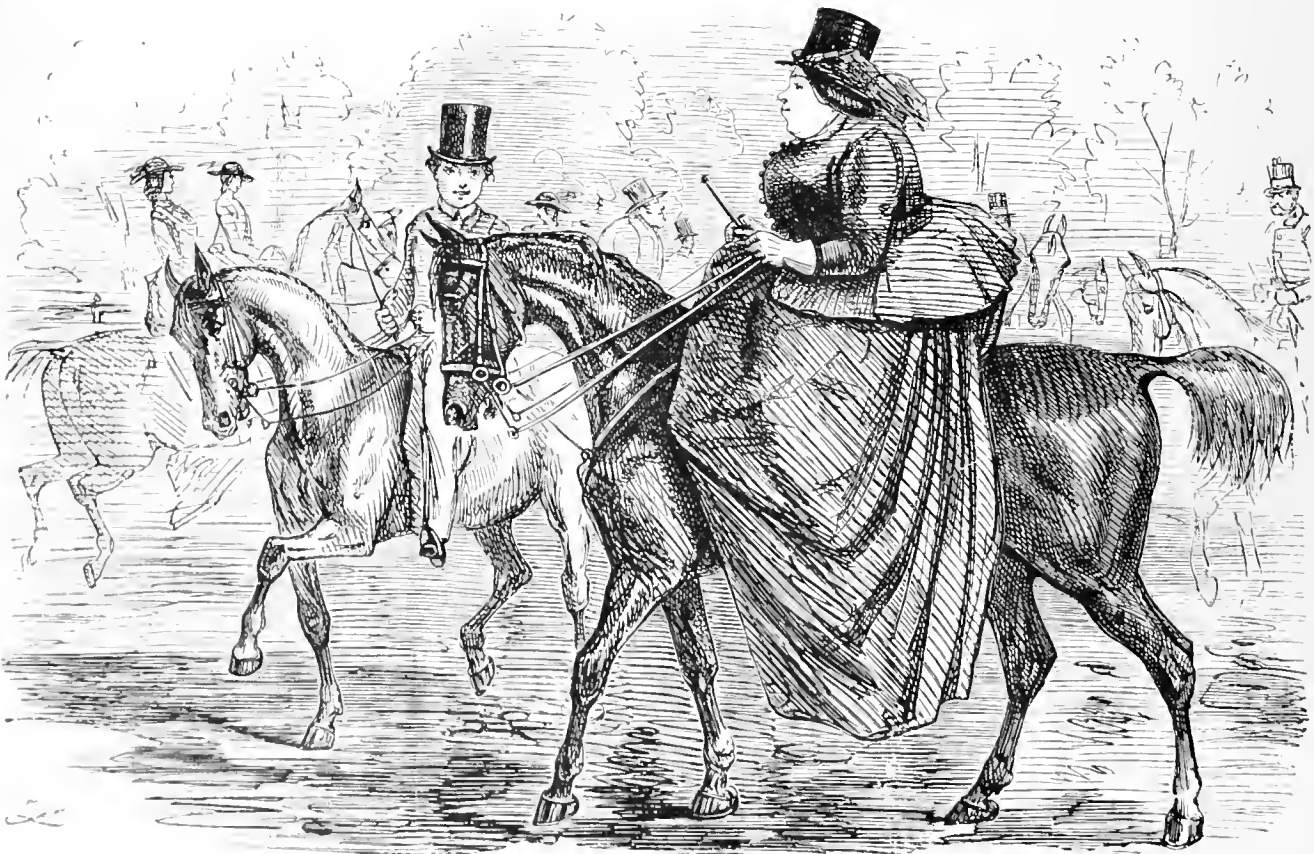
THE PARTY WHO HAS A CERTAINTY FOR THE EMPEROR'S PLATE.
NB. SEND EIGHTEEN POSTAGE STAMPS



CENSORS.

Master Sparrow "LOOK THERE, TOM! YOUNG FRED IS ASLEEP!"

Master Sprat "YES! POOR LITTLE BEGGAR! WHAT A SHAME IT IS TO KEEP SUCH A MERE CHILD AS THAT UP SO LATE!"



NOTHING LIKE HORSE EXERCISE.

"HOW AUNT! TOUCH HIM WITH YOUR LEFT HELL, AND LET'S HAVE A TROT!"



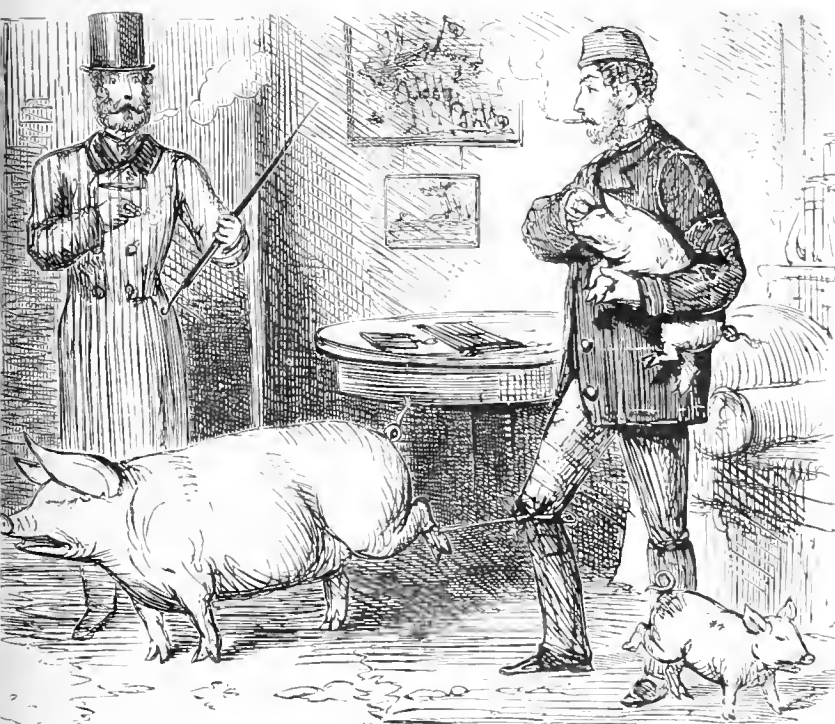
A NEW INDUSTRY.

"WHY, JACK! WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU LOOK DEUCED QUEER!"
 "YA-AS! YOU SEE, I'VE GONE INTO BUSINESS. I BUY CLAY PIPES AT A PENNY A-PIECE, AND SMOKE 'EM TILL THEY ARE BLACK, AND THEN SELL 'EM FOR A GUINEA: BUT IT'S PRECIOUS HARD WORK, I CAN TELL YOU."



THE NEW FASHION.

First Coster. "WHY, JACK! WHAT'S ALL THAT?"
 Second Do. "WELL, I CAN'T SAY! UNLESS IT'S FIREWORKS!"



A REAL SOLDIER.

Friend. "MY GOOD ALFRED! WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU ABOUT?"
 Alfred (in the Fusilier Guards). "WHY, YOU SEE, OLD FELLOW, WE ARE TO HAVE A CORPS OF SCOTCH HAGPIPER ATTACHED TO THE REGIMENT—SO I'M TRYING TO ACCOMMODATE MYSELF TO CIRCUMSTANCES, AND GET ACCUSTOMED TO THE NOISE."



FANCY GOES A GREAT WAY.

OH, HE'S AN 'ANSUM DOG, BUT HE AIN'T HALF SO 'ANSUM AS HIS BROTHER WERE!"



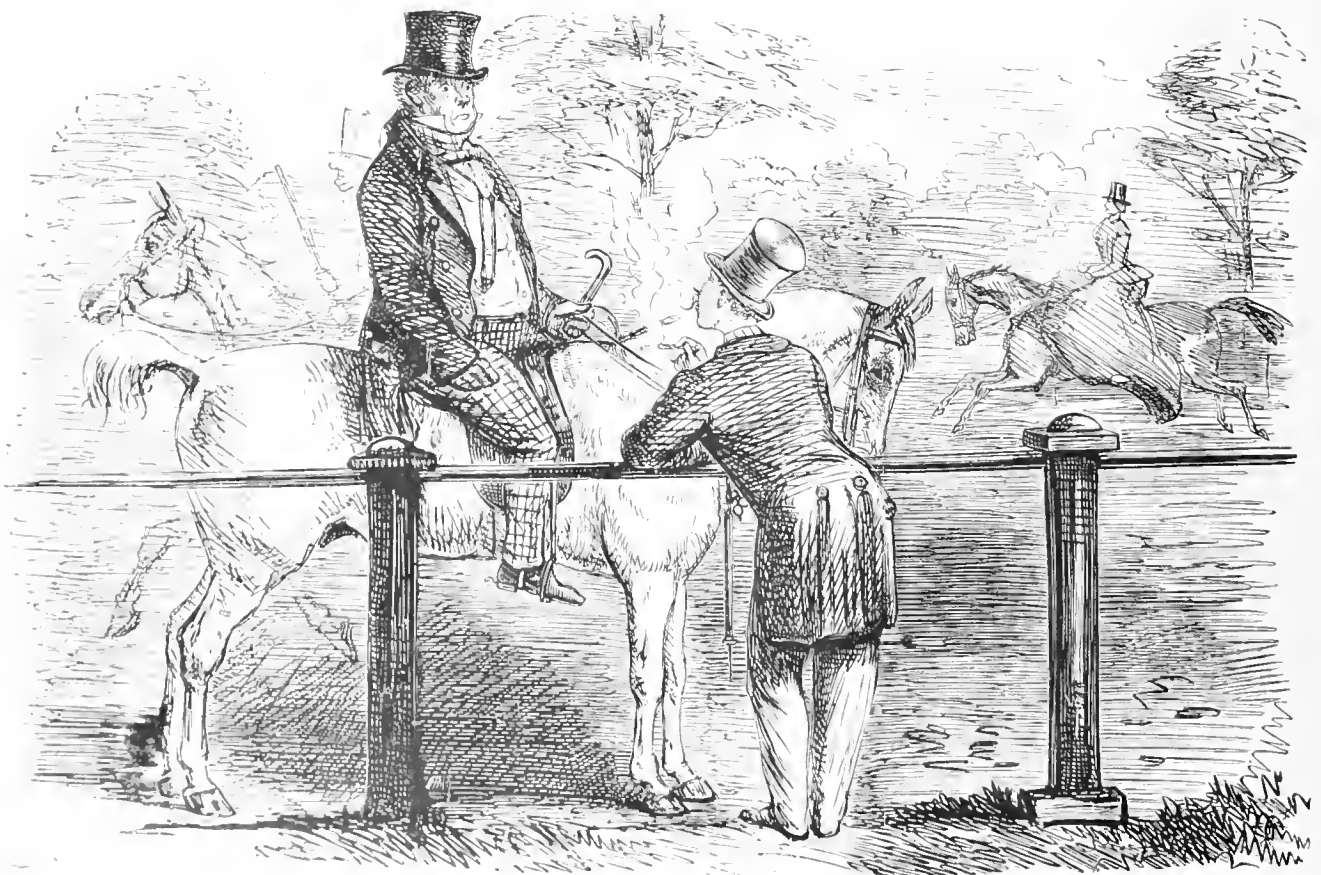
FAIR DISPUTANTS.

AN ELEGANT ROW ABOUT A MACHINE.



BRUTAL LEVITY.

Jones (who is naturally proud of his first-born). "A LITTLE DARLING, AINT HE?
Bachelor Friend. "H'M, HA! I SEE—YOUNG GORILLA! IS HE REAL OR STUFFED?"



INDOLENCE.

B. W. D. WHY, GEORGE! YOU NEVER RIDE HERE IN THE AFTERNOON—HOW'S THAT?"
Y. S. W. I. P. NO DO. IT LOOKS AS IF ONE HAD SOME OCCUPATION, YOU KNOW, AND COULDN'T WIDE OF A MORNING. I ALWAYS WIDE BEFORE
EIGHT AND BETWEEN ELEVEN AND ONE!



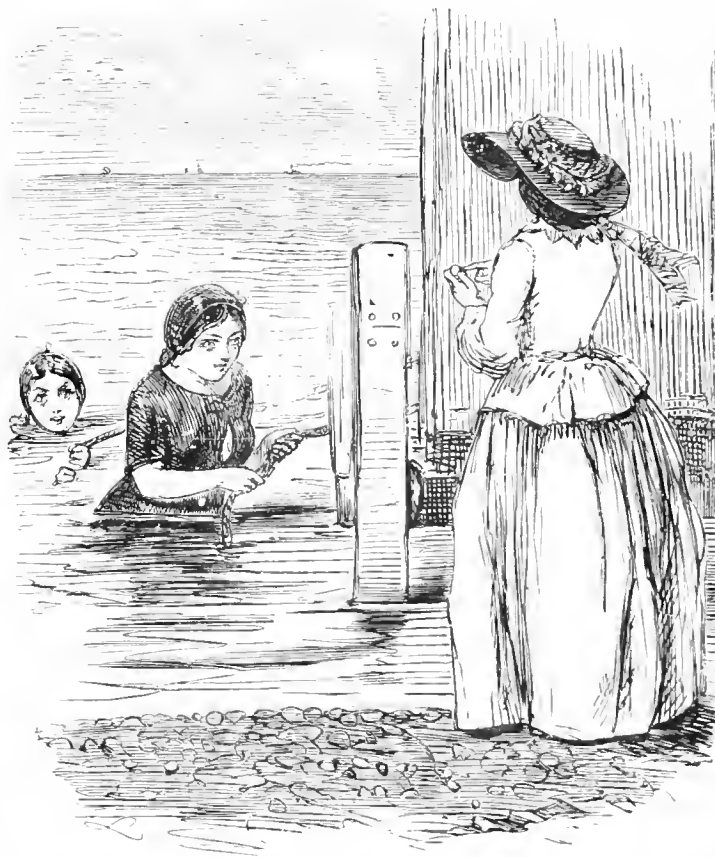
THE CENSUS.

Head of the Family (filling up the paper). "WELL, MISS PRIMROSE, AS A VISITOR, I MUST PUT YOUR AGE IN! WHAT SHALL WE SAY?"
Miss P. "OH, IT'S BEST TO BE STRAIGHTFORWARD. THE SAME AS DEAR FLORA—TWENTY LAST BIRTHDAY!"



A SUBJECT FOR SYMPATHY.

DISTRESSING POSITION OF CHARLES, WHO DOES NOT FEEL WELL, AND WHO IS KEENLY ALIVE TO THE FACT THAT AMY IS LOOKING AT HIM THROUGH HER OPERA-GLASS.



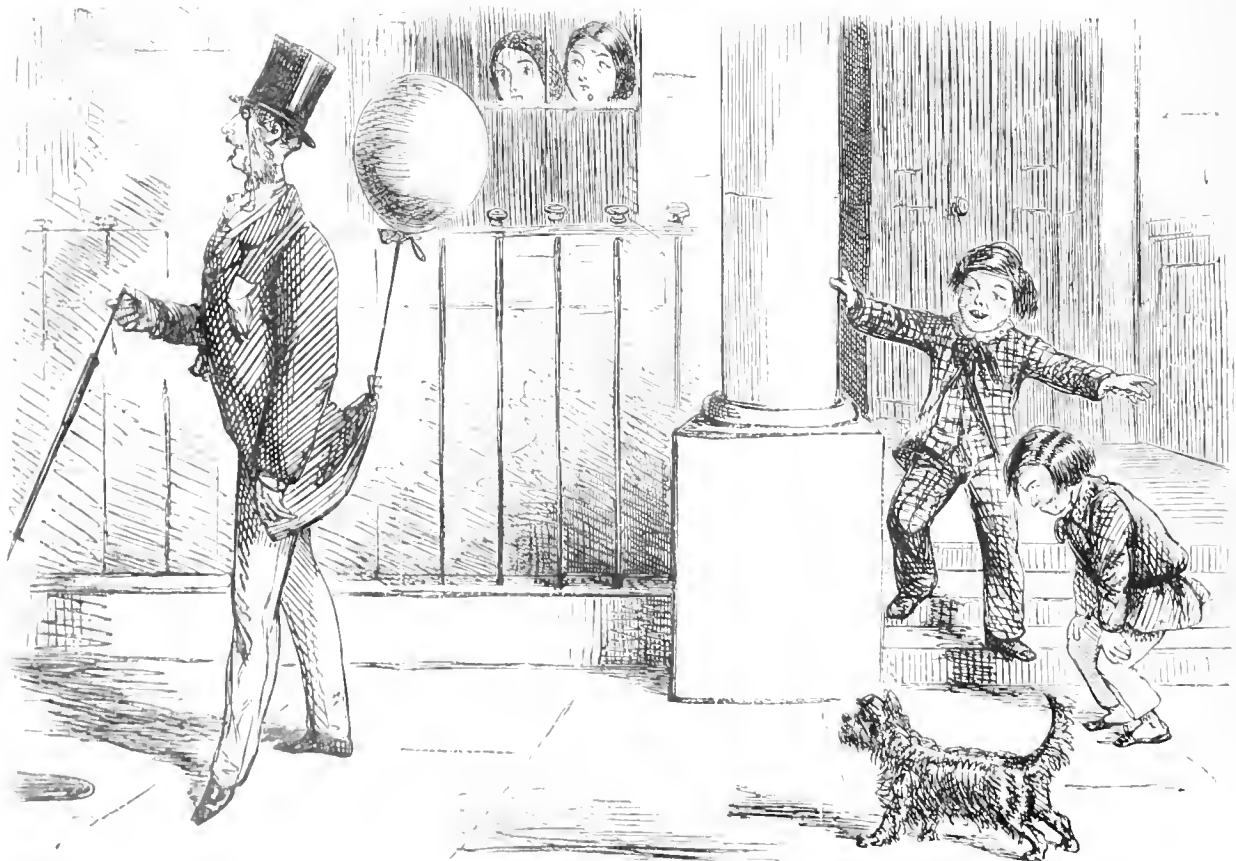
LITTLE DUCKS.

Georgey. "THERE NOW, CLARA—I CALL IT VERY PEEVISH OF YOU. YOU PROMISED ME, IF I LET YOU GO IN FIRST, THAT YOU WOULDN'T BE LONG, AND I DECLARE YOU HAVE BEEN EXACTLY AN HOUR AND TWENTY MINUTES." [Pouts.]



SOLICITUDE.

Wife, "NOW PROMISE ME ONE THING, ADOLPHUS. YOU WON'T GO FLYING OVER ANY HEDGES OR FIVE-BARRED GATES?"



AN UNCONSCIOUS VICTIM.

FEARFUL PRACTICAL JOKE PLAYED WITH A CHILD'S BALLOON UPON A SWELL.



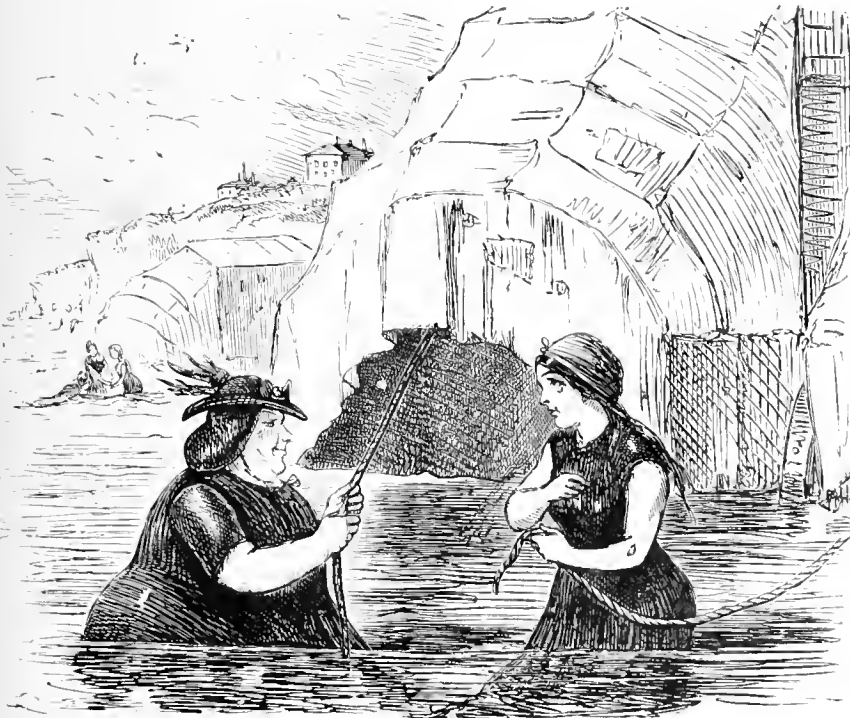
A HORRID BOY.

Frank. "OH, I SAY, EMILY! AIN'T THE SEA-SIDE JOLLY?"

Emily (who is reading *The Corsair* to Kate). "I DO NOT KNOW, FRANK, WHAT YOU MEAN BY JOLLY.—IT IS VERY BEAUTIFUL!—IT IS VERY LOVELY!"

Frank. "HAH! AND DON'T IT MAKE YOU ALWAYS READY FOR YOUR GRUB, NEITHER?"

[Exit Young Ladies, very properly disgusted.]



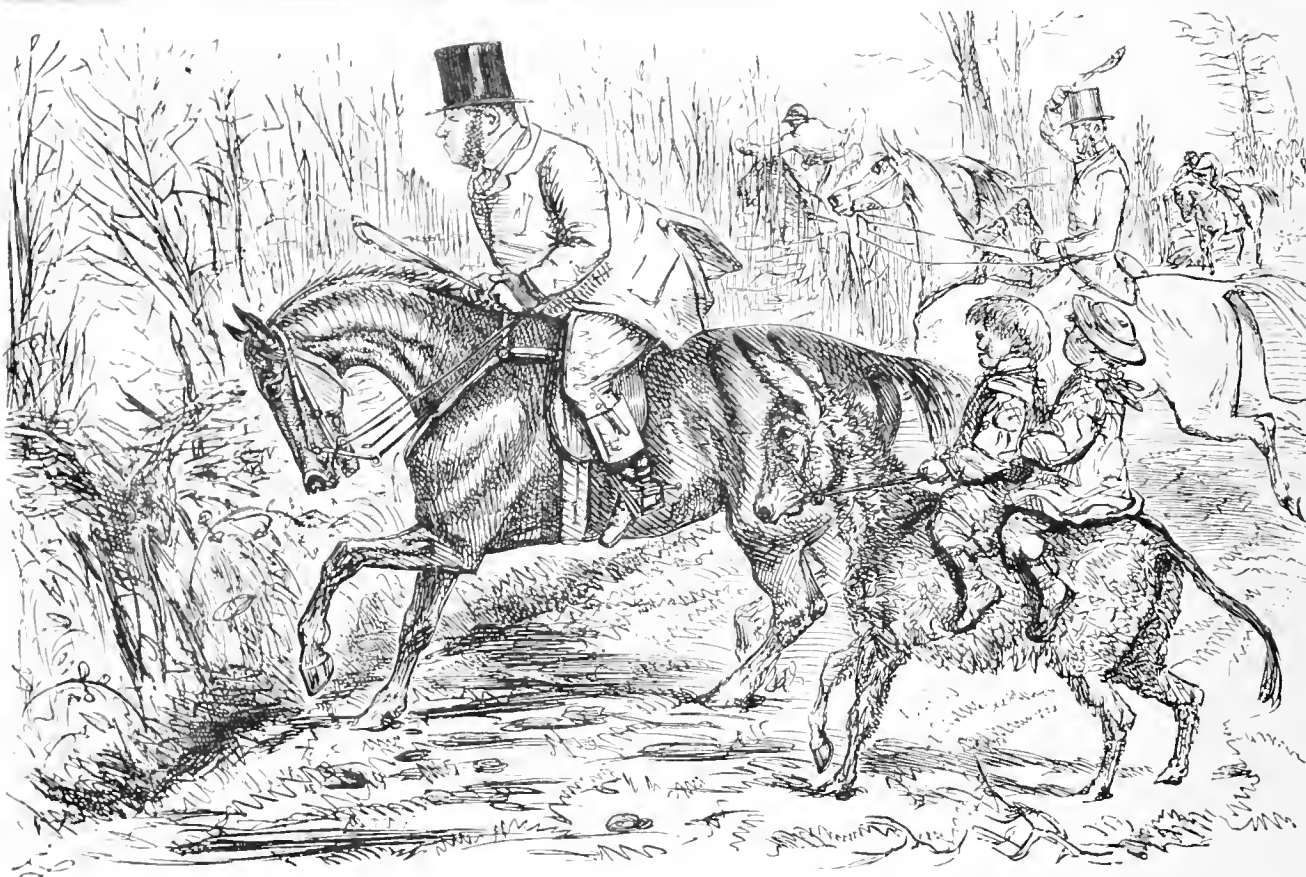
VERY ARTFUL CONTRIVANCE.

Clara. "WHY, DEAR ME! WHAT DO YOU WEAR YOUR HAT IN THE WATER FOR?"

Mrs. Walrus. "OH, I ALWAYS WEAR IT WHEN I BATHE, FOR THEN, YOU SEE, DEAR, NO ONE CAN RECOGNISE ME FROM THE EEACH!"

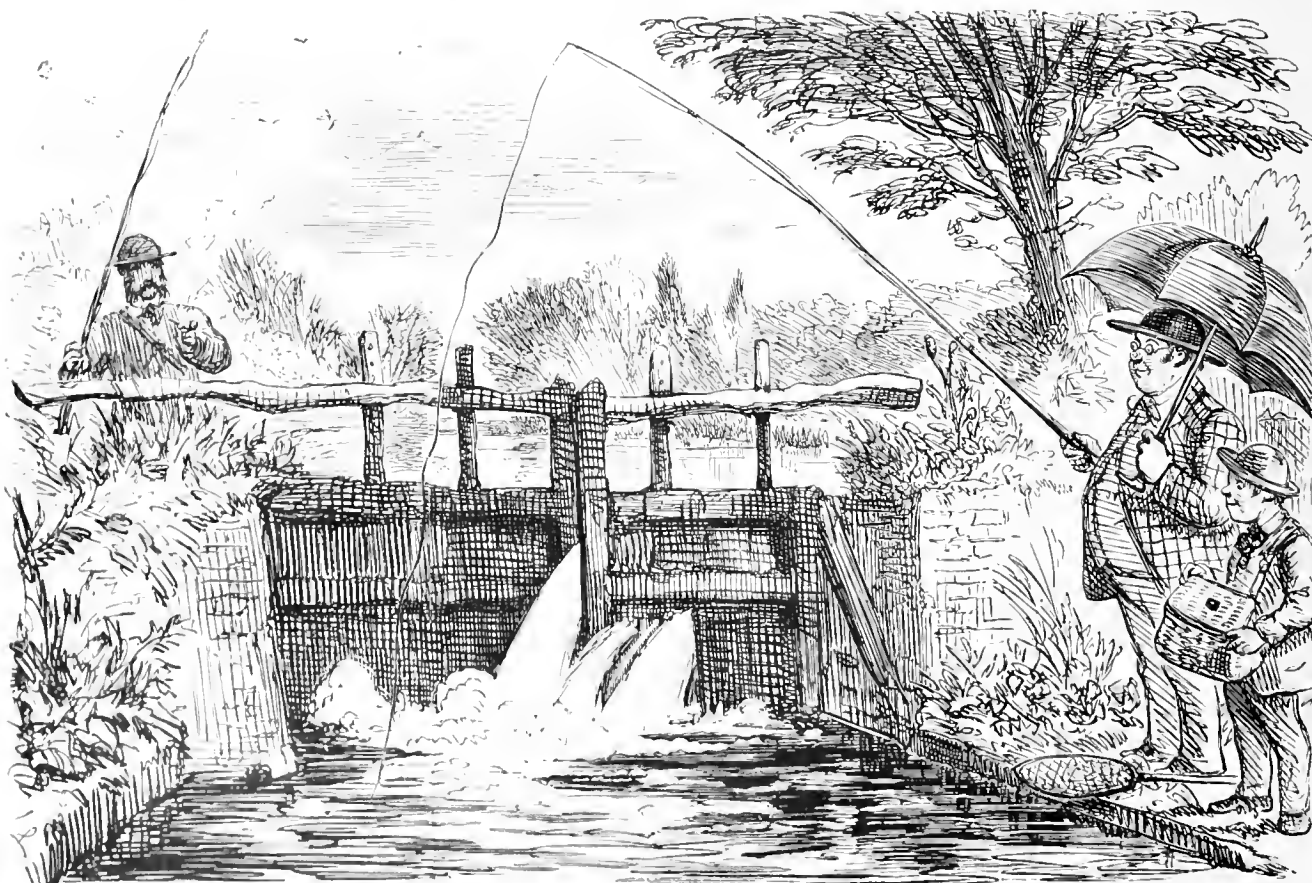


AT THE PLAY.



IN A HURRY.

Boy, "NOW THEN, SIR!—THE MORE YOU LOOK THE LESS YOU'LL LOIKE IT!—GET OVER, OR ELSE LET US COME!"



ANGLING DELIGHTS.

ON ARRIVING AT THE BEST PART OF YOUR FISHING, YOU ARE OF COURSE CHARMED TO FIND THAT OLD MUFFINS AND HIS LITTLE COY HAVE BEEN WHIPPING THE STREAM ALL THE AFTERNOON.



THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

Young Snobley (a regular Lady-killer). "HOW THE GIRLS DO STARE AT ONE'S BEARD!
I SUPPOSE THEY THINK I'M A HORFICER JUST COME FROM THE CRIMEAR!"



CONSOLATION.

Young Snobley. "AH, JIM! NOBLE BIRTH MUST BE A GREAT ADVANTAGE TO A COVE!"
Jim (one of Nature's nobility). "H'M! P'RAPS!—BUT FGAQ! PERSONAL BEAUTY
AIN'T A BAD SUBSTITUTE!"



AN UNDESIGNED COINCIDENCE.

TOMKINS RETIRES TO A SECLUDED VILLAGE, THAT HE MAY GROW HIS MOUSTACHES, AND SO CUT OUT
HIS ODOUS RIVAL, JONES. JONES, IT SO HAPPENS, HAS COME TO THE SAME PLACE WITH THE SAME
OBJEKT.—FRIGHTFUL MEETING!



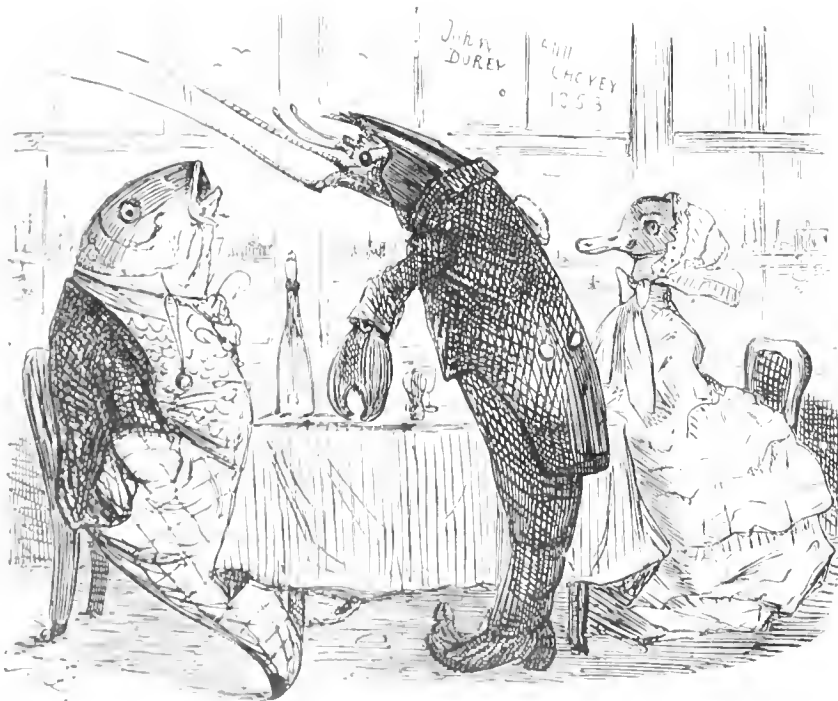
GOING TO THE PARK.



A LITTLE SHOOTING IN IRELAND.

"NO HIT AGAIN IM AFRAID TIM

O NIVER MIND YER 'ONOR! SURE, YE DO IT VERY NIST THERE'S SOME JINTLEMEN NOW COMES, AND THEY BLAZE AWAY AND THEY WOWNDES THE POOR BIRDS IN THE LIGS AND THE WINGS, AND SUCH LIKE, BUT YER 'ONOR! O, YE FIRES, AND FIRES, AND ALWAYS MISSES 'EM CLANE AND CLEVER!"



LITTLE DINNER AT GREENWICH.

HERE WAITAW —ARE THE WHITMEN PRETTY GOOD?



AFTER THE BATH.



POETRY AND PROSE.

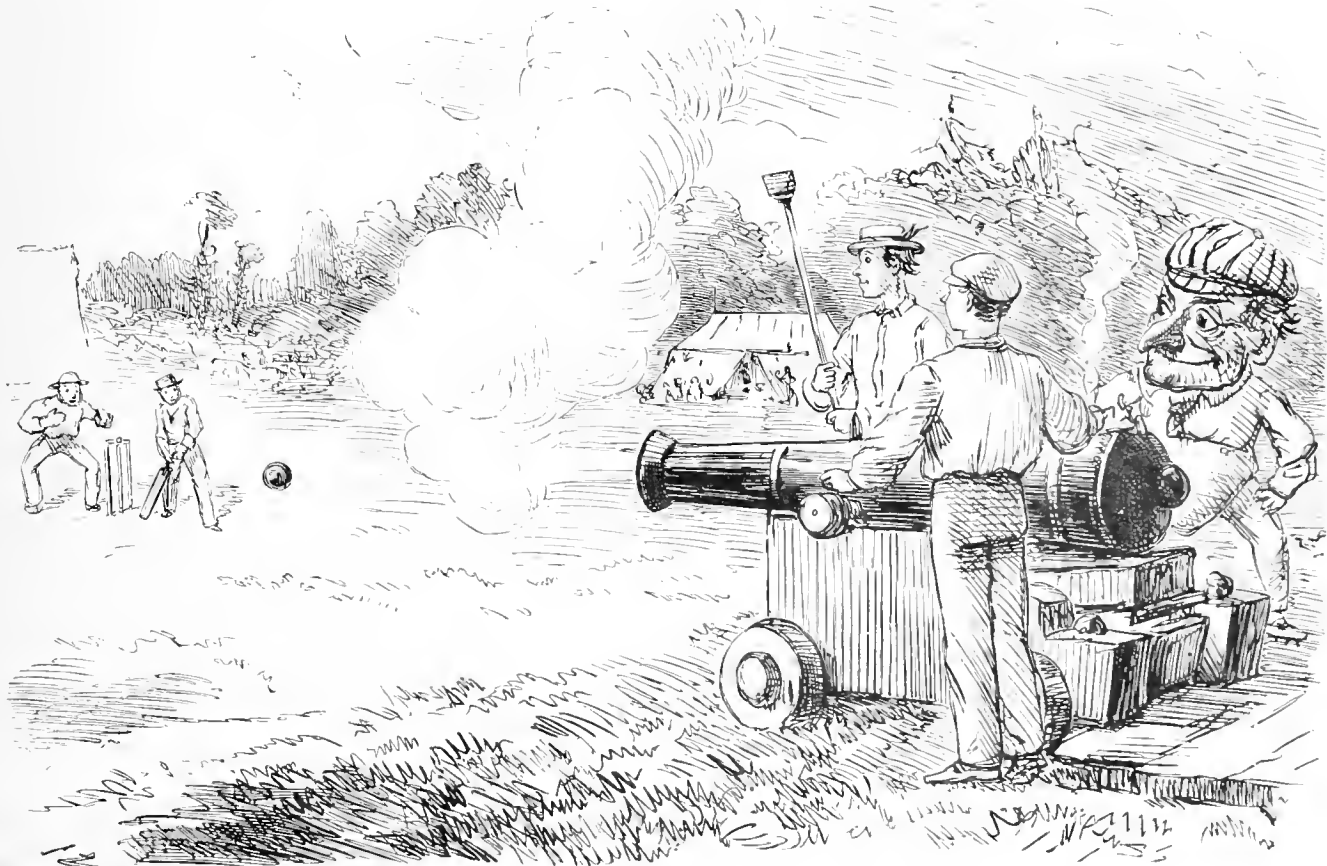
Blanche. "OH, IS THERE NOT, DEAR EMILY, SOMETHING DELICIOUS ABOUT SPRING?—WE SHALL SOON HAVE ALL THE DEAR LITTLE BIRDS SINGING, AND THE BANKS AND THE GREEN FIELDS COVERED WITH BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS!"

Emily. "OH, YES!—AND WITH IT WILL COME ALL THE NEW BONNET SHAPES FROM PARIS, AND THE LOVELY NEW PATTERNS FOR MORNING DRESSES!"



A HAPPY NOTION.

Johnny. "OH, I SAY, GRANMA! SPOSE YOU PRETEND BEING A LITTLE PONY, AND I RIDE ABOUT ON YOUR BACK ROUND THE SQUARE!"—(N.B. Granma feels the heat a good deal.)



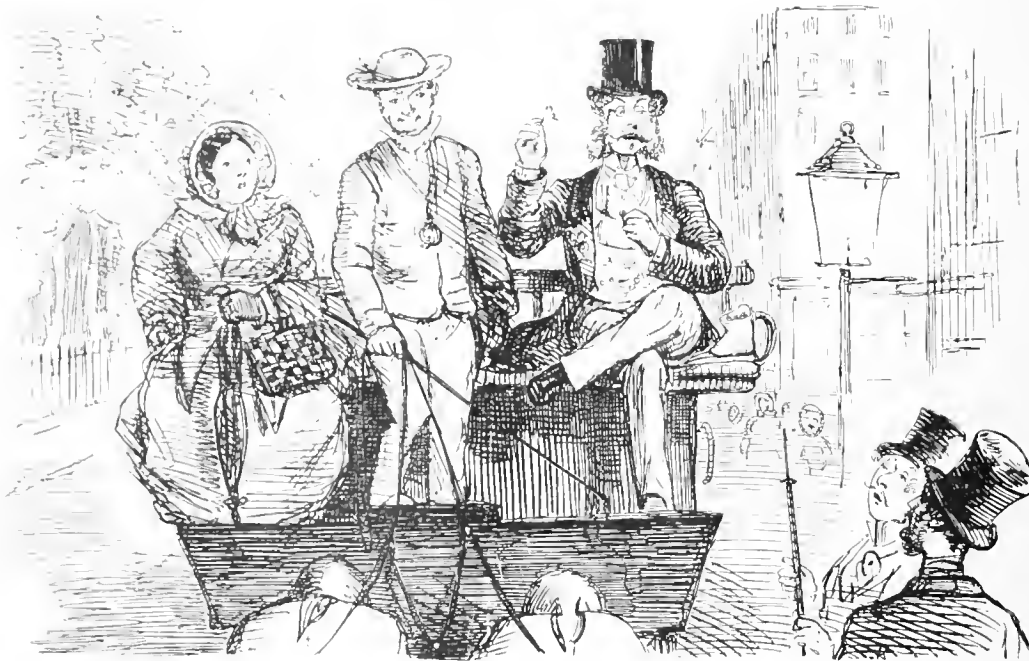
CRICKET.—CAPITAL PRACTICE FOR THE ROUND BOWLING OF THE PERIOD.



A NICE BRACING DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.



THE MERMAIDS' HAUNT.



QUITE A NEW SENSATION

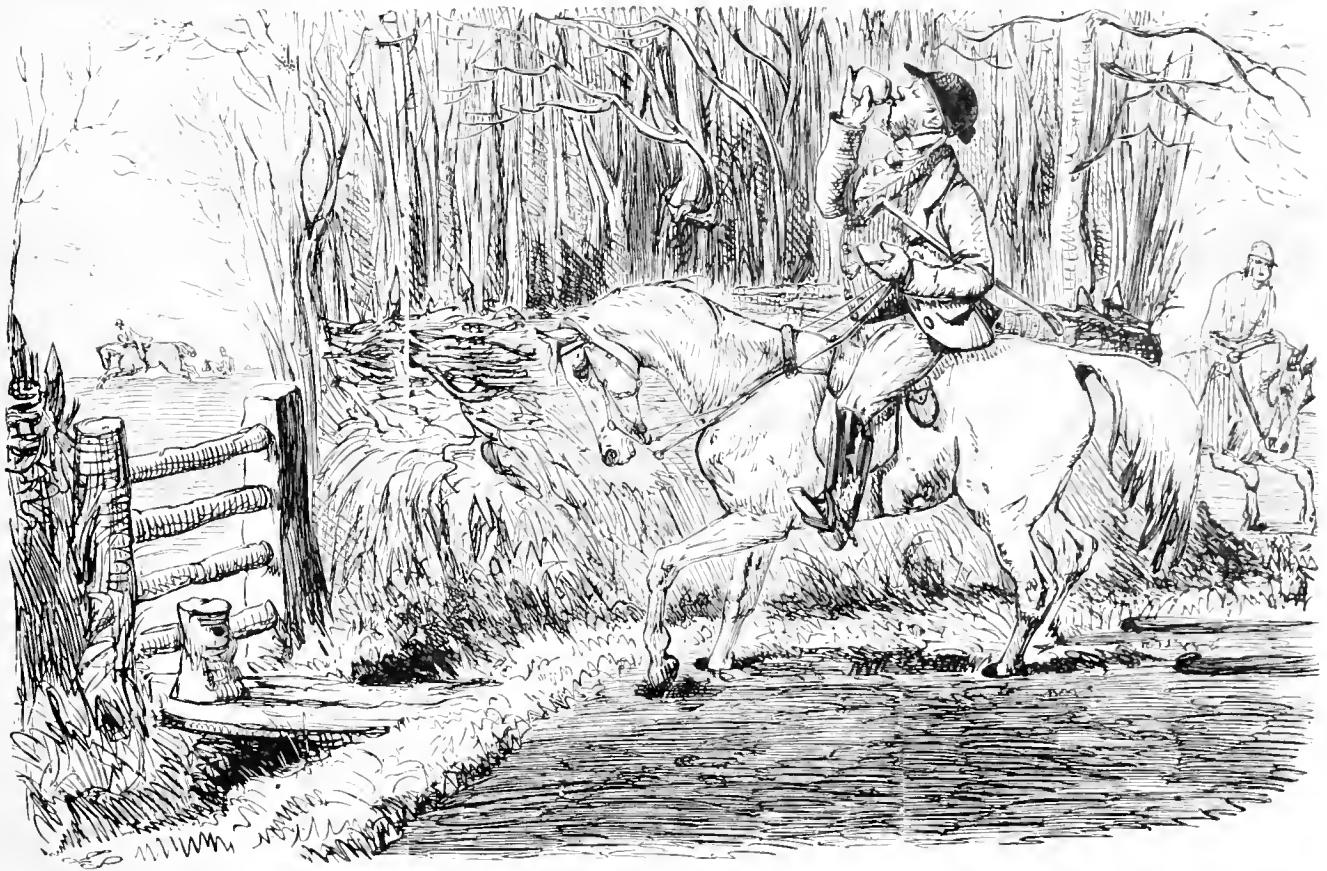
Swell (on top of Omnibus): "LOOK HERE, GUS, MY BOY! SUCH A CAPITAL I-DEAW! I RIDE UP AND DOWN FROM DAYS WATER TO THE WHITE CHAPEL AND EAT PERIWINKLES WITH A PIN!"



SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

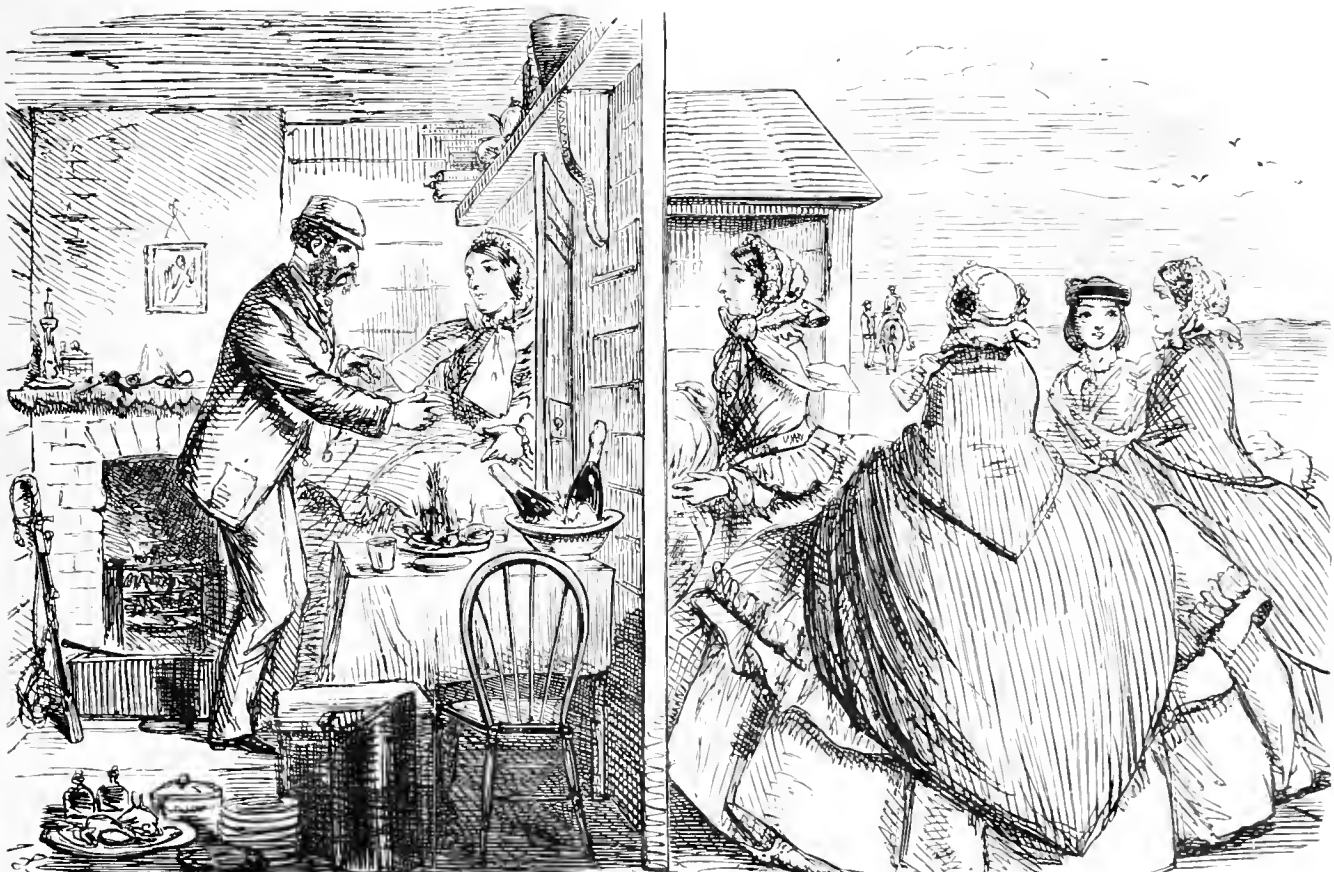
M.F.H. PUNCH TAKES COMMAND OF HIS FIELD IN DEFENCE OF HIS COUNTRY.

* Master of Fox Hound.



A CAREFUL RIDER.

"A STILE, EH? AH! THAT'S A SORT OF THING THAT REQUIRES A GOOD DEAL OF JUDGMENT."



AT ALDERSHOT—A RATHER DIFFICULT MANŒUVRE.

CLARA AND HARRIET, AND THE TWO NICE GIRLS WHO ARE STAYING WITH THEM, LED BY MAMMA, GET INTO COUSIN HERBERT'S HUT AND HAVE LUNCH.



FANCY SKETCH.

PORTRAIT OF THE OLD PARTY WHO RATHER LIKES ORGAN-GRINDING.



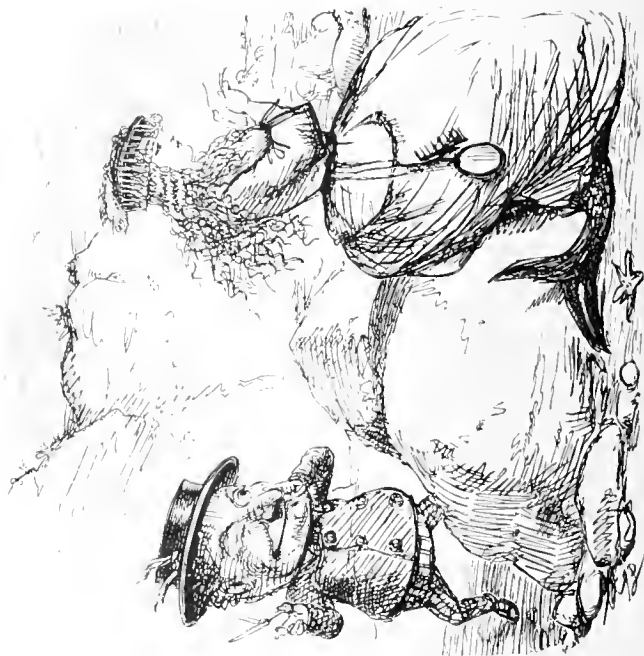
AN EASY MATTER.

Bathing Woman. "TEACH YER TO SWIM? LOR BLESS YER, MY LOVE, WHY, OF COURSE I CAN!"



A COMPLACENT BELIEF.

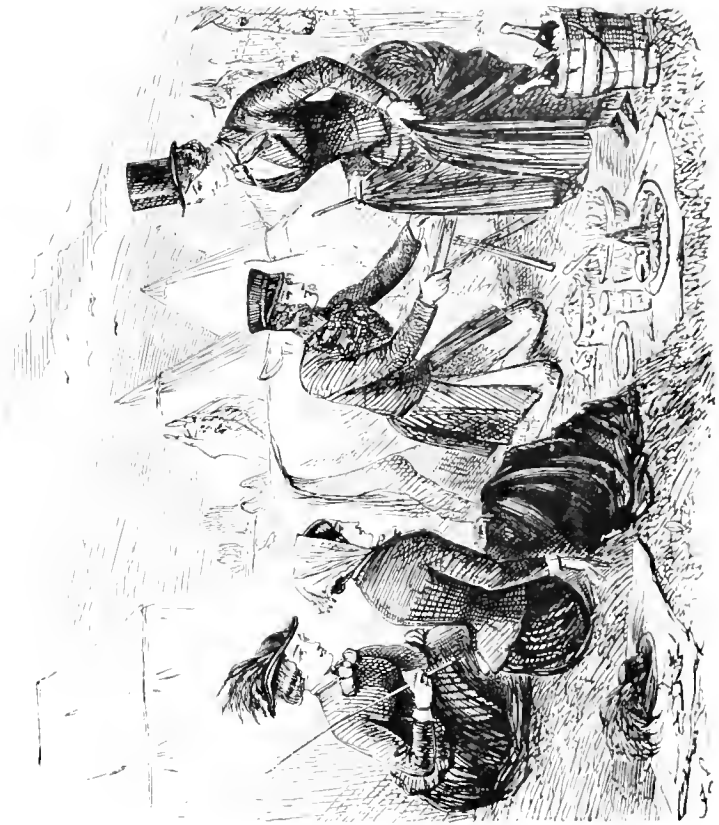
Old Aunt. "WELL, MY LOVE—SO YOU'VE GOT A HAT LIKE MINE, I SEE."



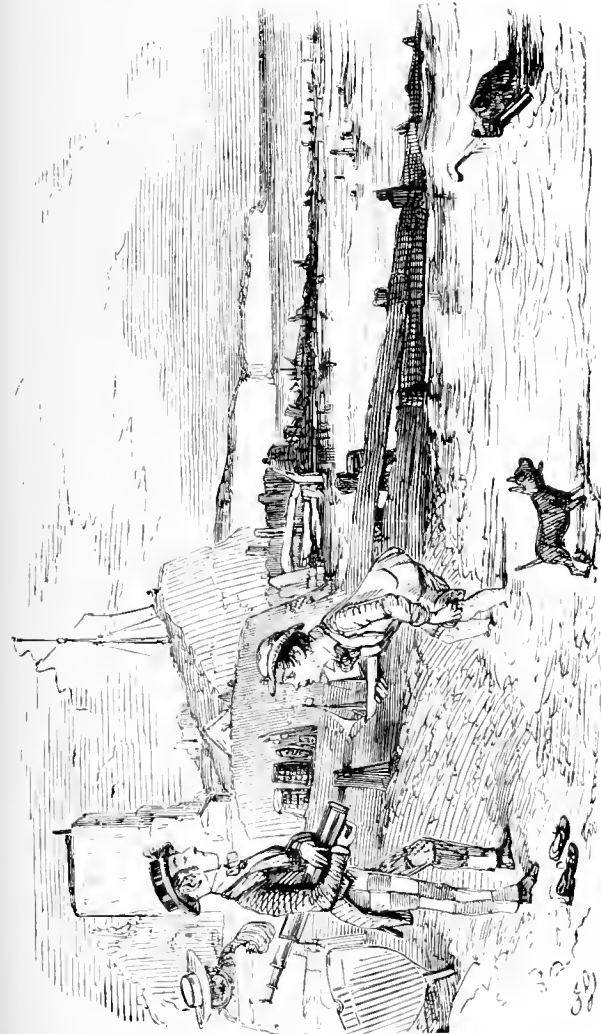
A SYREN.



MR. BRIGGS TRIES HIS SHOOTING PONY.

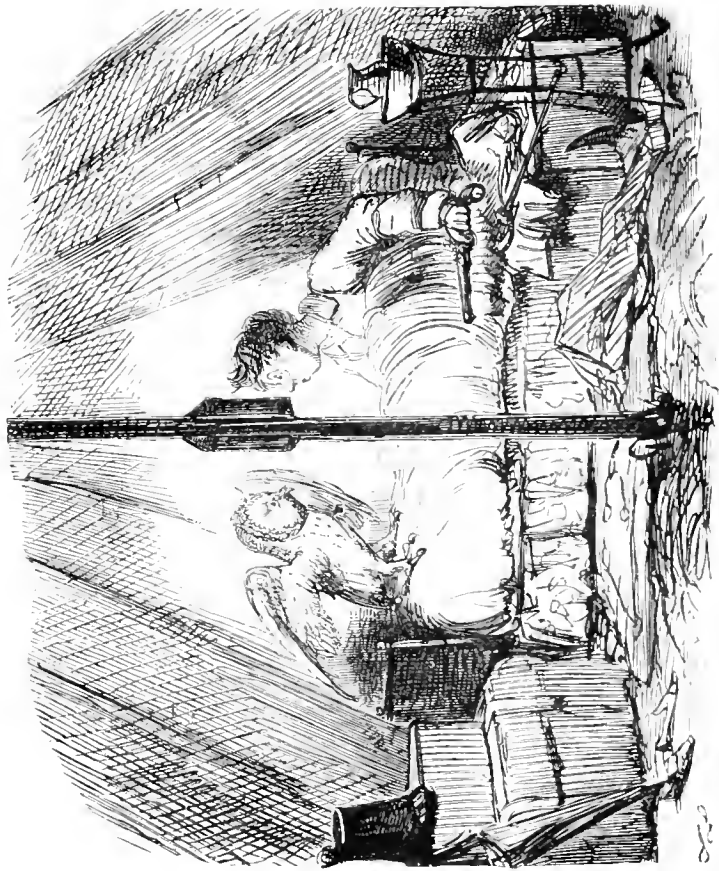


CAMP LIFE—A DAY SURPRISE.



AT THE SEA-SIDE.

Augustus. "ISN'T IT JOLLY, FRANK, BEING DOWN HERE FOR THE HOLIDAYS?"
Incipient Swell. "H'M! PRETTY WELL FOR THAT. I CONFESS I MISS THE GAITY OF TOWN."



CAMP LIFE—A NIGHT SURPRISE.



THE CURRENCY QUESTION; OR, THE STOCK EXCHANGE OUT FOR THE DAY.

Jones. "I SAY, BROWN, THINGS ARE DEUCED BAD IN THE CITY."

Brown. "THEN I'M DEUCED GLAD I'M AT EPSOM!"

John Leech's Pictures OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.



HISTORY.—THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

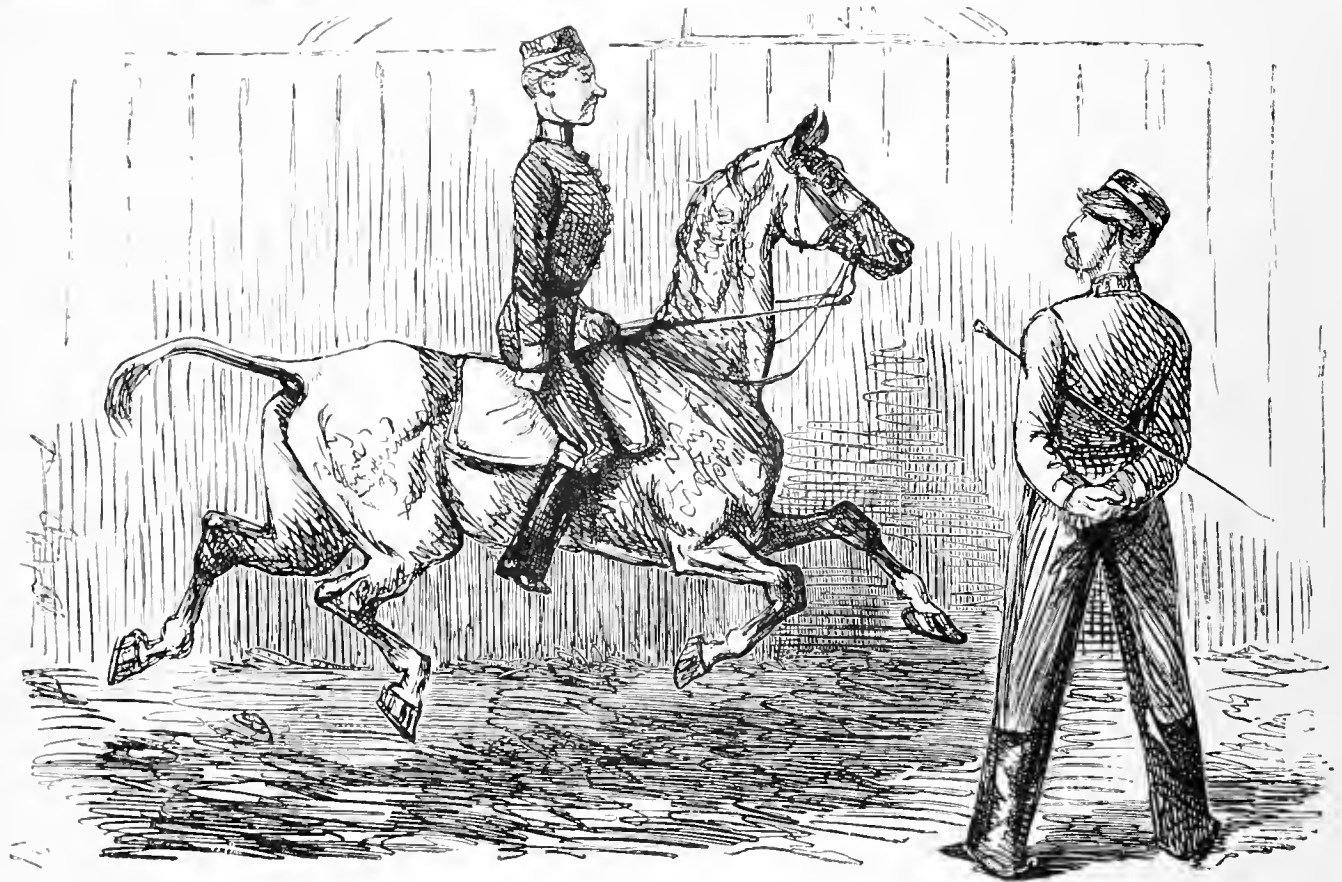
Emily (reads). "IN THE SUMMER THEY WERE NAKED, AND INSTEAD OF CLOTHES THEY PUT PAINT UPON THEIR BODIES. THEY WERE FOND OF A FINE BLUE COLOUR, WHICH THEY MADE OF A PLANT CALLED WOAO, WHICH THEY FOUND IN THEIR WOODS. THEY SQUEEZED OUT THE JUICE OF THE WOAO, AND THEN STAINED THEMSELVES ALL OVER WITH IT, SO THAT IN SUMMER THEY LOOKED AS IF THEY WERE DRESSED IN TIGHT BLUE CLOTHES." Arthur. "AND DID THEY WALK IN THE PARK AND GO TO CHURCH SO?"



A REAL TREASURE.

Paterfamilias (suddenly arrived in Town). "GOOD GRACIOUS, MRS. WILKINS, WHY DIDN'T YOU FORWARD THESE LETTERS? THEY ARE OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE."

Mrs. Wilkins (the Treasure). "LOR, SIR! I SHOULD NEVER THINK O' FORWARDING SICH THINGS AS THEM. WHY, I SEE THEY WAS ONLY BUSINESS LETTERS FROM THE HORFICE, OR SOMETHINK O' THAT!"



THE LESSON.

Disgusted Instructor of Plungers. "THERE YOU GO AGAIN! STICKING OUT YOUR TOES LIKE A INFANTRY HADJUTANT!"



THE DARLINGS COME OUT TO SEE THE 38TH OTHERSEX VOLUNTEERS DRILLED.

Sergeant (appealingly). "NOW THEN, GENTLEMEN, ONCE MORE. EYES FRONT!—AND PRAY, GENTLEMEN—PRAY DON'T STARE ABOUT YOU AS IF YOU WERE IN CHURCH!"



A WORD TO THE WISE.

Discerning Child (who has heard some remarks made by Papa), "ARE YOU CUR NEW NURSE?"

Nurse, "YES, DEAR!"

Child, "WELL, THEN, I'M ONE OF THOSE BOYS WHO CAN ONLY BE MANAGED WITH KINDNESS—SO YOU HAD BETTER GET SOME SPONGE-CAKES AND ORANGES AT ONCE!"



A POSER.

Precocious Pupil, "PLEASE, MISS JONES, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF SUBURBS?"

Governess (who is extensively Crinolined), "THE OUTSKIRTS OF A PLACE, MY DEAR."

Pupil (seizing Miss J. by the dress), "THEN, MISS JONES, ARE THESE YOUR SUBURBS?"



DINING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



EMPHATIC.

Boy (to Nurse), "WHAT DID YOU SAY 'MADE HER ILL'?"

Nurse, "'ARK AT YOU, HALFRED! I DIDN'T SAY, 'MADE 'ER HILL'; I SAID, 'SHE LIVED AT MAIDA 'ILL!!'"



CRUEL.

Young Swell (loq.). "I SAY, THOMPSON, DO YOU THINK I SHALL EVER HAVE ANY WHISKERS?"

Thompson (after careful examination). "WELL, SIR, I REALLY DON'T THINK AS YOU EVER WILL—LEASTWAYS NOT TO SPEAK OF!"

Young Swell. "THAT'S RATHER HARD, FOR MY PAP—I MEAN GOVERNOR—HAS PLENTY!"

Thompson (facetiously). "YES, SIR,—BUT PRAPS YOU TAKE AFTER YOUR MA!"

[Total collapse of Y. S.]



SEA-FISHING.

Boatman, "DON'T YER FEEL ANYTHINK YET, SIR? P'RAPS YOU'D BETTER TRY ANOTHER WORM."



PROFESSIONAL.

Mrs. Tongs. "LOR, ADOLPHUS! HOW BEAUTIFUL THOSE BEANS SMELL!"

Adolphus (probably in the hair-cutting line), "THEY DO, INDEED, MY LOVE! THEY REMIND ONE OF THE MOST DELICIOUS 'AIR OIL!'"



ONE NIGHT FROM HOME.

Wife (to Unreasonable Monster). "IT'S OF NO USE, GEORGE, YOUR SAYING, 'HANG IT, MARIA;' I MUST HAVE SOME PLACE TO PUT MY THINGS!"



THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

Policeman (to the woman): "We are bound to say, is extremely civil, 'WHITE TICKET, MA'AM? LETTER H?—YES, MA'AM. QUITE RIGHT. OVER THE HURDLES, IF YOU PLEASE!'"



A SKETCH IN ST. JAMES'S STREET.

Odious Juvenile. "OH, LOOK YE 'ERE, BILL, 'ERE'S A VOLUNTEER CORPSE FOR YER!"



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

Irate Proctor. "SIR, I SENT YOU BACK TO YOUR COLLEGE ONLY FIVE MINUTES AGO, TO INVEST YOURSELF IN YOUR ACADEMICAL COSTUME!"

Fast Freshman (with affability). "YES! AND HERE WE ARE AGAIN! ISN'T IT ODD?"



A FACETIOUS INFERENCE.

Sarcastic Peeler. "GOING TO 'AVE A NEW 'ORSE, THEN, CABBY?"

Cabby. "NEW 'OSS! 'OW DYE MEAN?"

Sarcastic Peeler. "WHY, YOU'VE GOT THE FRAMEWORK TOGETHER ALREADY!"



UNEXPECTED BLISS.

Swell (dressing). "HURRAH!! BY JOVE, THERE'S A BUTTON AT THE BACK OF MY SHIRT!!!"



TOO CLEVER BY HALF!

First Boy. "ARE YOU IN A HURRY WITH THAT LETTER, BILL?"

Second Ditto. "YES. IT'S TO BE DELIVERED IMMEDIATELY, AND I'M TO WAIT."

First Boy "WELL! WAIT HERE, AND HAVE A GAME AT PITCH AND TOSS, AND DELIVER IT IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS."



THE CROSSING-SWEEPER NUISANCE.



A SERIOUS DRAWBACK.

Hideous Old Lady of Fashion (with Plain Daughter). "CHARMING BALL AT SIR CHARLES'S LAST N'IGHT! EVERYBODY THERE — GOOD ROOMS, NOT OVER-CROWDED—CAPITAL SUPPER! DEAREST BARBARA ENJOYED HERSELF PRODIGIOUSLY! I DON'T SEE, HOWEVER, HOW I CAN WELL AVOID ASKING HIS SISTER AND NIECE TO MY BALL, NEXT WEEK, HE IS SO FOND OF THEM; AND YET YOU KNOW THAT THEY ARE PEOPLE WHO DO NOT GO OUT NEARLY AS MUCH AS WE DO, AND ARE NOT AT ALL IN OUR POSITION IN SOCIETY!"



A TU QUDQUE.

Sunday-School Teacher. "OH, JOHNNY, I'M SHOCKED TO SEE YOU PLAYING WITH YOUR TOP YOU SHOULD LEAVE YOUR TOYS AT HOME ON A SUNDAY!"

Johnny (quick, but impudent). "THEN WHY DO YOU COME OUT WITH YOUR HOOP?"



LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.



A HOPEFUL PROSPECT.

Clara "WHAT DOES TOMMY THINK? WHY, TOMMY HAS JUST GOT A NEW LITTLE BROTHER!"

Tommy. "HAVE I, THOUGH? HOW JOLLY!—THERE'LL BE SOMEBODY NOW TO WEAR MY OLD CLOTHES!"



SERVANTGALISM.—No. XIII.

Lady "THEN I SUPPOSE YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF PERFECTLY COMPETENT TO HEAR THE CHILDREN THEIR LESSONS, SHOULD THEY STAY AWAY FROM SCHOOL ANY DAY?"

Candidate for Situation. "OH, YES, MAM! THE FAMILY I WERE WITH, SAID I HADN'T OUGHTER BE ANYTHINK BUT A NUSSERY GUVNESS!"



A FINANCIAL DIFFICULTY.

Swell (who has received Four Penn'orth of Coppers in Change). "HERE! BY JOVE, YOU KNOW LOOK HERE! HUI WHAT THE DEUCE!—I SAY—WHAT AM I TO DO WITH THESE HA'PEN'CE, YOU KNOW?"



BEWARE OF ARTILLERY WHISKERS!

THIS IS THE CRITICAL POSITION OF LOUISA AND CAPTAIN CHARLEY BANG—HIS WHISKER CAUGHT IN HER EARRING, AND PAPA KNOCKING AT THE DOOR!



SELF-IMPORTANCE.

Small Cousin. "DO YOU KNOW, ALICE, IT JUST OCCURS TO ME THAT THE GUARD THINKS WE ARE A RUNAWAY COUPLE!"



IN SEARCH OF A VICTIM.

Alfred. "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, UNCLE, WE WANT TO PLAY AT BEING WILLIAM TELL; WILL YOU BE SO KIND AS TO STAND WITH THE APPLE ON YOUR HEAD?"



A DIFFERENCE IN OPINION.

Boy. "ISN'T IT VERY NAUGHTY OF PAPA TO TELL STORIES?"

Mamma. "WELL, DEAR, IT WOULD BE—BUT WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

Boy. "WHY, PAPA SAYS, THAT TOFFEE IS NASTY TRASH—AND IT'S SO VERY DELICIOUS, YOU KNOW!"



SEVERE.

Old Lady. "AH THIN, BAD LUCK TO YE, GRIGORY! WHERE'S YOUR MANNERS? ONE WOULD THINK YE WAS IN A GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE, STANDIN' BEFORE THE FIRE WITH YER COAT-TAILS UP, AND LADIES PRESENT, TOO!"



LATE FROM THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

Minnie. "I AM READING SUCH A PRETTY TALE."

Governess. "YOU MUST SAY NARRATIVE, MINNIE—NOT TALE!"

Minnie. "YES, MA'AM, AND DO JUST LOOK AT MUFF, HOW HE'S WAGGING HIS NARRATIVE!"



POSITIVE FACT, OF COURSE.

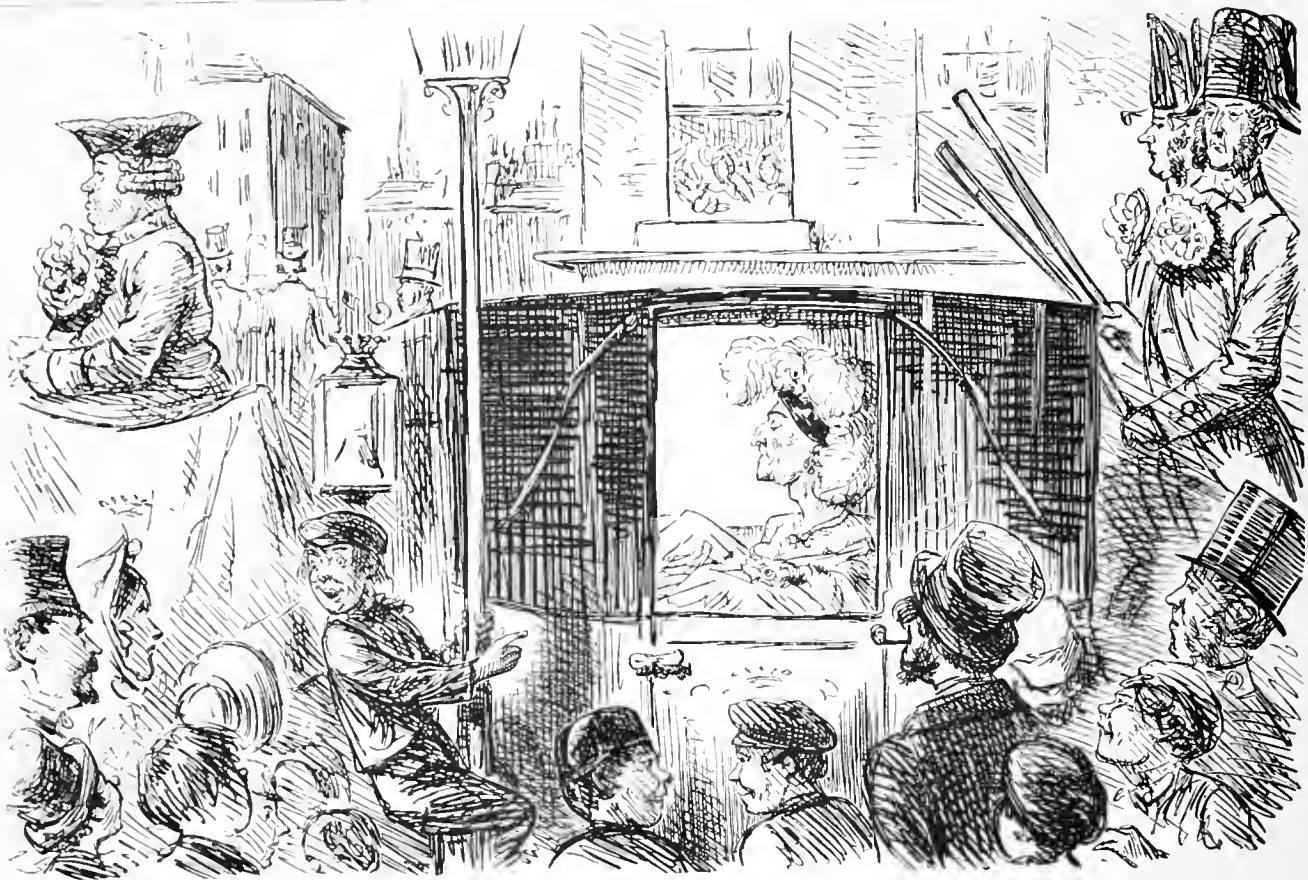
A MESSAGE COMES OFF ON MRS. BLUEBAG'S LINEN, WHICH SHE IS HANGING, AS USUAL, ON THE TELEGRAPH WIRES.



A DELICATE HINT.

Sentimental Young Lady (to Friend). "OH, ISN'T IT A PRETTY SIGHT TO SEE THE POOR HORSE DRINK!"

Driver (confidentially and insinuatingly). "SURE, THIN, IT WOULD BE A DALE PRETTIER SIGHT, MISS, TO SEE ME DRINK!"



THE DRAWING ROOM.

(A stoppage of a few minutes is supposed to take place.)

Dreadful Boy (on Lamp Post). "OH! MY EYE, BILL! 'ERE'S A ROSE-BUD!"



A CAUTION TO THE UNWARY.

THE READER IS REQUESTED TO OBSERVE, THAT THE LOWER EXTREMITIES REPRESENTED ABOVE DO NOT BELONG TO THE FAIR DAMSEL ON THE PLANK, BUT TO THE BOATMAN BEYOND, UPON WHOSE SHOULDER SHE IS LEANING.—WE, HOWEVER, RECOMMEND FLORA TO BE MORE CAREFUL HOW SHE COMPOSES HERSELF THE NEXT TIME SHE GETS OUT OF A BOAT.



THE DIGNITY OF AGE.

"SO, CHARLEY, I HEAR YOU HAVE BEEN TO A JUVENILE PARTY!"

Precocious Boy. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU CALL JUVENILE. THERE WAS NO ONE THERE UNDER FIVE YEARS OLD!"



AN INJURED BROTHER.

Mamma. "DEAR! DEAR! DEAR!—WHAT A PITY IT IS YOU CAN'T AGREE!"

Small Boy. "WELL, MAMMA, WE SHOULD AGREE, ONLY SHE'S SO UNKIND!—SHE WON'T BE A PIG, AND LET ME DRIVE HER ABOUT BY THE LEG!"



THOSE HORRID BOYS AGAIN!

Boy (to distinguished Volunteer.) "NOW, CAPTAIN! CLEAN YER BOOTS, AND LET YER 'AVE A SHOT AT ME FOR A PENNY!"

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



GOING OUT OF TOWN.

Paterfamilias. "I WAS THINKING, DARLINO, THAT PERHAPS, AS IT IS A VERY LONG JOURNEY, IT WOULD BE BETTER IF I WENT *FIRST*, AND GOT EVERYTHING COMFORTABLE. YOU COULD THEN TRAVEL DOWN WITH NURSE AND THE CHILDREN AFTERWARDS."

[Mamma doesn't seem to see it, and Nurse and Mamma-in-Law think him a brute.]



COMPLIMENTARY TO PATERFAMILIAS.

Sister Amy "MY DEAR ROSE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?—MAMMA WILL BE VERY ANGRY!"

Rose "WHY, WALTER WANTS TO BE LIKE PAPA, SO I'M JUST THINNING HIS HAIR AT THE TOP!"



YES, ON SOME PEOPLE.

THE DEAR LITTLE SPANISH HAT. OH, SO CHARMING, AND SO MUCH MORE SENSIBLE THAN A HORRID BONNET



UNMINDFUL OF DIGNITARIES.

Officious Proctor. "SIR!!—PRAY, ARE YOU A MEMBER OF THIS UNIVERSITY?"

Military Swell. "NO, I'M NOT, OLO FELLOW.—ARE YOU?"



AN UNEXPECTED "CHANGE."

Railway Clerk. "HAVE YOU GOT TWOPENCE, SIR?"

Swell. "OEAW, NO! NEVAW HAD TWOPENCE IN MY LIFE!"

Clerk. "THEN I MUST GIVE YOU TENPENCE IN COPPER, SIR!"

[Swell is immensely delighted, of course]



A GORDIAN KNOT FOR ROBINSON.

Miss Selina Hardman. "WOULD YOU BE SO GOOD, SIR, AS TO GIVE ME A LEAO OVER?"



A FACT.

James. "IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM HERE IS MASTER CARLO! BUT I CAN'T SEE MISS FLOSS NOWHERES!"



WIND, S.W. FRESH.

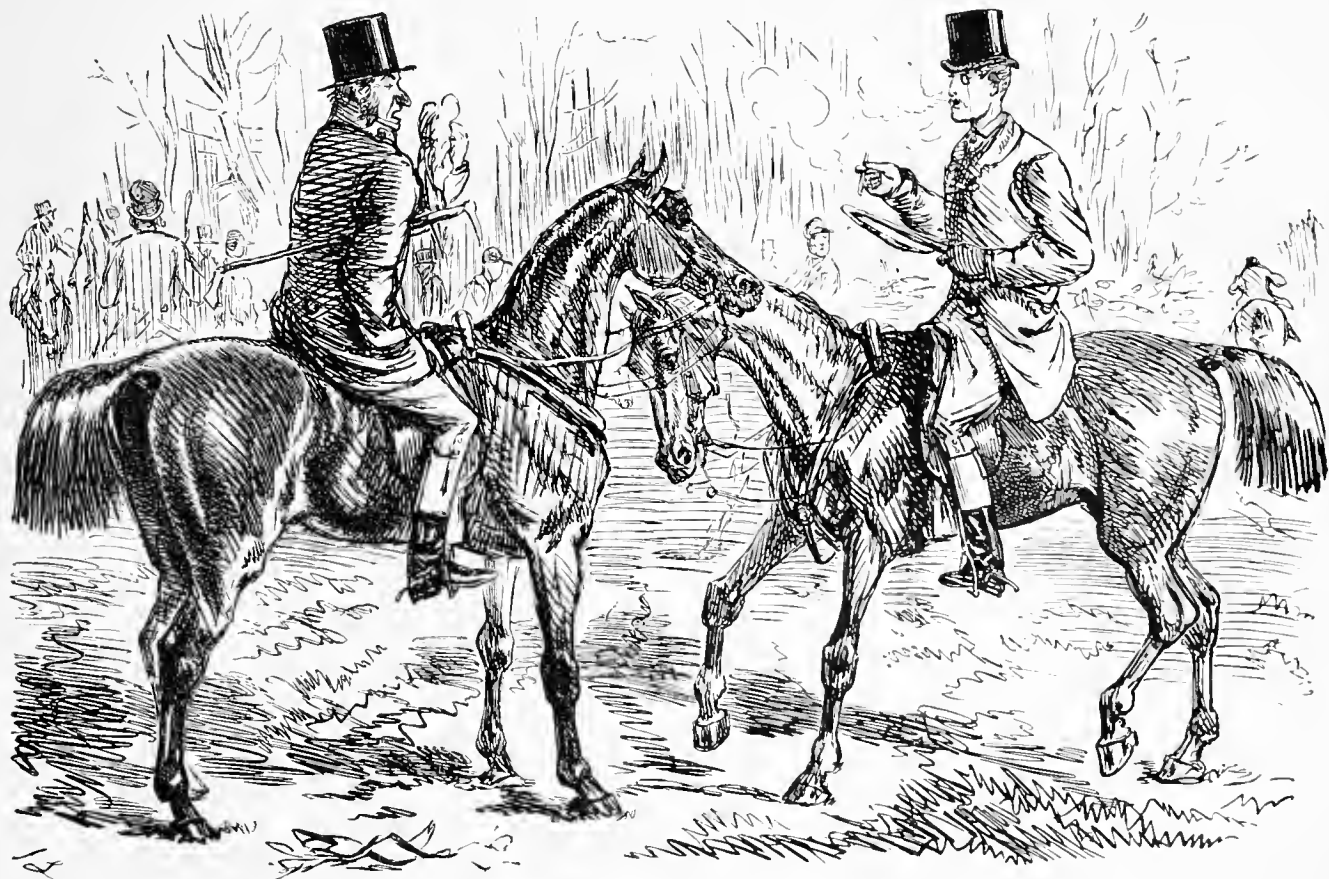
TOMKINS, WHO IS NOT GRAND IN THE LEO DEPARTMENT, SAYS, "IT'S A VERY DISAGREEABLE DAY," THE YOUNG LADIES, HOWEVER, FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, ENJOY IT AMAZINGLY.



OUR VOLUNTEERS.

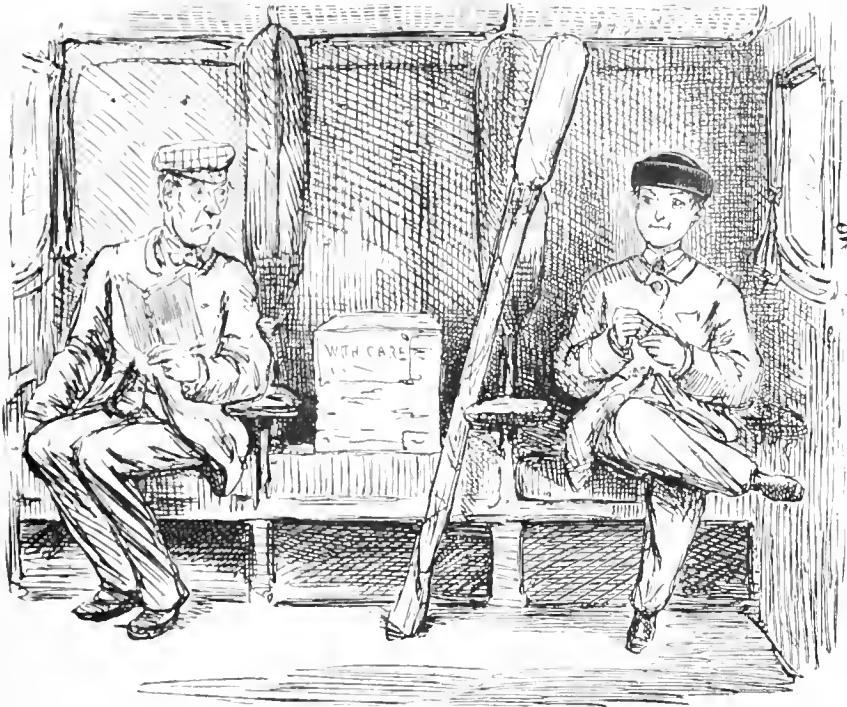
Foreign Party, "MAIS, MOSIEU BOOL, I AVE ALL WAYS THOUGHT YOU VASS GREAT SHOPKEEPARE!"

Mr Bool, "SO I AM, MOSSOO—AND THESE ARE SOME OF THE BOYS WHO MIND THE SHOP!—COMPRENNY?"



A COMFORTER.

Sympathetic Swell (devoted to the Noble Science), "GOT A WRETCHED COLO! NO, WEALLY? THAT'S A BAO JOB, OLD FELLA,—MIGHT HA' BEEN WORSE, THOUGH—HORSE MIGHT HAVE HAD IT, YOU KNOW!"



TRAVELLERS' LUGGAGE.

Elderly Passenger. "GOING OUT FISHING, I PRESUME, YOUNG GENTLEMAN?"

Young Ditto. "NO! IT AIN'T FISHING-RODS—IT'S SKY ROCKETS I'M TAKING DOWN FOR MY COUSIN'S BIRTHDAY HAVE A WEED?"



POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

Ragged Capitalist to Ditto "THE WAR CAN'T LAST, SIR; FRANCE AND AUSTRIA HAVEN'T THE MEANS: THEY MUST COME TO US FOR MONEY BEFORE LONG."



WHAT'S TO BE DONE IN JULY?

WHAT'S TO BE DONE IN JULY? WHY, RIDE DOWN TO RICHMOND WITH MAMMA AND THE GIRLS, AND GIVE 'EM A LITTLE DINNER, TO BE SURE!



MOST OFFENSIVE.

Railway Porter. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, WAS THIS YOURN?"



FRIENDLY PRESCRIPTION.

Fiend in Human Shape. "DON'T FEEL WELL! TRY A CIGAR!"



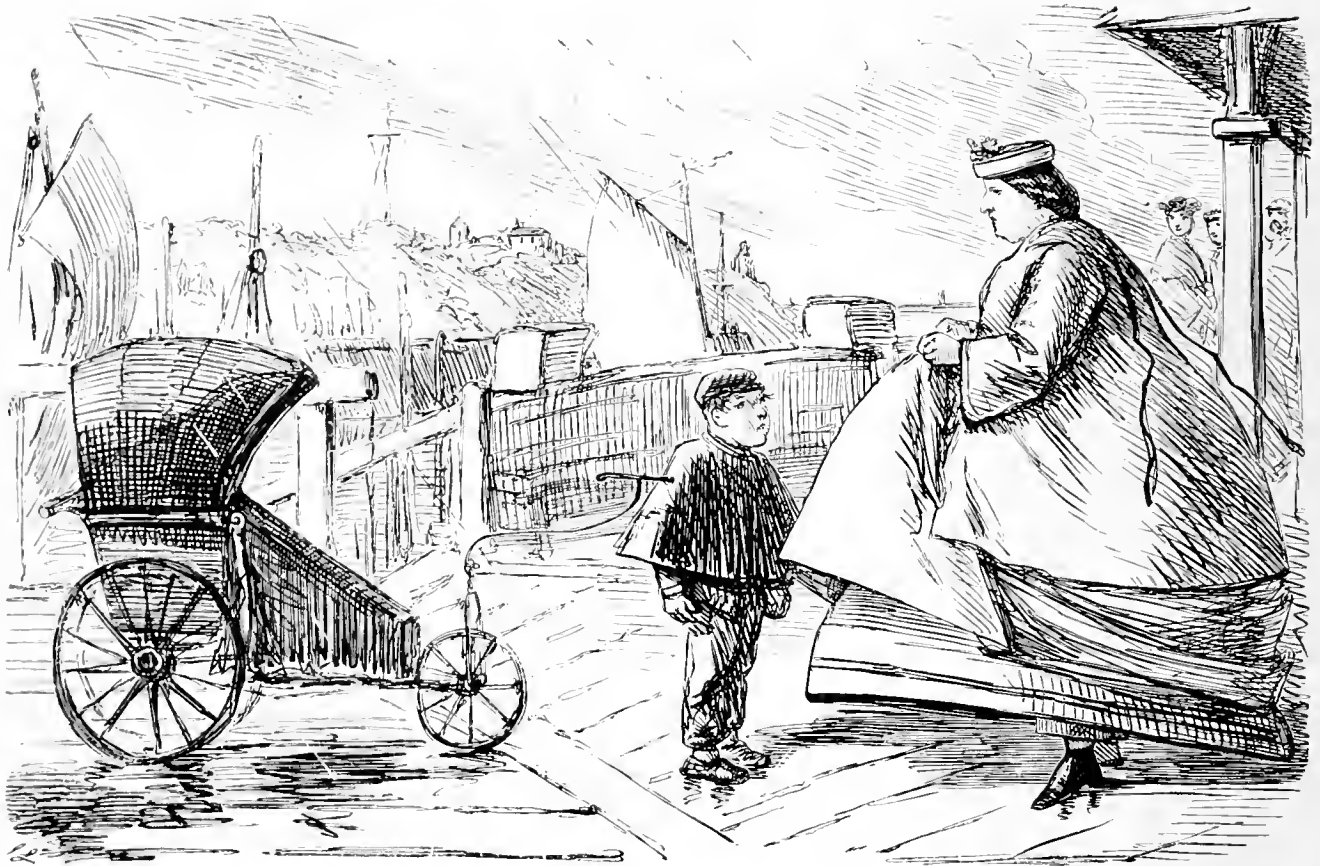
THE ABUSE OF THE ASPIRATE.

CAPTAIN DE SMITH REMONSTRATES WITH MR. HOLMES, THE VET OF HIS REGIMENT, FOR MAL-PRONUNCIATION OF THE WORD HORSE. TO HIM THE VET: "WELL, IF A HAITCH, AND A HO, AND A HAR, AND A HESS, AND A HE, DON'T SPELL 'ORSE, MY NAME AINT 'ENERY 'OMES!"



"A CONSUMMATION DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED."

Mrs. Colley Wobble. "H'M, SO THEY ARE GOING TO TAX PEOPLE WHO MAKE THEIR OWN BEER, ARE THEY? THEN I DON'T BREW ANY MORE!"



POLITE ATTENTION.

Lady "DH, NONSENSE, CHILD—THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!"

Boy "NO, 'M. PLEASE, 'M, TWO YOUNG GENTS SAID IT LOOKED LIKE RAIN, AND I WAS TO FETCH YOU HOME IN THIS 'ERE CHEER!"



AWKWARD FOR PAPA.

Papa "WELL MY DEAR, DID YOU TELL MAMMA THAT MISS MYRTLE WAS WAITING TO SEE HER?"

Child "YES, PA!"

Papa "AND WHAT DID SHE SAY?"

Child "SHE SAID, WHAT A BOTHER!"



SUMMER VISITORS.



THE DISTRICT TELEGRAPH.

INVALUABLE TO THE MAN OF BUSINESS.

First Partner (to Second ditto). "WHAT AN AGE WE LIVE IN! TALK OF THE INTRODUCTION OF STEAM OR OF GAS! JUST LOOK AT THE FACILITIES AFFORDED US BY ELECTRICITY. IT IS NOW SIX O'CLOCK AND WE ARE IN FLEET STREET, AND THIS MESSAGE WAS ONLY SENT FROM OXFORD STREET YESTERDAY AFTERNOON AT THREE!"



RELAXATION.

Scene—Smoking Room. Country House. 2'30 A.M.

Country Friend (to Johnson, who has had a long tramp of it in the rain after wild birds). "WELL, GOOD NIGHT, OLD FELLOW! IF YOU WON'T HAVE ANOTHER WEED. REMEMBER!—CUB-HUNTING IN THE MORNING, HALF-PAST FIVE. DON'T BE LATE!"



OLD SCHOOL.

Mr. Grapes (helping himself to another glass of that fine old Madeira). "HAH! WE LIVE IN STRANGE TIMES—WHAT THE DOOCIE CAN PEOPLE WANT WITH DRINKING FOUNTAINS!"



DABBLING.

Master Jack (to very refined Governess, who has suddenly appeared): "OH, MISS FINNIKIN, DO COME IN; IT'S SO AWFULLY JOLLY!"



HOW TO MAKE A WATERING-PLACE PLEASANT, PARTICULARLY TO INVALIDS.

TIME, 6.30 A.M. (A Hint to the Powers that be at Sandbath.)



IN THE VOLUNTEERS.

Small Effective. "—AND THEN, JUST LOOK AT THE IMMENSE IMPROVEMENT IN THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF OUR FELLOWS!"



A DAY'S PLEASURE.

OH! ISN'T IT DELIGHTFUL, GETTING YOUR BOOTS OFF AFTER A THOROUGH WET DAY'S HUNTING!



SEA-SIDE STUDIES.

Impertinent Cousin (reads). "The rocks along our Coast may be seen studded with these beautiful zoophytes. . . . The skin is soft, and the tentacles are of the finest violet, mingled often with pink, mauve, green, and yellow; indeed the colours vary so much in different individuals, all alive beautiful, that it is impossible to describe them rigidly. . . . During the ebb of the tide, these creatures may be contemplated on a fine day to great advantage, and few spectacles are calculated to afford more pleasure to a lover of Nature.'—HM!—HERE ARE TWO LOVELY SPECIMENS, FRED! YOU TAKE ONE, AND I'LL TAKE THE OTHER!"



CONSIDERATE ATTENTION.

Paterfamilias (who is stout and a Volunteer also) "OHO! MY NEW UNIFORM—COME HOME, I SEE!"
Family "YES, PA DEAR! AND WE'VE TRIED IT ON THE WATER-DUTT, AND IT LOOKS SO NICE!"

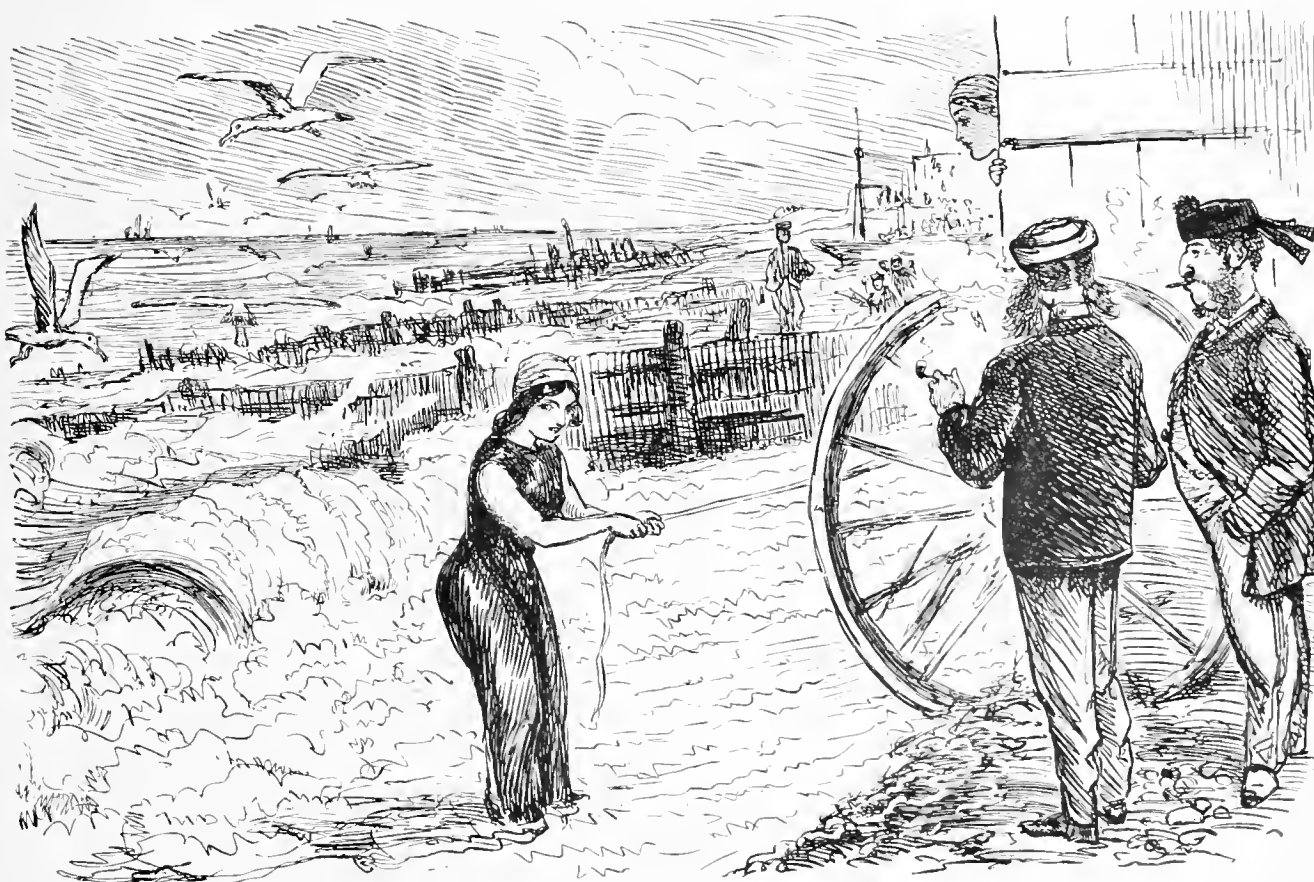


PORTRAIT OF A CERTAIN STUDENT WHO IS READING SO HARD AT THE SEA-SIDE.



THE LAST DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.—PACKING UP.

Maid (to Paterfamilias.) "PLEASE, SIR, MISSUS SAY YD'RE TO COME IN, AND SIT ON THE BOXES; BECAUSE WE CAN'T GET 'EM TO, AND THEY WANTS TO BE CORDED."



"WELL! THE BOLDNESS OF SOME PEOPLE!"—A SKETCH ON THE BRIGHTON COAST.

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



AN EXCESS OF CLEANLINESS.

Old Party (very naturally excited). "WHY, CONFOUND YOU! YOU ARE WIPING MY PLATE WITH YOUR HANDKERCHIEF!"

Waiter (blandly). "IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE, SIR—IT'S ONLY A DIRTY ONE!"



THE LAST SWEET THING IN HATS.



A GROUND SWELL.

Party (who doesn't suffer). "BRACING! AIN'T IT, JACK? I ALWAYS THINK THAT THE BEAUTY OF SAILING IS, YOU GET AIR AND MOTION WITHOUT FATIGUE. DON'T YOU THINK SO, LH?"

[Circumstances over which he has no control prevent Jack from speaking his mind.]



AN EXPERIMENT ON A VILE BODY.

Medical Pupil (after dragging a patient round the surgery, succeeds in extracting a tooth). "COME! THAT'S NOT SO BAD FOR A FIRST ATTEMPT!"



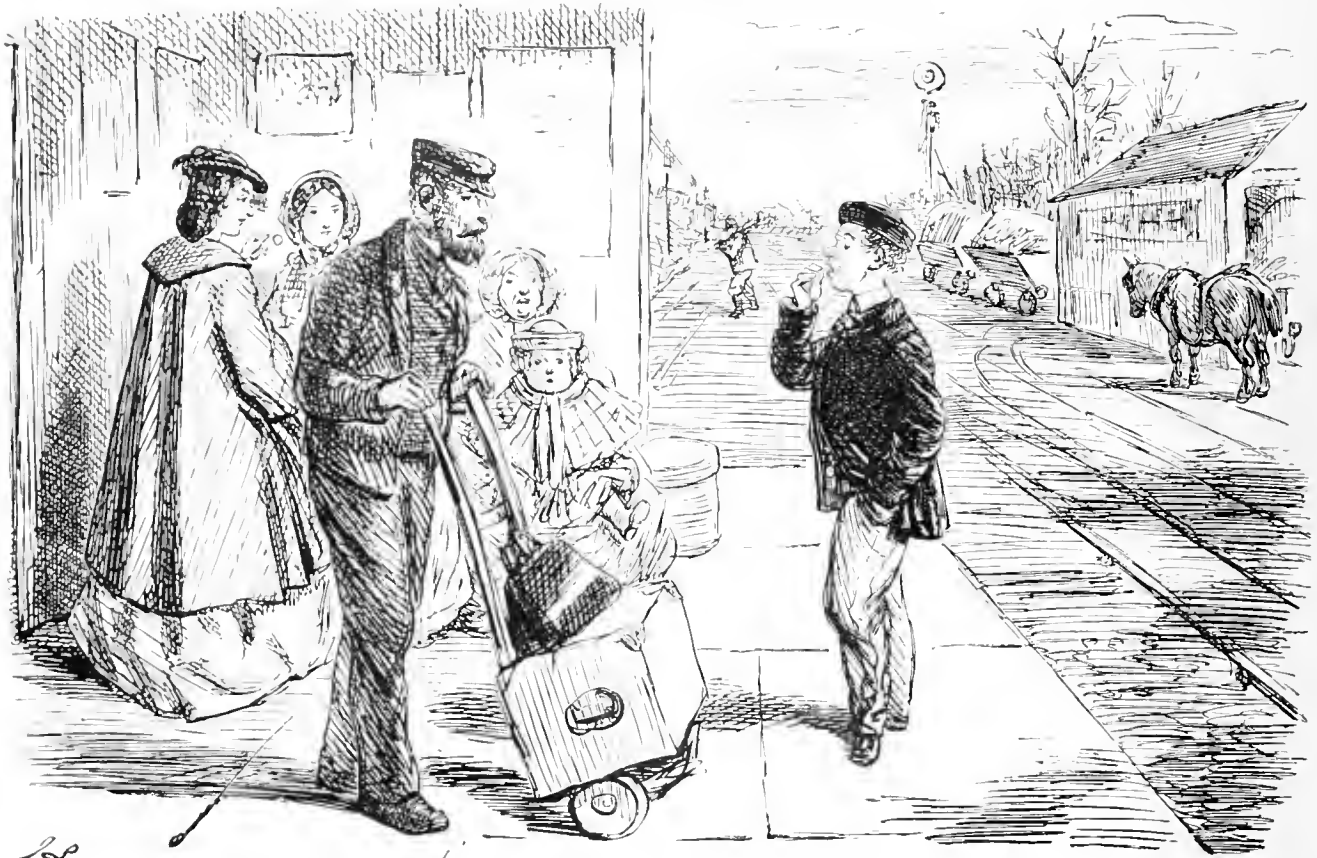
EXTRAVAGANCE.

"NOW, YOUNG UNS, CUT AWAY—BLOW THE EXPENSE!"



SCENE IN A MODERN STUDIO.

JACK ARMSTRONG HAS PAINTED A MODERN SUBJECT, FROM REAL LIFE, AND PAINTED IT UNCOMMONLY WELL.—STRANGE TO SAY, HE HAS SOLD HIS PICTURE. MESSRS. FEEBLE AND POTTER (very high-art men, who can't get on without mediæval costume, and all the rest of it) THINK IT A MISTAKE.—CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, THEIR PICTURES ARE UNSOLD!



SOMETHING LIKE A DESCRIPTION.

Young Stickleback. "POR-TAW! HAVE YOU SEEN A FRIEND OF MINE WAITING ABOUT HE-AW?"

Porter. "FRIEND, SIR! WHAT SORT OF GENTLEMAN WAS HE?"

Young Stickleback. "HAW! TALL—MILITARY-LOOKING MAN, WITH MOUSTAGHERS—SOMETHING LIKE ME!"



GONE AWAY!

Old Coachman. "NOW, MISS ELLEN! MISS ELLEN! YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR PA SAID! YOU WAS TO TAKE THE GREATEST CARE OF JOEY!"

Miss Ellen. "SO I WILL, ROBERT! AND THAT'S WHY I AM TAKING HIM OFF THE NASTY HARD ROAD, POOR THING!"



NEW LEATHERS, TOO!

Jones (very particular man). "H'M! THIS COMES OF BRINGING DOWN A BOTTLE OF HUNTING VARNISH FOR A FRIEND!"



FANCY SKETCH.

THE PARTY WHO OBJECTS TO THE NEW RIDE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS—AND WON'T HE SPOUT AT THE VESTRY!



A PROPER PRECAUTION.

Mistress. "THERE, SIR! THERE'S A BOTTLE OF EAU DE COLOGNE FOR YOU, AND DON'T LET ME HAVE OCCASION TO COMPLAIN AGAIN!"

Stirrups (the Party who looks after the Horse and Chaise). "YES, MUM. BUT BE OI TO DRINK IT?"

Mistress. "NO, SIR; YOU WILL HAVE TO WAIT AT TABLE TO-NIGHT, AND YOU ARE TO SPRINKLE IT OVER YOUR BEST LIVERY, THAT YOU MAY NOT BRING INTO THE HOUSE THAT DREADFUL EFFLUVIUM FROM THE STABLE THAT YOU HAVE HITHERTO DONE!"



A PROBLEM FOR YOUNG LADIES.

GIVEN, THE ELEGANT REGINALD FIPPS, WHO USED TO WALTZ SO BEAUTIFULLY, PERFORMING THE ABOVE KINDLY AND MOST NEEDFUL OPERATION, AT THE END OF A PIER, WHILE THE BAND IS PLAYING—WHAT RELATION IS HE TO THE DARLING OPERATED UPON?



A COINCIDENCE.

AS LITTLE GRIGLEY, ON HIS WAY TO CALL UPON THOSE JOLLY GURLS HE MET ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, HE THINKS HE WILL HAVE HIS BOOTS TOUCHED UP, JUST AS THE POLISHING BEGINS, THE JOLLY GURLS COME ROUND THE CORNER. "DOOCE AWKWARD! WASN'T IT?" AS LITTLE GRIGLEY SAID.



YOUNG ENGLAND.

Hen.y. "I SAY, GHARLEY, WHERE DO YOU DINE TO-NIGHT?"

Charley. "AW, DINE WITH YOUR BROTHER!"

Henry. "DOOSE YOU DO—WORST WINE I EVER DRUNK IN MY LIFE!"

Charley. "BY JOVE, THEN. YOU NEVER DINED WITH MY GOVERNOR!"



POOR LITTLE FELLOW!

Emily. "WANT SOMETHING TO AMUSE YOU! WHY, I HAVE GIVEN YOU BOOK AFTER BOOK. AND LENT YOU MY PAINT-BOX, AND I'VE OFFERED TO TEACH YOU YOUR NOTES. WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?"

Augustus. "OH, AH! I DON'T GALL THAT AMUSEMENT. I WANT SOME FIGS! OR SOME GINGER-BREAD NUTS! OR A GOOD LOT OF TOFFEE!! THAT'S WHAT I GALL AMUSEMENT"



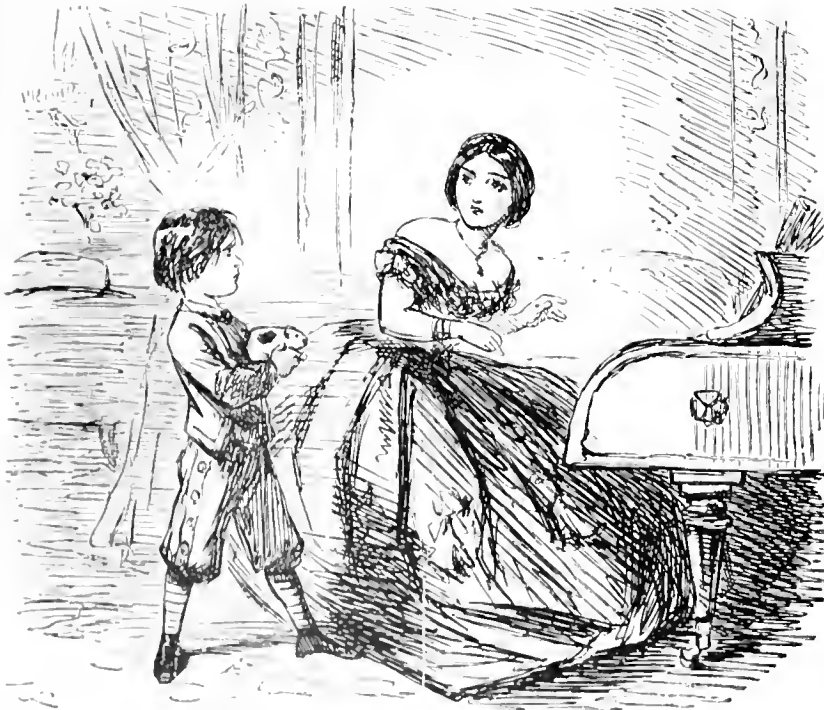
HELD IN CHECK.



ONE OF THE RIGHT SORT.

Grandmamma: "WHAT CAN YOU WANT, ARTHUR, TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL SO PARTICULARLY ON MONDAY FOR? I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO STAY WITH US TILL THE END OF THE WEEK!"

Arthur: "WHY YOU SEE, GRANMA—WE ARE GOING TO ELECT OFFICERS FOR OUR RIFLE CORPS ON MONDAY, AND I DON'T LIKE TO BE OUT OF IT!"



A TERRIBLE THREAT.

Master Jack: "NOW THEN, CHARLOTTE, ARE YOU GOING TO LEND ME YOUR PAINT BOX?"

Charlotte: "NO, SIR, YOU KNOW WHAT A MESS YOU MADE OF IT LAST TIME!"

Master Jack: "VERY WELL, THEN I'LL PUT MY GUINEA PIG ON YOUR NECK!"



ON THE WAY TO THE PARK.



FIRST DAY OF THE SEASON.

Aunt Sally (who is very particular). "WELL, DEAR, DID YOU HAVE A NICE RIDE?"

Diana (who is particular too, but jolly). "OH! DELICIOUS, AUNT; AND DO YOU KNOW, WE FELL IN WITH THE HOUNDS—FOUND A FOX AT MERRY'S GORSE, RUN HIM WITHOUT A CHECK FOR TWENTY MINUTES UP TO FRIAR'S PLANTATION—DOTHERED US A LITTLE THERE, BUT WE HIT HIM OFF AGAIN, AND AWAY WE WENT AS HARD AS WE COULD SPLIT, OVER SIMMONS' ENCLOSURES—INTO BROADFIELD PARK—RIGHT THROUGH OLD LADY COLLOPS GARDEN—YOU NEVER SAW SUCH A SIGHT—DIDN'T STOP THERE, BUT STEAMED AWAY DOWN FRESHWATER VALE, AND KILLED HIM IN THE OPEN, CLOSE TO DOLLMAN'S HEATH—AN HOUR AND TEN MINUTES BY MY LITTLE WATCH, AND CHARLEY BANGCROFT SAYS I WENT LIKE A BIRD, AND I'VE ASKED HIM IN TO LUNCH, AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BECOME OF POLES AND THE COACH-HORSE!"



CAPILLARY ATTRACTIONS.

Miss Stout, "THE WORST OF LETTING ONE'S BACK HAIR DOWN IS, THAT IT MAKES THE YOUNG MEN STARE SO."



AN ENGLISH GOLD FIELD.



A GOLD FIELD IN THE "DIGGINGS."

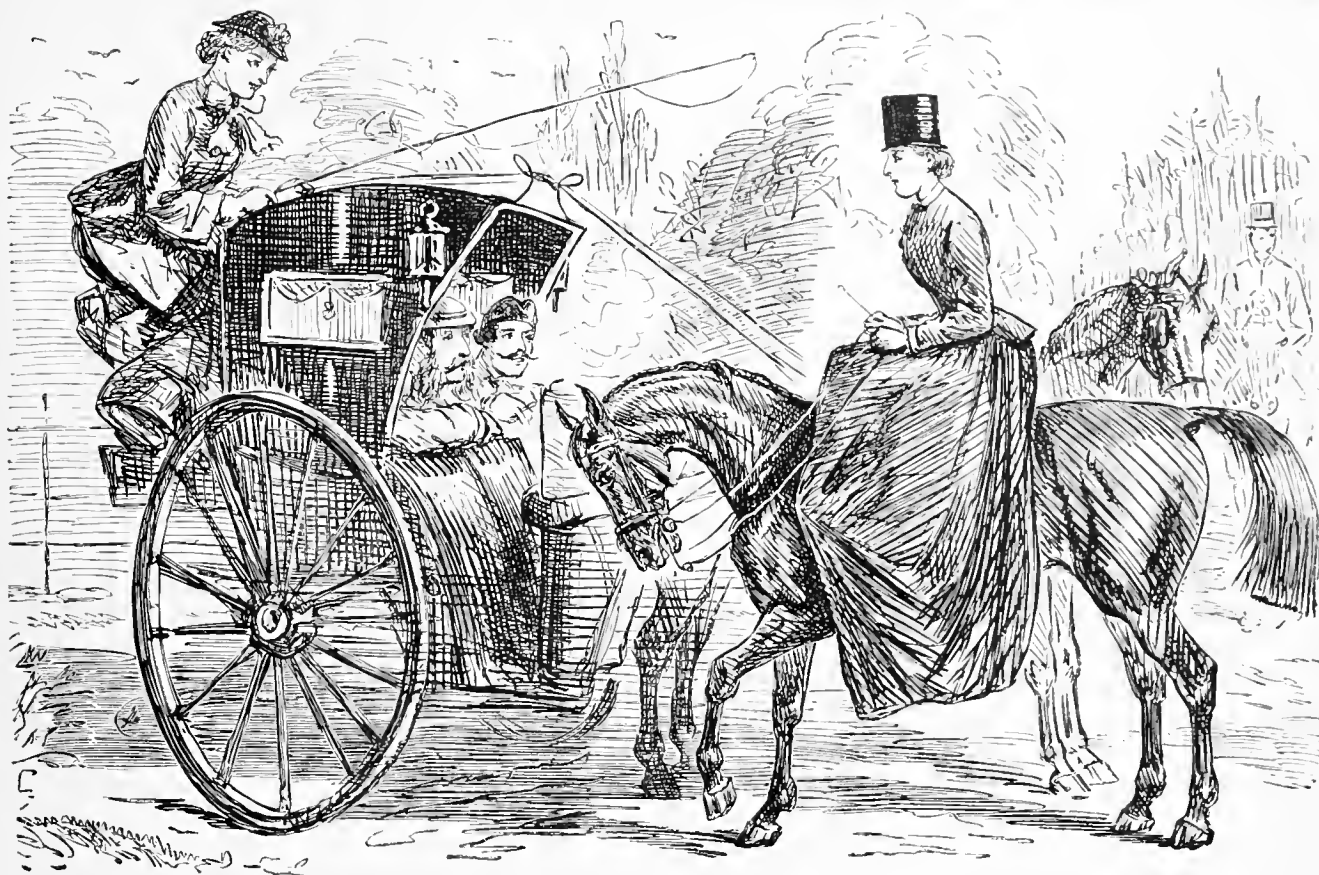


WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?

THAT EXEMPLARY YOUNG MAN, JOSIAH SMUG, OF CLAPHAM, WOULDN'T GO TO SUCH A PLACE AS EPSOM FOR THE WORLD—BUT HE HAS NO OBJECTION TO RIDE ONE OF HIS FATHER'S HORSES BY WAY OF EXERCISE.



WE ARE SORRY TO SAY THAT THIS IS THE SAME EXEMPLARY YOUNG PARTY AS HE APPEARED RETURNING FROM THE DERBY!



THE LATEST FAST THING.

Constance, "OH, ISN'T IT AWFULLY JOLLY? GEORGE HAS BOUGHT THIS PRIVATE HANSOM, AND I'M GOING TO DRIVE HIM OVER TO SEE GRANDPAPA!"



AMBITION.

Lady, "BUT I THOUGHT THAT YOU AND THE OTHER SERVANTS WERE PERFECTLY SATISFIED!"

Flunkey, "WELL, MEM, I AIN'T IN NO WAYS DISCONTENTED WITH MY WAGES, NOR WITH THE VITTELS, NOR NOTHINK OF THAT—BUT THE FACT IS, MY FRIENDS SAY THAT A YOUNG MAN OF MY APPEARANCE OUGHT TO BETTER HISSELF, AND GET INTO A SITUATION WHERE THERE'S TWO MEN BEHIND THE CARRIDGE!" (Poor Fellow!)



ACCEPTING A SITUATION.

MAMMA AND THAT URCHIN WILLIAM GET ROUND SAFELY, BUT AUGUSTUS AND EMILY ARE OVERTAKEN BY THE TIDE. WELL! WELL! THEY ARE ABOVE HIGH-WATER MARK. SO PERHAPS THEY WON'T BE VERY MISERABLE FOR THE NEXT HOUR OR TWO.



THE SKETCHING MASTER.



THE ARISTOCRAT

A PROBABLE SCENE, IF ONLY



COMPANY (LIMITED).

GO ON DABBLING IN BUSINESS.



AN INQUIRING MIND.

Arthur. "MAMMA! ISN'T MR. BLANQUE A WICKED MAN?"

Mamma. "WICKED, MY DEAR! NO! WHAT MAKES YOU ASK SUCH A QUESTION?"

Arthur. "WHY, BECAUSE, MAMMA DEAR, WHEN HE COMES INTO CHURCH, HE DOESN'T
SMELL HIS HAT AS OTHER PEOPLE DO!"



HEALTHY AND AMUSING GAME.

Flora. "GOOD GRACIOUS! REGINALD, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN ABOUT?"

Reginald. "OH, NOTHING! WE'VE ONLY BEEN PLAYING AT BEING TOM SAYERS AND
THE BENIOIA DOY!"



GENEROUS OFFER.

Cabby. "NOW THEN, SIR! JUMP IN DRIVE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND FOR EIGHTEEN PENCE!"



NATURAL IMPATIENCE



RATHER A KNOWING THING IN NETS.

Admiring, French. "WHY FRANK! WHAT A CAPITAL DODGE!"

Frank. "A-YA-AS MY BEARD IS SUCH A BORE, THAT I HAVE TAKEN A HINT FROM THE FAIR SEX."



THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

Brown. "SO, YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY OLD MRS. YELLOWBOYCE. WELL, I THINK YOU'RE A DOODED LUCKY FELLAH!"

Jones. "BY JOVE, I DON'T THINK THE LUCK IS ALL ON MY SIDE! IF SHE FINDS MONEY, HANG IT, I FIND BLOOD AND—HAW—BEAUTY!"



NOTHING LIKE MOUNTAIN AIR.

Tourist (who has been refreshing himself with the Toddy of the Country). "I SHAY, OLE FLER! HIGHLANDS SEEM TO 'GREE WITH YOU WONERFLY—ANNOMISHTAKE. WHY, YOU LOOK DOUBLE THE MAN ALREADY!"



SUBJECT FOR A PICTURE.

Photographer. "NOW, SIR! 'AVE YER CART OE VISIT DONE?"



CANINE.

Patron. "WELL, BUT YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THAT SUCH A DAWG AS THAT COULD DRAW A DADGER?"

Fancier. "NOT DRAW A DADGER? WHY, BLESS YER 'ART, IT WOULD BE A LITTLE 'OLIDAY TO HIM!"



HINT TO TRAVELLERS.

IF YOU ARE OBLIGED TO CROSS THE CHANNEL, GET AS NEAR MID-SHIPS AS POSSIBLE (NEVER MIND THE MOVEMENT OF THE ENGINES, OR THE SMELL OF THE OIL), AND—IT WILL BE SOONER OVER



LATEST FROM ABROAD—POWDER AND ALL THE REST OF IT.

And Miss Fribble. "HEM! CUT THESE OLD-FASHIONED MINXES OUT—FLATTER MYSELF!"



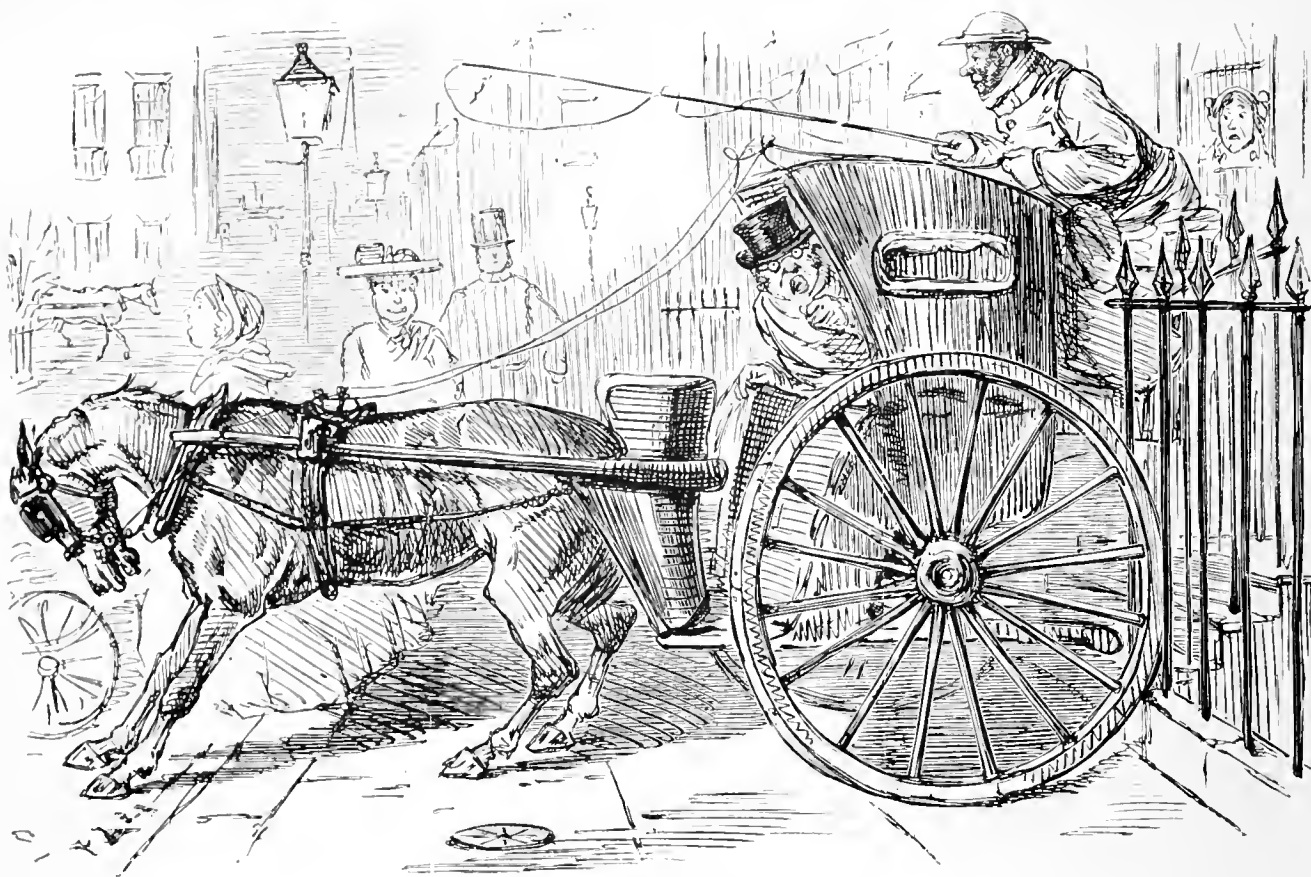
THE CLERICAL BEARD MOVEMENT.

WE DO NOT FOR ONE MOMENT PRESUME TO SAY WHETHER IT IS RIGHT OR WRONG,—ONLY, IF THIS SORT OF THING IS TO PREVAIL, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF CAPTAIN HEAVYSWELL?



"BY YOUR LEAVE!"

Porter. "NOW, MARM, WILL YOU PLEASE TO MOVE, OR WAS YOU CORDED TO YOUR BOX?"



SOOTHING EXPLANATION.

Cabby. "YOU'VE NO CALL TO GET OUT SIR! HE'S ONLY A LITTLE OKARD AT STARTIN'!"



RESOURCES OF THE ESTABLISHMENT.

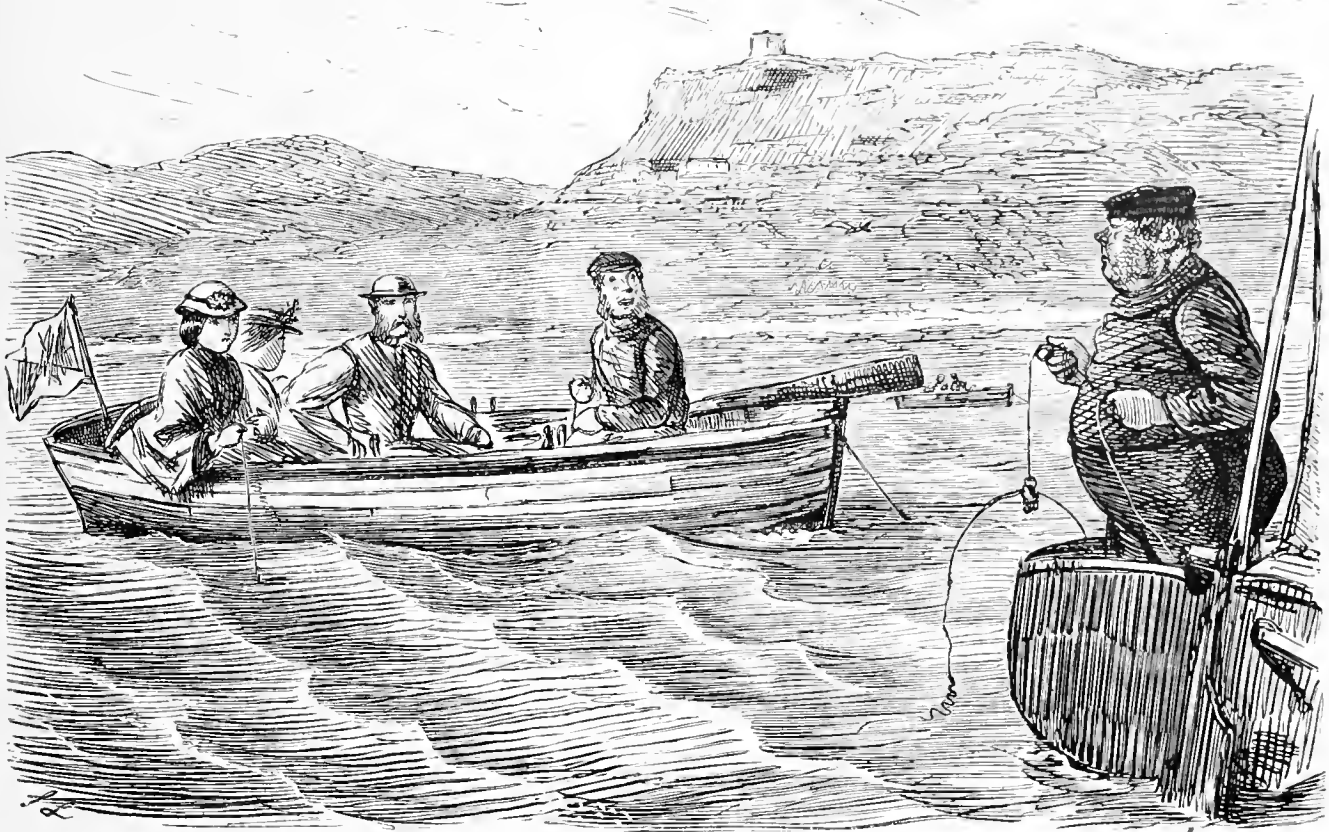
Old Tutor. "PRAY WAITER IS THERE ANYTHING TO WILE AWAY THE TIME UNTIL THE DINNER HOUR?"

Waiter. "YESSIR WHICH WOULD YOU PLEASE TO TAKE SIR?—A AL OR S-KITS, SIR?"



A LIKELY CASE.

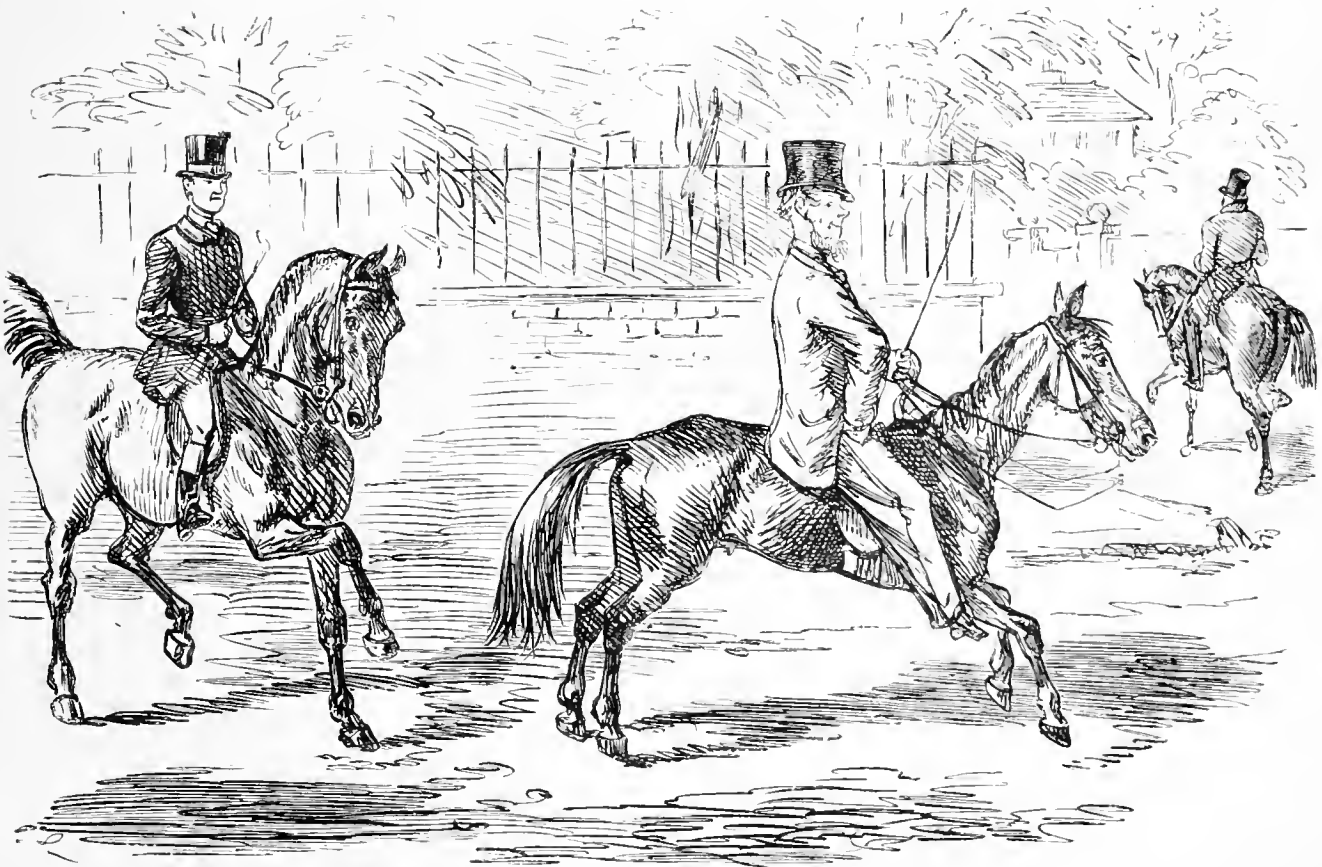
Fiery Instructor to trembling Pupil. "NOW, SIR! COME! I KNOW YOU! DONT ATTEMPT TO BULLY ME, SIR—IT WON'T SUCCEED, I CAN TELL YOU!"



RATHER VULGAR, BUT PERFECTLY TRUE.

Boatman (in the distance). "I SAY, JACK, GOT A MOSSEL O' BAIT TO SPARE?"

Jack. "WELL, I CAN'T LET YER HAVE NO WUMS; BUT I DON'T MIND LENDING YER A BIT O' BULLOCK'S LIVER TO OBLIGE A LADY!"



STOLEN PLEASURES ARE SWEET.

PORTRAIT OF TOMKINS, UNDER THE DELUSION THAT THE PUBLIC TAKES THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S GROOM FOR HIS



THE CABMAN'S GUIDE.

Lady. "OH! PLEASE CABMAN, DRIVE ME TO ST BARNABAS' CHURCH, YOU GO UP EBURY STREET, AND TAKE—"
 Cabman. "I KNOW—HOPPOSITE THE THREE COMPASSES!"



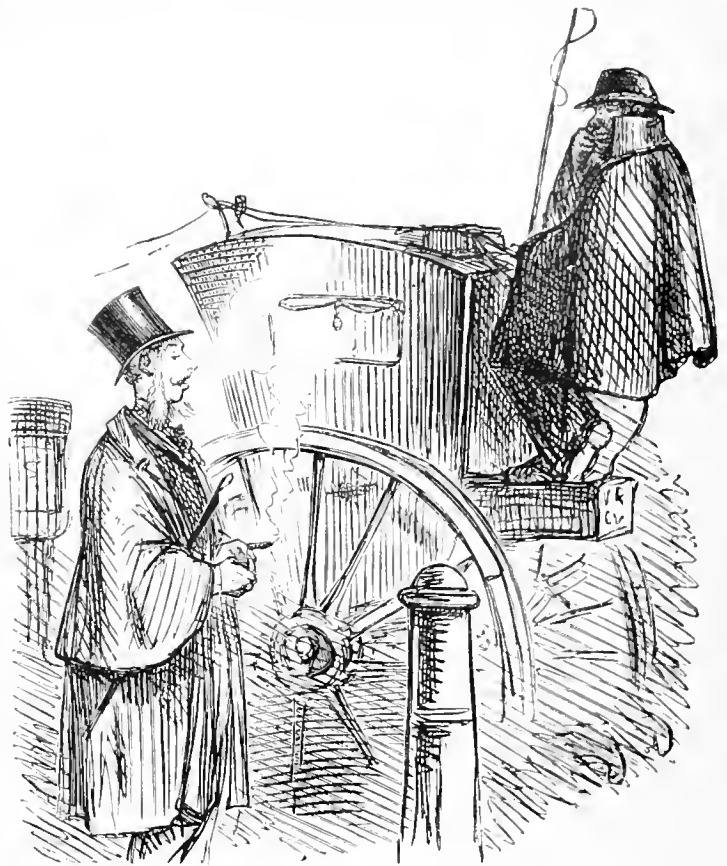
FALSE ALARM, SURELY!

"...THE WORST OF THESE WATERING-PLACES, THERE ARE SO MANY ADVENTURERS ON THE LOOK OUT FOR
 WIVES THAT ONE IS ALWAYS IN FLAR OF BEING PROPOSED TO!"



PITIABLE OBJECTS.

Mr. Done (to Mr. Dreary). "NO! A DON'T KNOW HOW IT IS--BUT I AIN'T THE THING SOMEHOW! NO EMBAWASSMENTS OR ANYTHING O' THAT SORT. CAN'T MAKE IT OUT. S'POSE IT'S OVERWORK!"



TOO BAD, BY JOVE! YOU KNOW.

Swell. "OH, NAWN-SENSE; HALF-A-CROWN'S TOO MUCH. HERE'S EIGHTEEN-PENCE. I AIN'T SUCH A FOOL AS I LOOK!"

Cabby. "AIN'T YER, SIR? THEN I ONLY WISH YER WOS!"

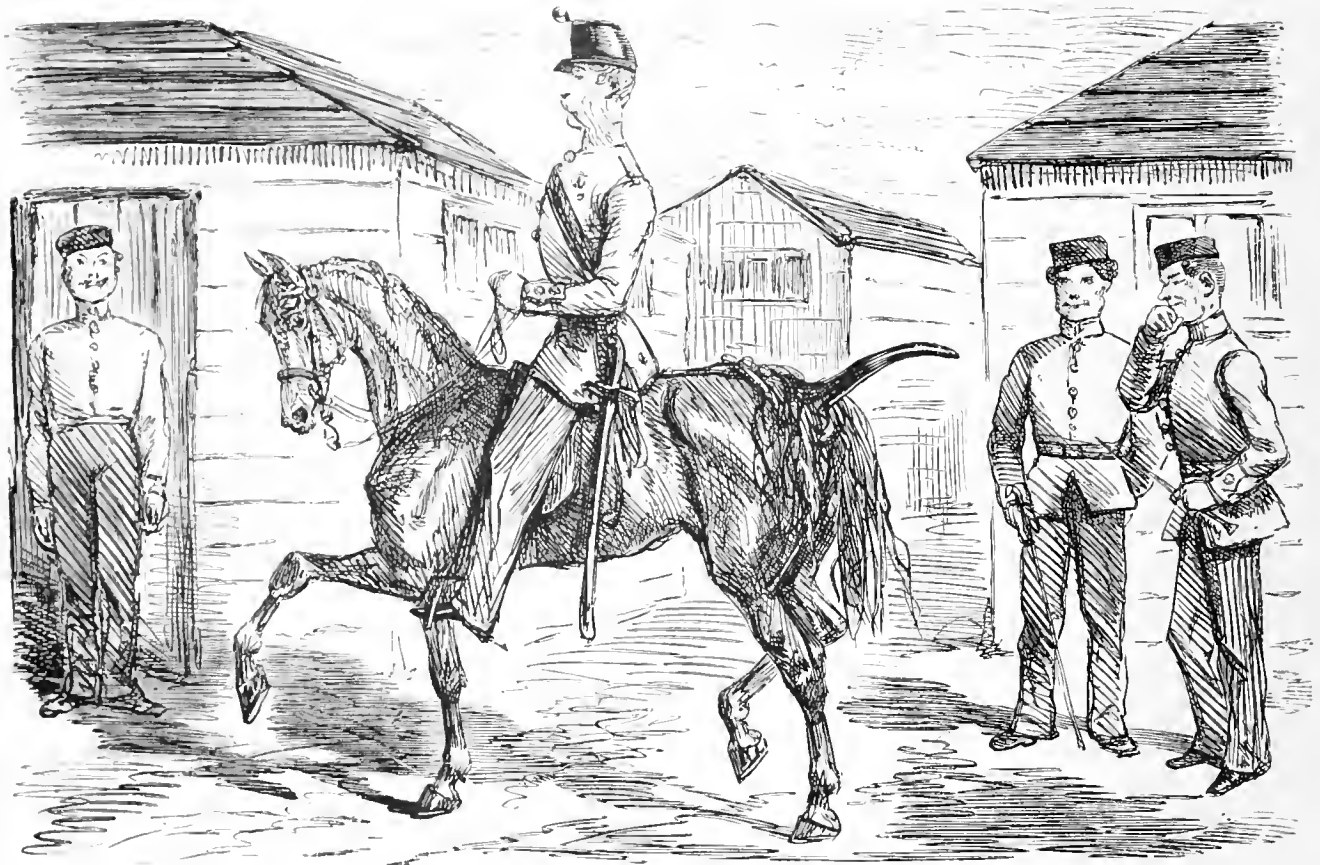


A CHANCE FOR JEAMES.



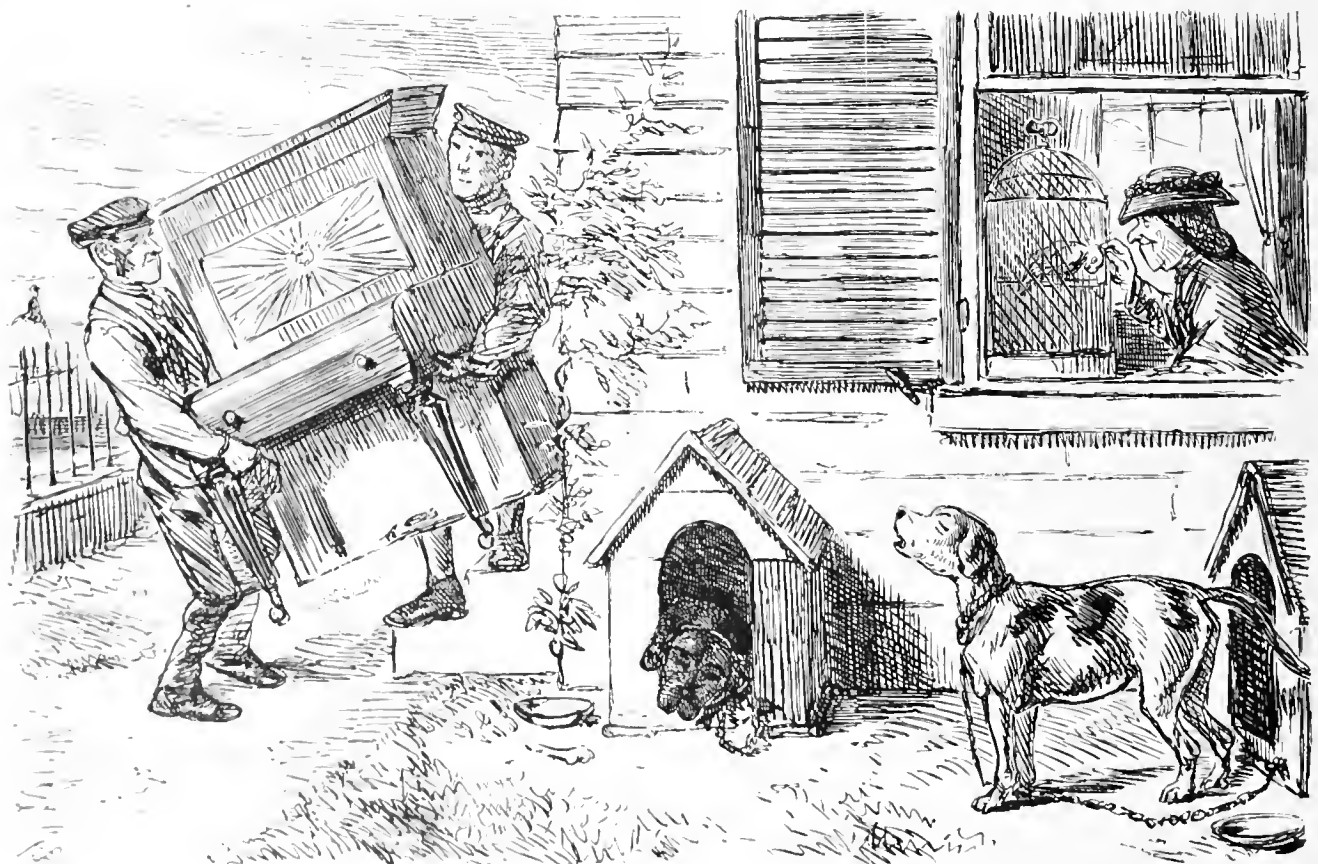
VERY RUDE, INDEED.

Little Boy. "OH, MY EYE! THERE GOES EIGHTPENCE OUT OF A SHILLING!"



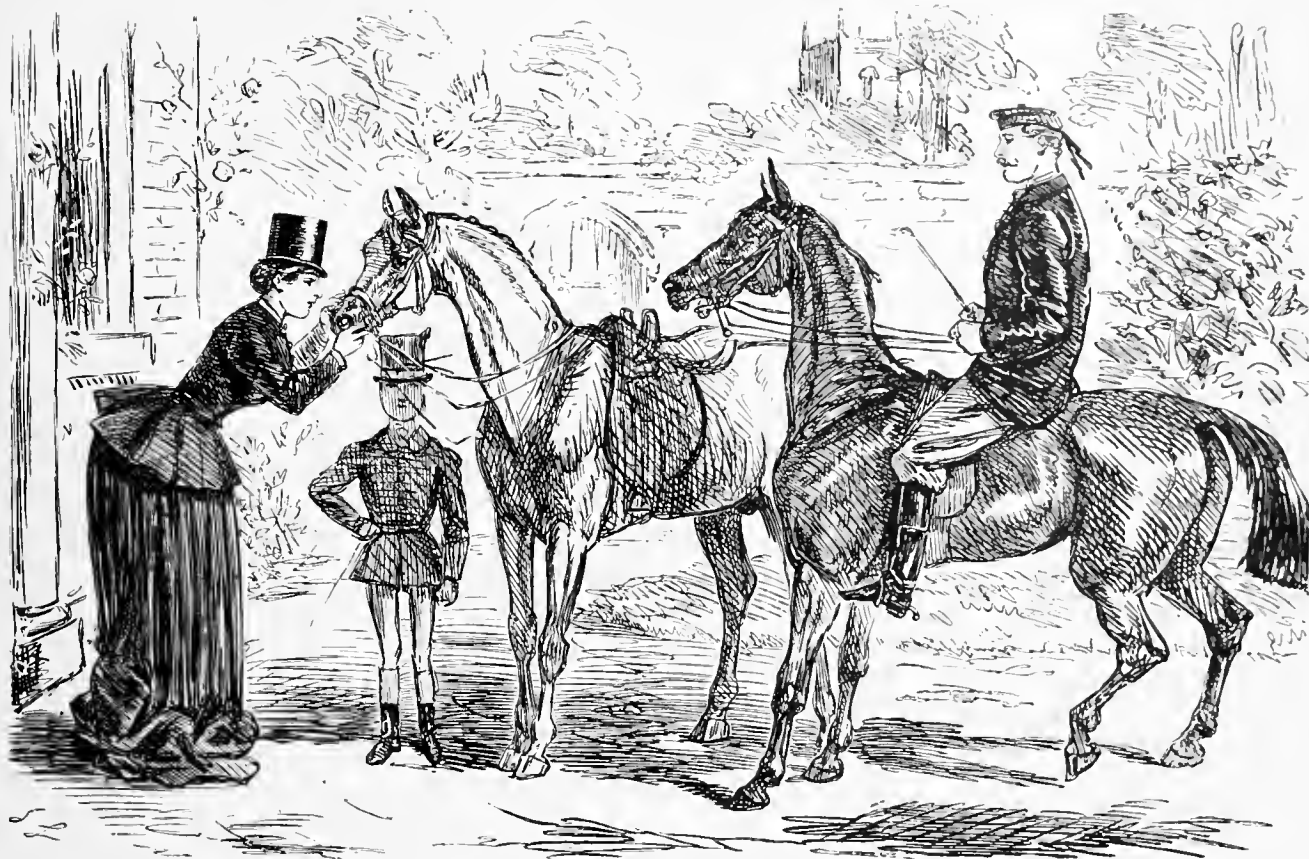
NATURE WHEN UNADORNED, &c.

MAJOR ALDERSHOT RETURNING FROM PARADE, FLATTERS HIMSELF THAT HIS RAT-TAILED CHARGER IS MUCH ADMIRER SINCE THE SADDLER HAS SUPPLIED HIM WITH A NEW TAIL.



A SEA-SIDE SUBJECT.—JOLLY FOR THE PARTY IN SEARCH OF REPOSE.

N.B. The Old Lady with the Parrot encourages Organ Grinders, and when the Moon shines bright and clear, doesn't the Black Dog come out!



DOOSED AGGRAVATING FOR CORNET FLINDERS.

Darling (coaxingly to Favourite Hack). "IT WAS A NICE 'TITTLE SOFT NOSE, IT WAS—AND IT HAD VERY NICE EYES, IT HAD—AND IT WAS VERY HANDSOME, IT WAS—AND IT WAS A NICE 'TITTLE SING ALTOGETHER!!!"



MRS. J. HAS THE BEST OF IT

Paterfamilias. "MRS. JONES! M-MATILDA! WHY!—EH!—WHAT THE DEUCE—?"

Mrs. J. "YES, MR J YOU HAVE BEEN GOING ON SO ABOUT THE CRINOLINE, THAT I THOUGHT I WOULD TRY HOW YOU LIKED THIS STYLE OF THING. SO, COME, JONES, COME OUT FOR A WALK!"



OPPOSITE OPINIONS.

WHILE THEY ARE AT SCARBOROUGH, PATERFAMILIAS THINKS HIS LITTLE ONES OUGHT TO LOSE NO OPPORTUNITY OF DRINKING THE WATERS.



LA MODE--THE ZOUAVE JACKET.

MISS SLUGG. "WELL NOW DEAR, I CALL IT CHARMING. AND SHALL MOST CERTAINLY HAVE ONE MYSELF!"



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Housemaid, "DRAT THE BOTHERING CHINA CUPS AND THINGS. THEY BE ALWAYS A-KNOCKING UP AGAINST ONE'S CRINOLINE."



NOT SUCH A BAD THING IN A SHOWER



A WICKET PROCEEDING.

Georgina, "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY LITTLE POPPET?"

Little Poppet, "OH, AUNTY DEAR, WALTER CAN'T FIND HIS STUMPS, SO HE'S MAKING A WICKET OF MY BEST DOLL!"



A TYRANT.

Master Jacky (who pursues the flogging system even when home for the holidays). "OH, HERE YOU ARE! I HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU GIRLS EVERYWHERE. NOW, YOU JUST MAKE HASTE HOME, AND PEEL ME A LOT OF SHRIMPS FOR MY LUNCH!"



A MERMAID.



PUTTING PRINCIPLE INTO PRACTICE.

BLOOD WILL CARRY ANYTHING—AT LEAST SO MISS FEATHERWEIGHT THINKS!



CRICKET—THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

"GOOD MATCH, OLD FELLOW?"
 "OH YES, AWFULLY JOLLY!" "WHAT DID YOU DO?"
 "I 'AD A HOVER OF JACKSON; THE FIRST BALL 'IT ME ON THE 'AND; THE SECOND
 'AD ME ON THE KNEE; THE THIRD WAS IN MY EYE; AND THE FOURTH BOWLED
 ME OUT"
[Jolly game.]



PICKED UP FROM THE BEACH.

Old Salt (who has got sixpence a piece out of the children). "THERE, MY DEARS,
 YOU'VE GOT A KITTEN FOR A SHILLUN' AS HAD OUGHT TO 'A BIN SEVIN-AND-SIXPENCE
 AT LEAST; AND IF YOU'LL MEET ME HERE TO-MORRER AT THE SAME TIME, YOU
 SHALL HAVE SUCH A BOAT FOR A HALF-A-CROWN AS YOU COULDN'T GET AT A SHOP
 FOR FIVE BOB!"



AQUATICS—WHEN THE BEES ARE SWARMING.



PERSUASIVE.

Conductor. "FULL INSIDE, MUM!—ROOM ON THE ROOF, MUM!—ONLY LIKE GOING UP-STAIRS, MUM!" (But the O'd Lady isn't partial to going up-stairs.)



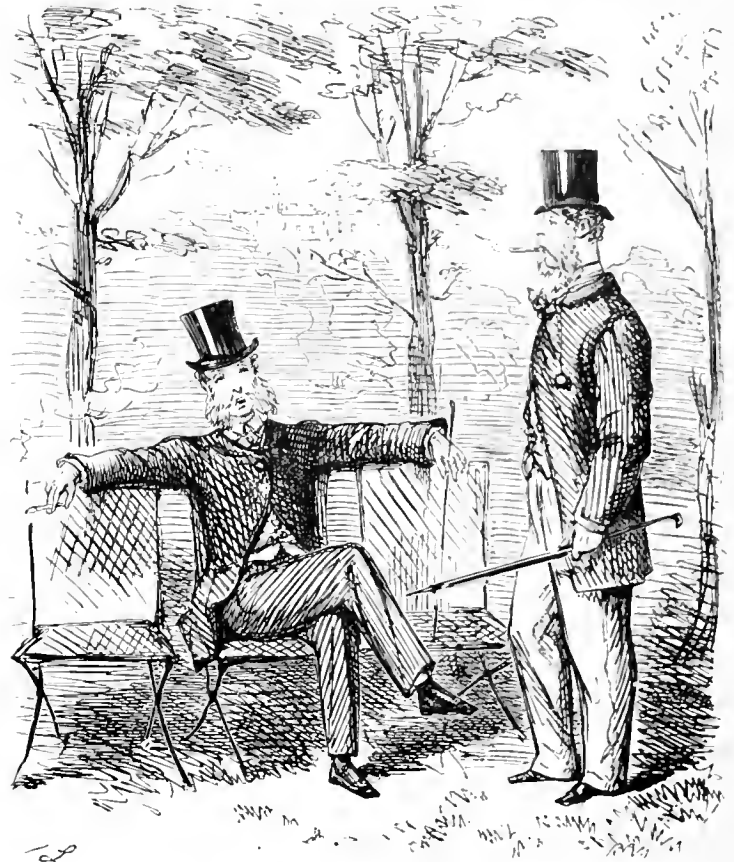
DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

OFFICIOUS URGHN RUSHES TO OPEN CARRIAGE DOOR. JOHN AND THOMAS, TO USE THEIR OWN PHRASE, ARE "COMPLETELY NONPLUSHED!"



HELPING HIM ON.

Cruel Fair One (to silent Partner). "PRAY! HAVE YOU NO CONVERSATION?"



A VICTIM TO OVER-EXERTION.

Standing-up Swell. "MORNING, CHARLEY! DOING A BIT O' PARK, EH?"

Swell (reclining). "YAAS.—YOU SEE I CAN'T DO WITHOUT MY WEGLAR EXERCISE."



BENEVOLENCE.

MR. PUNCH HAVING HEARD OF THE EXCELLENT QUALITIES OF THE EXMOOR PONIES, PROCURES A FEW FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS!



UNWELCOME PLEASANTRY.

Frederick (who we are sorry to say, is rather fond of chatting his Brother in Law). "OH! LOOK HERE, ROBERT, WILL YOU HAVE THIS WITH YOU IN THE CARRIAGE OR SHALL I PUT IT INTO THE VAN?"



THE YEOMANRY SERVICE.

MR WOBBLER, WISHING TO ACCUSTOM HIS HORSE TO THE REPORT OF FIRE-ARMS, MAKES HIS LAD FIRE A GUN AT THE CORNER OF THE LANE AT FIRST THE EXPERIMENT IS NOT SATISFACTORY.



THE NICE LITTLE DINNER.

Tommy (who is standing a feed to Harry). "OH, HANG IT. YOU KNOW, FOURTEEN BOB FOR A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE! THAT'S COMING IT RATHER STRONG, AIN'T IT?"

Waiter (with perfect composure). "WE HAVE SOME CHEAP WINE, SIR, AT HALF-A-GUINEA "



A LITTLE FARCE AT A RAILWAY-STATION.

Lady. "I WANT ONE TICKET—FIRST!"

Clerk "SINGLE?"

Lady. "SINGLE! WHAT DOES IT MATTER TO YOU, SIR, WHETHER I'M SINGLE OR NOT? IMPERTINENCE!"

[Clerk explains that he meant Single or Return, not tetter thing



A LUCID EXPLANATION.

"WHAT CAN BE THE MATTER WITH THE 'MAGIC,' CHARLES?"

"WHY, YOU SEE, DEAR, TOM PUT HIS HELM DOWN RATHER TOO QUICK, AND SHE MISSED STAYS AND WENT ASHORE, AND THEY ARE NOW HAULING THE JIB A-WEATHER TO LET HER FILL AND PAY OFF."



THE SOCIAL TREADMILL.—THE WEDDING BREAKFAST.



MASTER AND MAN. A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS.

Master (to Sweet Groom): "OH, SNAFFLES, I WISH TO SHOW THE NEW HORSE TO THIS GENTLEMAN—AND WE SHALL RIDE IN THE AFTERNOON"
 Sweet Groom: "VERY SORRY, SIR, BUT THE OSSES ARE LOCKED UP FOR THE PRESENT, SIR! AND WHAT OSSES WAS YOU GOING TO RIDE THIS AFTERNOON?
 I SHOULDN'T LIKE TO 'AVE MINE OUT IN THE DAMP!"



BOARD AND LODGING.

Landlady: "YES, SIR, THE BOARD WERE CERTINGLY TO BE A GUINEA A WEEK, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW
 AS YOU WAS A-GOING TO BATHE IN THE SEA BEFORE BREAKFAST AND TAKE BOTTLES OF TONIC
 DURING THE DAY!"



THE COLLAR MANIA.

NEAT AND APPROPRIATE ORNAMENT FOR A
 GENT'S ALL-ROUNDER.



THE LINGUIST.

Archy. "I SAY, JESSIE, DO YOU UNDERSTAND FRENCH?"
 Jessie. "A LITTLE—DO YOU?"
 Archy. "OH, YES—I UNDERSTAND IT VERY WELL; BECAUSE, WHEN PA AND MA TALK FRENCH, I KNOW I'M GOING TO HAVE A POWDER!"



THE EXHAUSTED STUDENT.

Fond Parient. "BLESS HIS HEART—ALWAYS STUDYING! READ HIMSELF ASLEEP—GEOGRAPHY NOW, OR SOMETHING OF THAT SORT, I'LL BE BOUND?"
 [No! It's the Cookery Book.]



MISTAKING A TITLE.

Constance (literary). "HAVE YOU READ THIS ACCOUNT OF 'THE MILL ON THE FLOSS,' DEAR?"
 Edith (literal). "NO, INDEED, I HAVE NOT AND I WONDER THAT YOU CAN FIND ANYTHING TO INTEREST YOU IN THE DESCRIPTION OF A DISGUSTING PRIZE-FIGHT!"



VAULTING AMBITION.

"NOW THEN, CHARITY—HIGHER! YOU DON'T CALL THAT A BACK!"



PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—THE MOUSTACHES.

Lady B. a *Wicked Marquis*. "BUT HAVE YOU MADE ME FIERCE ENOUGH, CHARLES?"
Charles. "FIERCE!—FEROCIOUS!"



EXPRESS.

Old Gent. "THIS OSCILLATION IS VERY UNUSUAL, SIR, ISN'T IT? WE SEEM TO BE GOING A TREMENDOUS PACE!"

Swell. "AW—YA—AS! THEY'RE MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME. I'VE JUST TIMED 'EM, AND WE'VE DONE THE LAST NINE MILES IN SIX MINUTES AND A HALF. HAVE A SMASH, PRESENTLY, AW—THINK!"



A SOU'-WESTER IN A SEA-SIDE LODGING-HOUSE.



THE SPOON-SHAPED BONNET.



A SHOCKING YOUNG LADY, INDEED!

Emily (betrothed to Charles). "OH, CHARLES, ISN'T IT FUN? I'VE BEATEN ARTHUR AND JULIA, AND I'VE BROKE AUNT SALLY'S NOSE SEVEN TIMES!"



USEFUL APPLIANCES

"WIGGLES AND SPROTT PREFER BATHING FROM THE BEACH TO HAVING A STUFFY MACHINE. THEY ARE MUCH PLEASED WITH THE DEDICATED LITTLE ATTENTION INDICATED ABOVE!"

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



ON THE WAY TO PARADE.

Brown says: "CALL THIS PLAYING AT SOLDIERS, INDEED! I'D MUCH RATHER BE BEFORE 'A HOT FIRE' I KNOW!" (Nevertheless, Brown sticks to his duty like a man.)



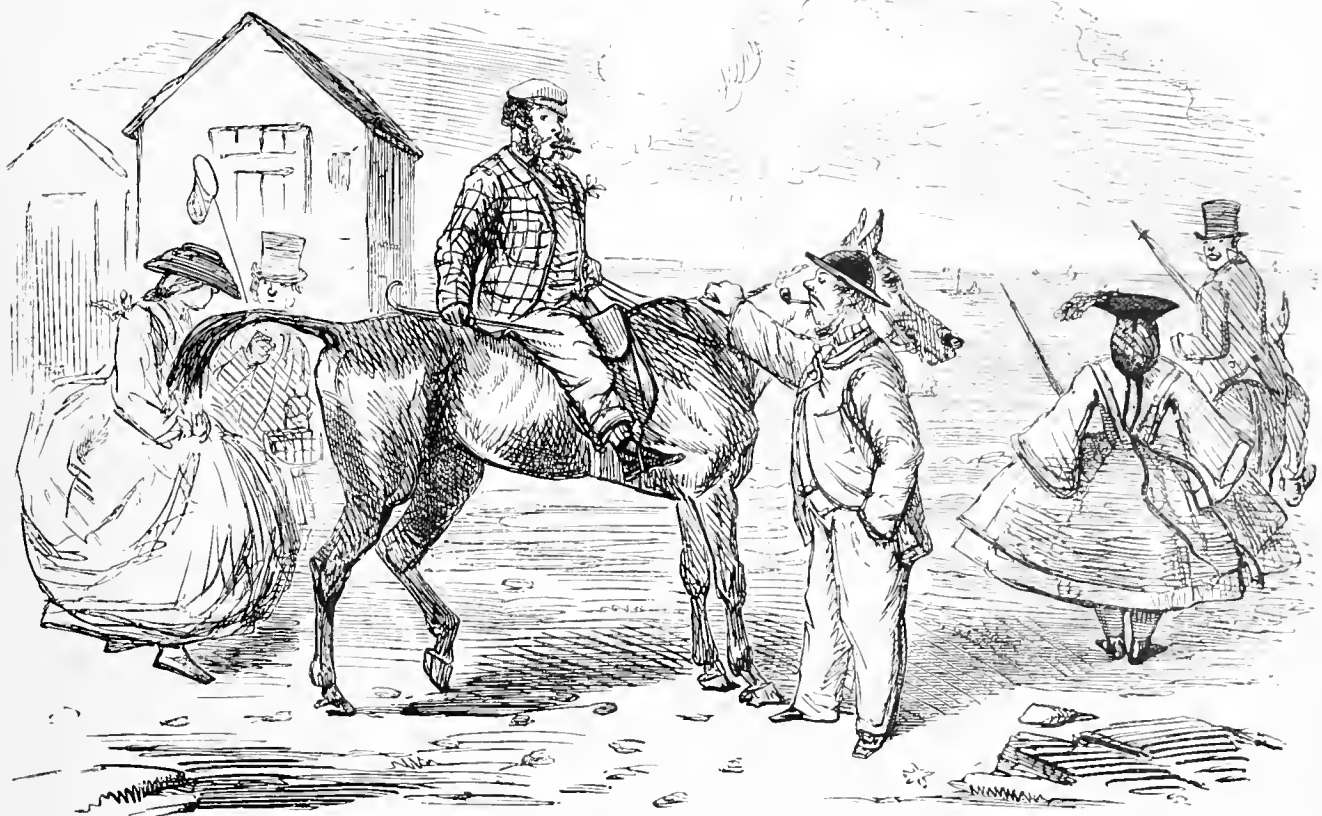
JOHN TOMKINS AND 'ARRY BLOATER.

'Arry (In the Boots of the Period). "YES, THEY'RE DOOCE COMFORTABLE, AND THEY GIVE ONE A MILITARY AND RATHER SPORTING APPEARANCE, I FANCY."



A DIP IN FRENCH WATERS.

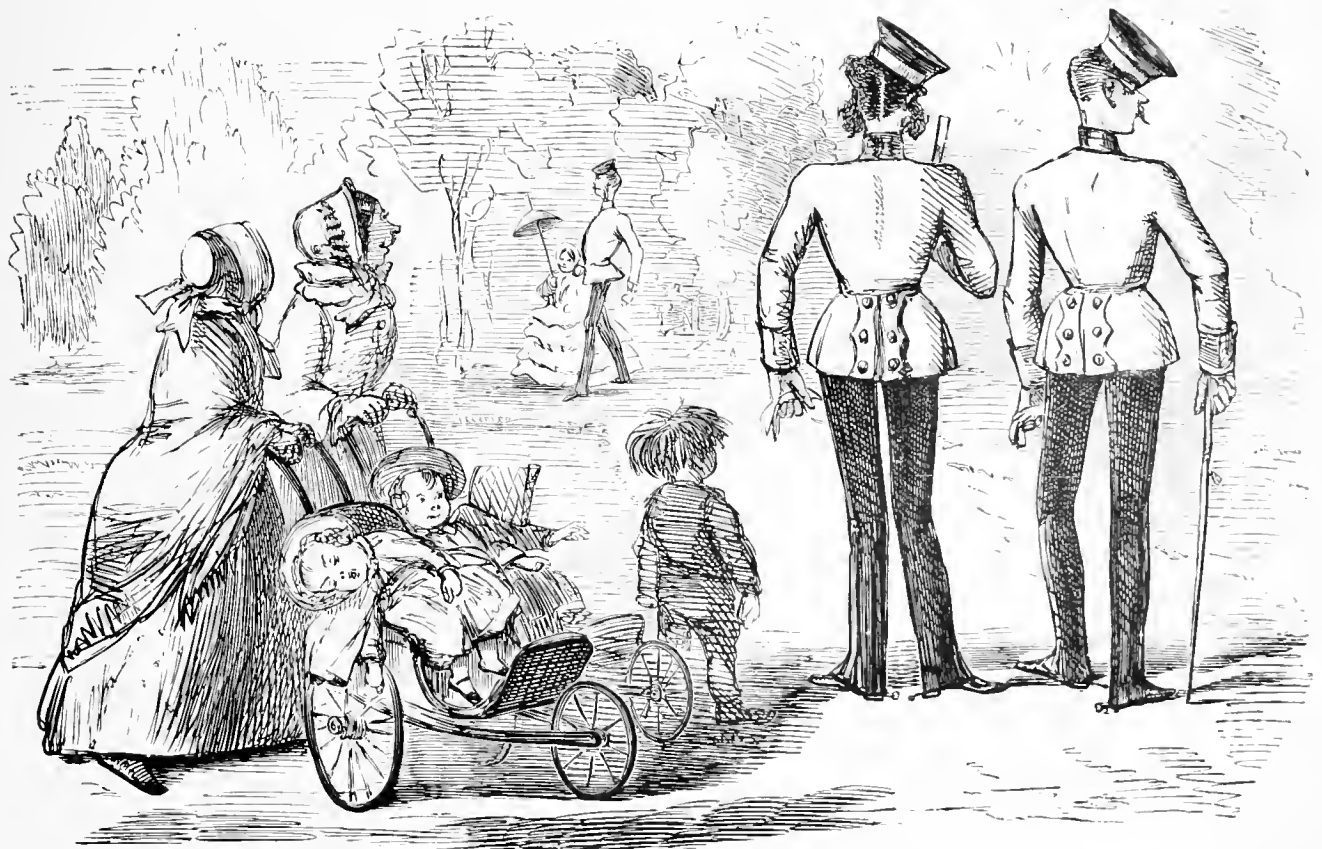
JONES TO OLD WOMAN. COM, SAR—WHAT DO YOU MEAN?—AM I TO BE LED DOWN LIKE THAT FOR A QUARTER OF A MILE?"



SCENE—A CERTAIN GAY WATERING-PLACE.

First Irresistible (on back). "ULLO, 'ARRY! WHY, WHAT HAS BROUGHT YOU HERE?"

Second Ditto, "WHY, YER SEE, BILL, I'M PRECIOUS SICK OF WORKING FOR MY LIVING, SO I'VE COME HERE TO PICK UP AN AIRESS!"



THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT

Jane, "LAWK, JEMIMA! DON'T THEY LOOK EEWTFLE NOW THEY'VE GOT THEIR LONG COATS!"



FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

MR. BRIGGS GOES OUT SHOOTING WITH A BRACE OF DOGS HE HAS BROKEN-IN HIMSELF.



A PROBABILITY:—"HOLD YOUR ZEBRA, SIR?"



A FRIENDLY OFFER.

Confounded good-looking Hibernian Friend (to Jones). "ADIEU, ME BOY! IS THERE ANYTHING I'LL DO FOR-R-R YE WHILE YE'RE AWAY? WILL I RIDE OUT, OR WALK WITH MISS PLUMLEY FOR-R-R YE. NOW! ONLY SPAKE THE WOR-R-RD!"



A MATTER OF OPINION.

Diana. "YES, DEAR—I MUST SAY THAT I THINK A GIRL NEVER LOOKS SO WELL AS SHE DOES IN HER RIDING HABIT."



A PICTURE FOR THE INTEMPERATE.

Photographer. "NOW, SIR, STEP IN AND HAVE YOUR LIKENESS TAKEN, IT MIGHT BE USEFUL TO YOUR FAMILY!"



THE HILL AT EPSOM.

Irritated Swell (walking away). "I TELL YOU I DON'T WANT TO BE BRUSHED!"

Public Coat Brusher. "OH, JUST TO MAKE YOU A LITTLE TIDY, MY LORD!"

Swell. "I SHAN'T PAY YOU!"

Coat Brusher (still brushing). "THAT AIN'T O' NO CONSEQUENCE, MY LORD; BUT I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU LOOK RESPECTABLE!"



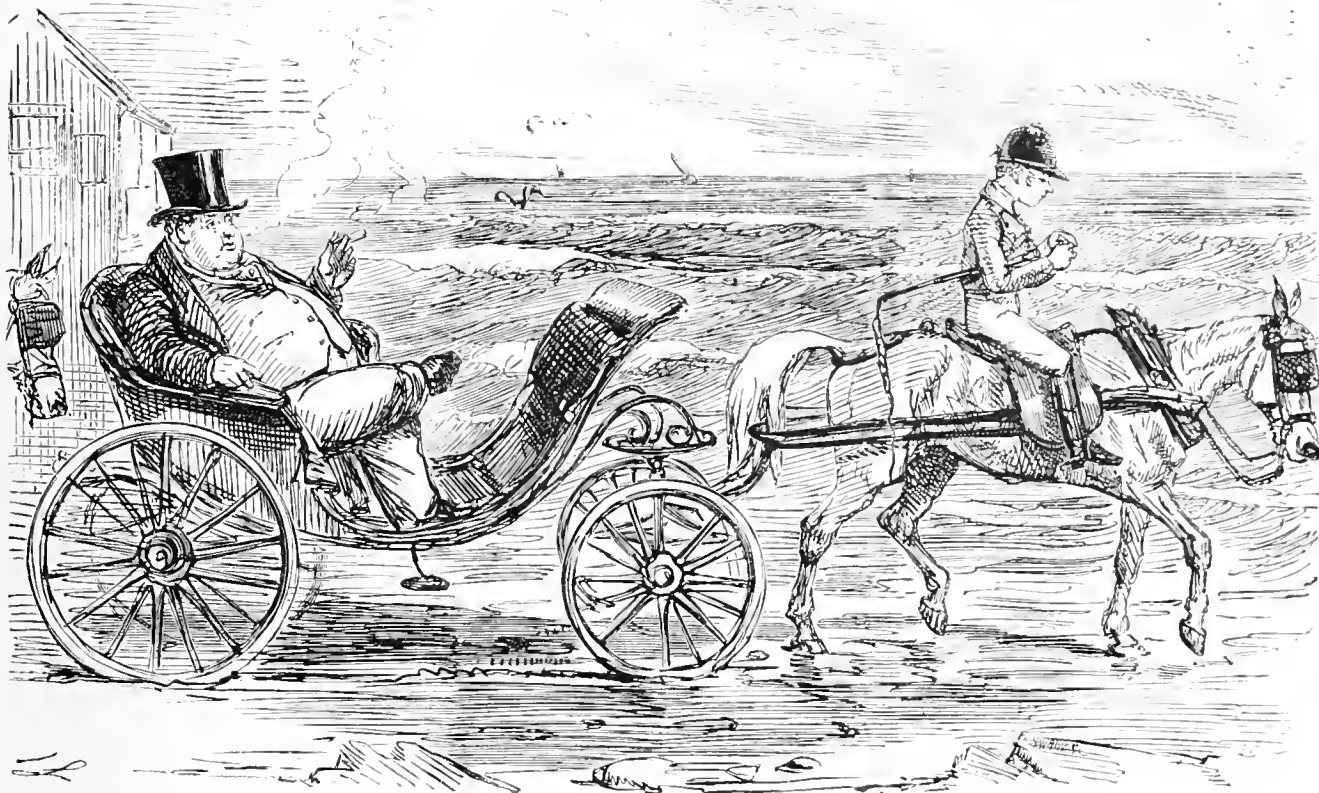
POLITENESS

B. "WELL, JIM! HOW DE YOU TO-DAY?"

Jim. "WHAT ODDS IS THAT TO YOU?—YOU DEANT MY MEDICAL ATTENDANT!"



A SKETCH NEAR LEICESTER SQUARE.



NO DOUBT OF IT.

Invalid (in carriage). "NOW, THESE POSTILIONS NEVER SEEM TO BE UNWELL! UPON MY WORD, I VERILY BELIEVE IF I WERE TO CHANGE PLACES WITH THAT LITTLE CHAP, I SHOULD BE EVER SO MUCH BETTER!"



THE GALE.

"DON'T BE ALARMED, DARLINGS—THE CAPTAIN HAS GOT QUITE ENOUGH TO DO TO LOOK AFTER HIMSELF."—Punch.



SPREAD OF THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.—SCENE, THE SCHOOLROOM.

BOY: "OH, HERE'S MAMMA! NOW MA, IF YOU'LL FALL IN BY GINA, I'LL PUT YOU THROUGH YOUR FACINGS 'TENTION!"



THE PORTRAIT FINISHING TOUCH TO THE DRESS.

PAINTER: "YOUR PARDON, BUT I'M AFRAID YOU ARE SITTING ON MY PALETTE."



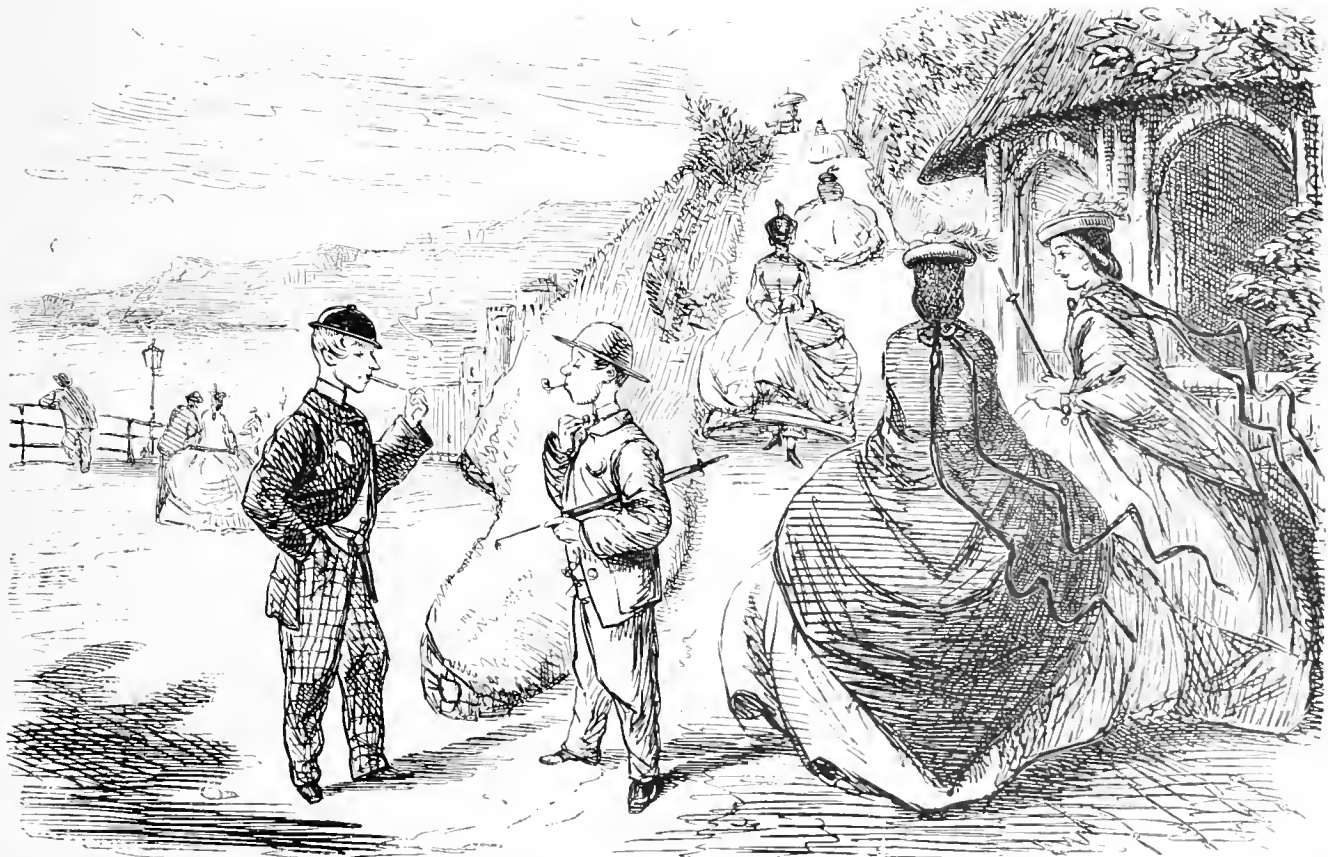
ON THE SANDS.

CAUTION TO YOUNG LADIES WHO RIDE IN CRINOLINE ON DONKEYS.



VALUABLE ADDITION TO THE AQUARIUM.

TOM (WHO HAS HAD A VERY SUCCESSFUL DAY) PRESENTS HIS SISTERS WITH A FINE SPECIMEN OF THE CUTTLE-FISH (*Octopus vulgaris*).



PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE.

Whipper, "DOOCEO NICE PLACE, THIS—ONLY ONE CAN'T SPEAK TO A GAL WITHOUT IT'S BEING REPORTED YOU'RE ENGAGED TO HER."
 Snapper, "HAH! I TOOK THE PRECAUTION TO GIVE OUT WHEN I FIRST CAME THAT I WASN'T A MARRYIN' MAN."



PLEASANT INTELLIGENCE.

Boy "AH, YOU AND MRS. DRONE ARE COMING TO SEE US NEXT WEEK IN THE COUNTRY."
Mr. Drone. "ARE WE?—WE HAVE HEARD NOTHING OF IT."

Boy "OH, YES—BECAUSE I HEARD PAPA SAY TO MAMMA, THAT THEY HAD SOME TIRESOME PEOPLE COMING. AND THEY MIGHT AS WELL ASK ALL THE BORES AT ONCE."



WELL(?) BROUGHT UP.

First Juvenile. "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF DANCING WITH YOU, MISS ALICE?"

Second Juvenile. "A, NO—THANKS. I NEVER DANCE WITH YOUNGER SONS!"



REAL ENJOYMENT.

Charley (who is wet through for the ninth time). "OH, MA! WE'VE BEEN SO JOLLY! WE'VE BEEN FILLING ONE ANOTHER'S HAIR WITH SAND AND MAKING BOATS OF OUR BOOTS, AND HAVING SUCH FUN!"



A MILITIA MAN.



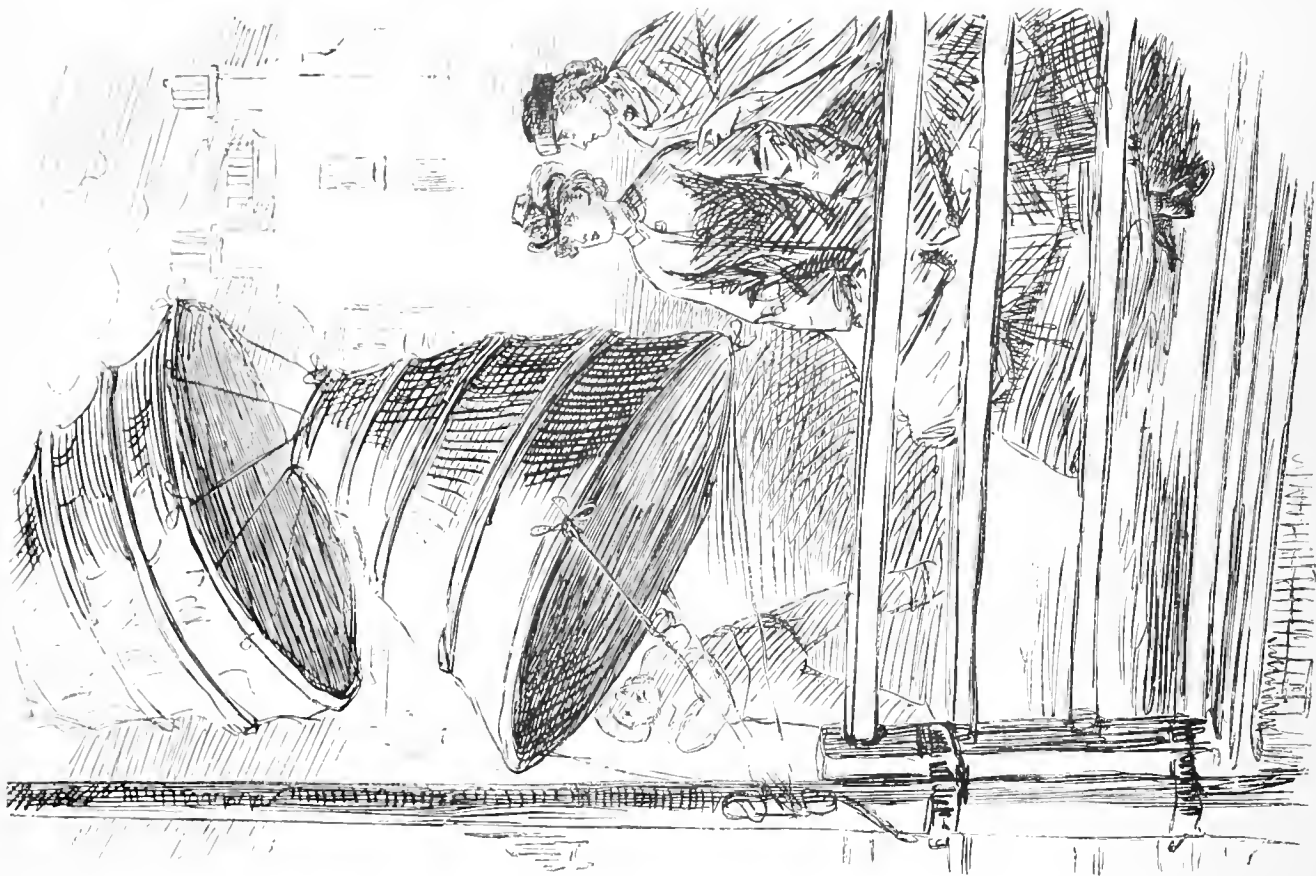
REPOSE.

YES! BUT WE ARE SURE THAT IF ELLEN KNEW WHAT A FIGURE FREDERICK MADE OF HER BY SPRAWLING ON THE CLIFF JUST BEHIND HER, SHE WOULDN'T BE SO QUIET



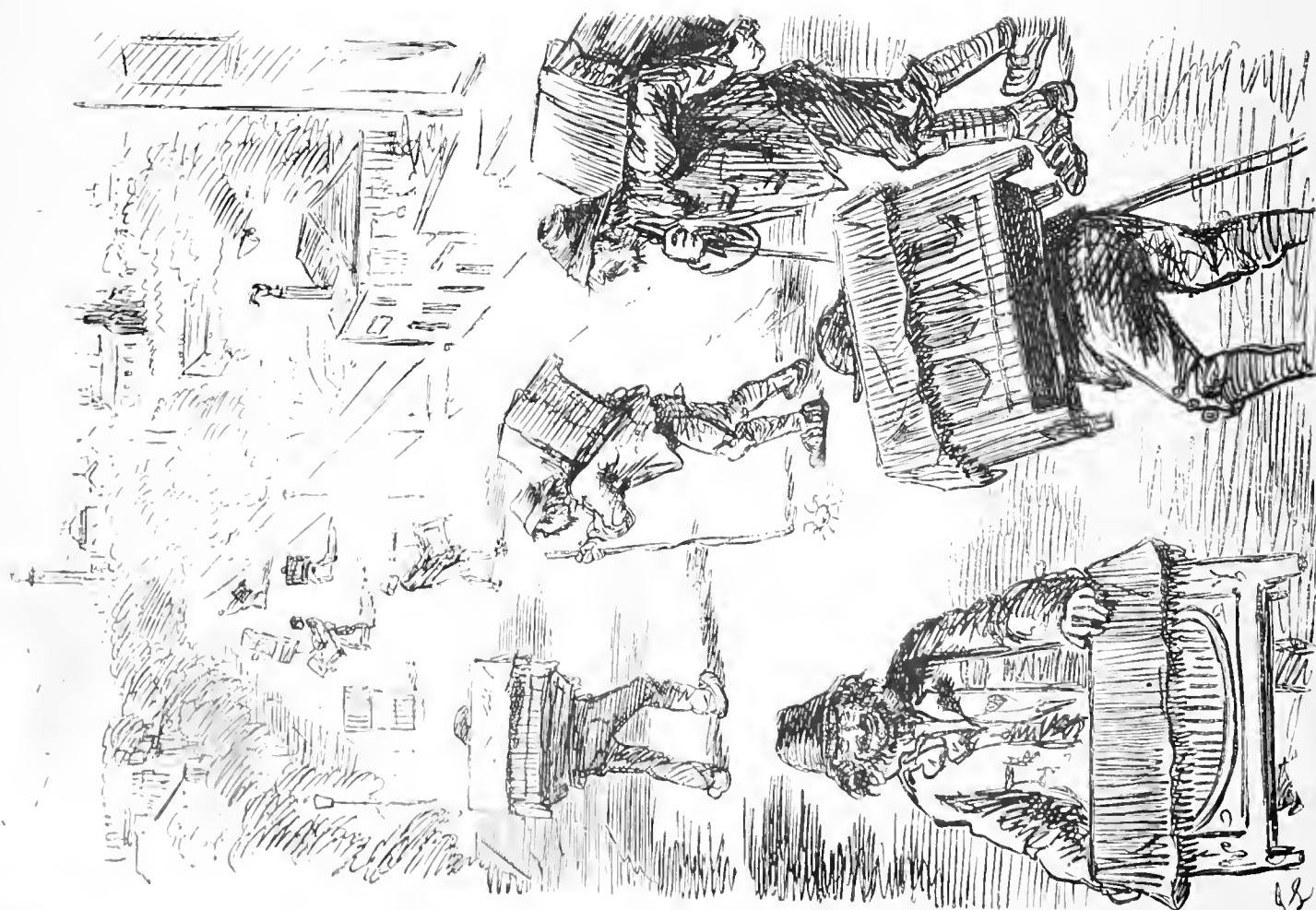
TRULY DELIGHTFUL!

GALLOPING DOWN THE SIDE OF A FIELD COVERED WITH MOLE-HILLS, ON A WEAK-NECKED HORSE, WITH A SNAFFLE BRIDLE, ONE FOOT OUT OF YOUR STIRRUP, AND A BIT OF MUD IN YOUR EYE!

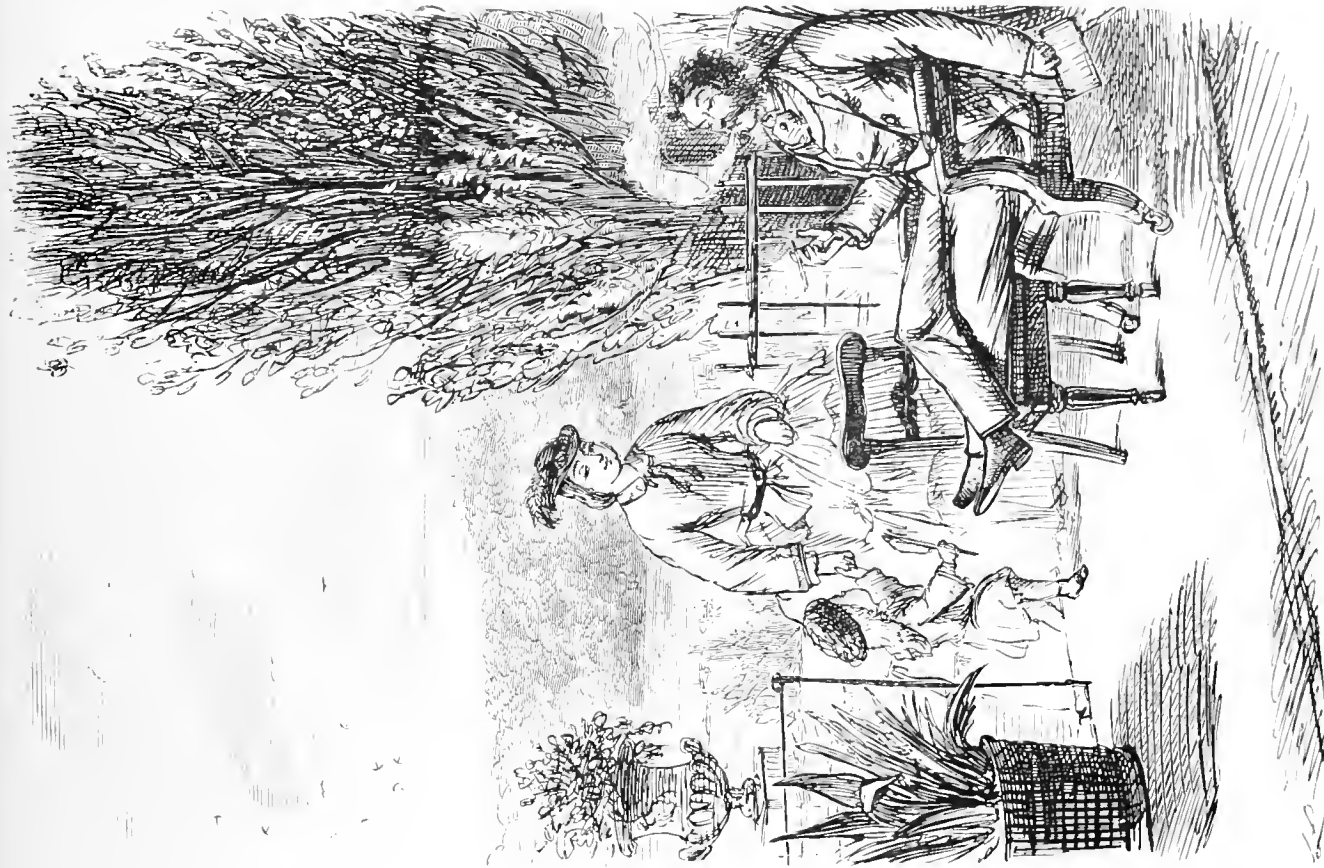


NOVEL SUGGESTION.

THE CRINOLINE STORM SIGNAL; A WARNING TO YOUNG LADIES AT THE SEA-SIDE.

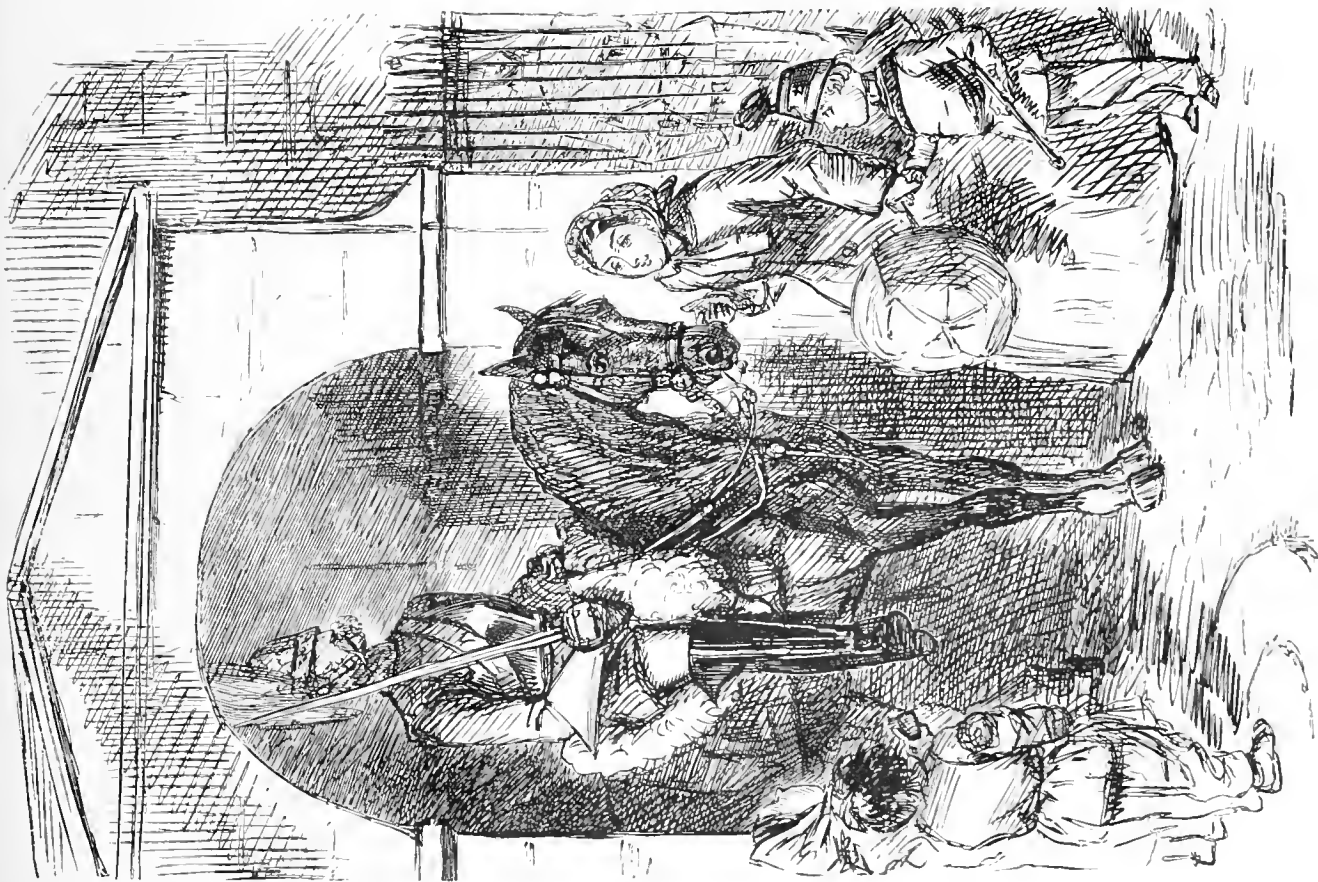


SKETCH FROM A STUDY WINDOW.



OUR INDOLENT YOUNG MAN.

"DEAR P.,
 "Gar and Starter, Richmond,
 "July 8—Thermometer ever so much in the shade.
 "IN REPLY TO YOUR HEARTLESS LETTER, ON AFFAIRS OF A BUSINESS CHARACTER, I DEC TO
 INFORM YOU THAT I AM HERE, AND WITH NO INTENTION OF INJURING MY PRECIOUS HEALTH BY ANY
 EXERTION, DODDLY OR MENTAL. MAKE WHAT USE YOU PLEASE OF THIS INFORMATION, AND ACCEPT THE
 ASSURANCE OF MY MOST DISTINGUISHED REGARD AND ESTEEM
 "SIGNED,
 "....."



A MEDIUM.

Nursery-Maid (to horse, with great affection). "OH, YOU DARLING! I AM SO FOND OF YOU!"



SCENE AT SANDBATH.

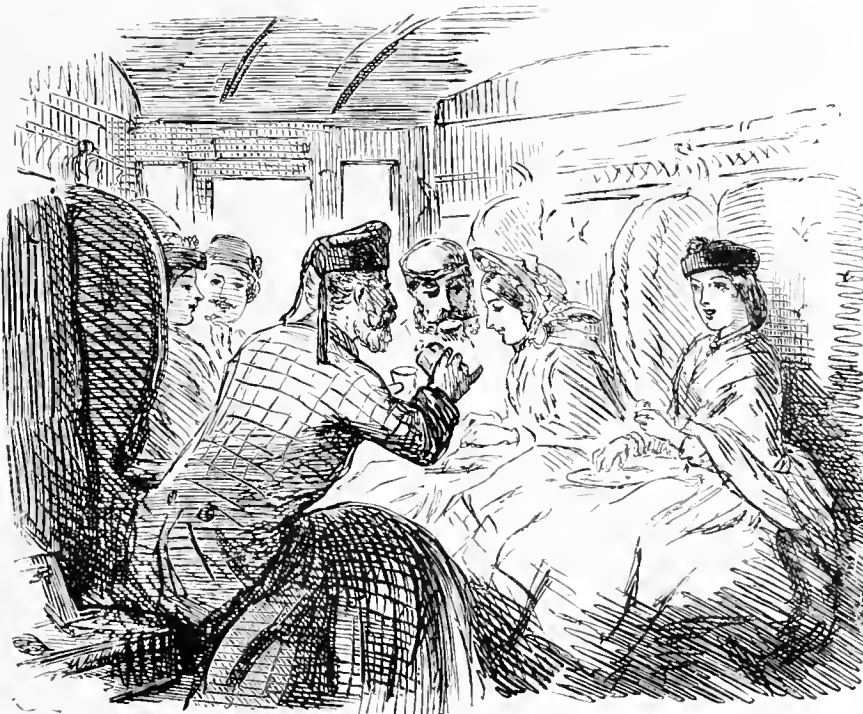
THE FEMALE BLONDIN OUTDONE! GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE ON THE NARROW PLANK BY THE DARLING

MR. BRIGGS'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.



No. I.

MR. BRIGGS, FEELING THAT HIS HEART IS IN THE HIGHLANDS, A-CHASING THE DEER, STARTS FOR THE NORTH.



GOING NORTH.

"THIS CARRIAGE IS ENGAGED!"



A TIT-BIT.

Omnibus Driver (in the distance). "HOLLOA, JOE, NOW YOU'VE GOT YOUR DUCK, I'LL SEND YOU THE PEAS!"



WE SHOULD THINK IT DID.

Clara "MAMMA, DEAR! I WISH YOU WOULD SPEAK TO GEORGE! HE WILL KEEP SPINNING FREDDY'S NASTY GREAT HUMMING-TOP IN MY AQUARIUM, AND IT DOES SO FRIGHTEN THE MINNOWS!"

MR. BRIGGS'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.



No. II.

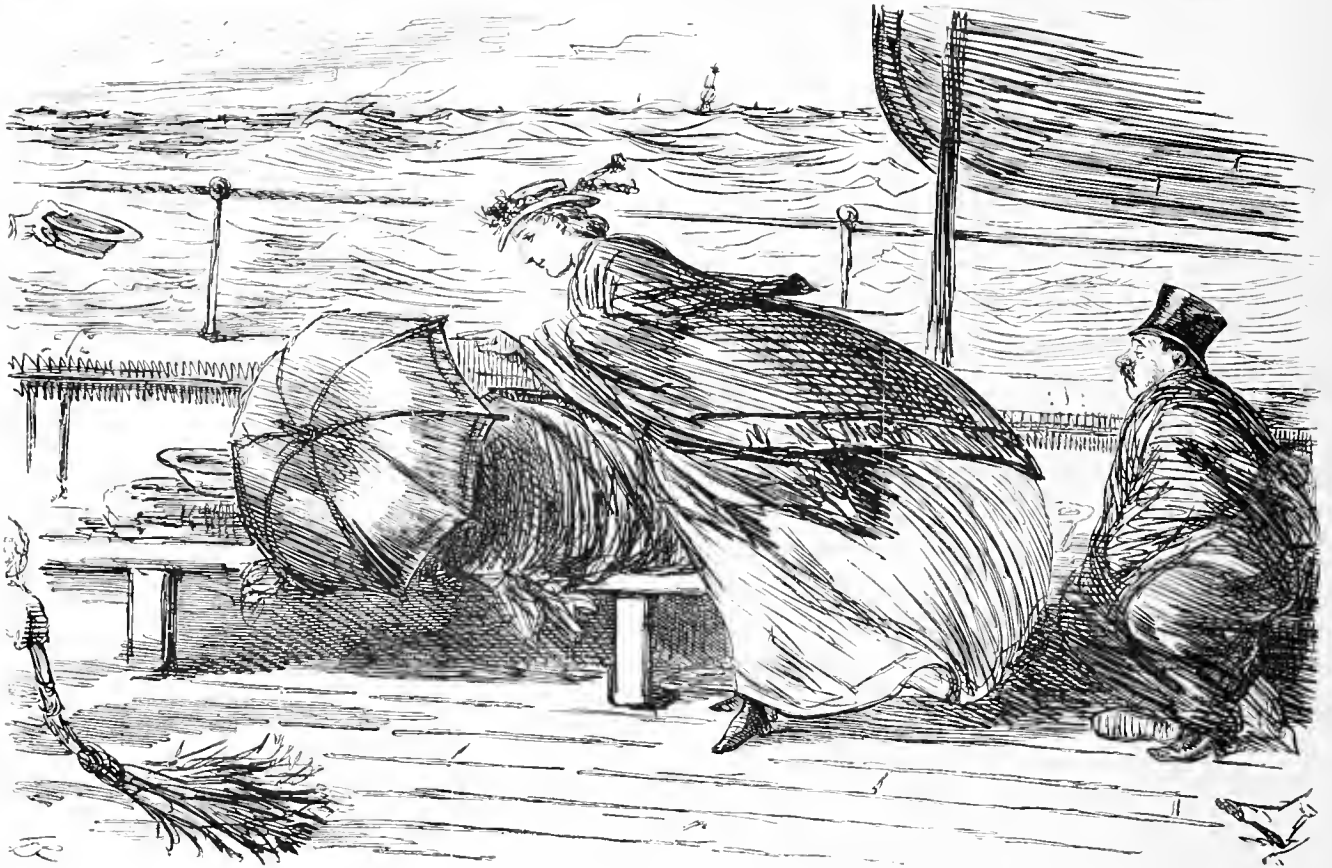
MR. BRIGGS, PREVIOUS TO GOING THROUGH HIS COURSE OF DEER-STALKING, ASSISTS THE FORESTER IN GETTING A HART OR TWO FOR THE HOUSE. DONALD IS REQUESTING OUR FRIEND TO HOLD THE ANIMAL DOWN BY THE HORNS.

[N.B. The said animal is as strong as a bull, and uses his legs like a race horse.



No. III.

MR. BRIGGS AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE A QUIET CHAT ABOUT DEERSTALKING GENERALLY. HE LISTENS WITH MUCH INTEREST TO SOME PLEASING ANECDOTES ABOUT THE LITTLE INCIDENTS FREQUENTLY MET WITH—SUCH AS BALLS GOING THROUGH CAPS—TOES BEING SHOT OFF!—OCCASIONALLY BEING GORED BY THE ANTLERS OF INFURIATE STAGS, &c., &c., &c.



SERVING HIM OUT.

Mrs. T. (to T.) "FEEL A LITTLE MORE COMFORTABLE, DEAR? CAN I GET ANYTHING ELSE FOR YOU? WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR CIGAR-CASE NOW? (Aside.) I'LL TEACH HIM TO GO OUT TO GREENWICH AND RICHMOND WITHOUT ME, AND SIT UP HALF THE NIGHT AT HIS CLUB!"



POSING A CUSTOMER.

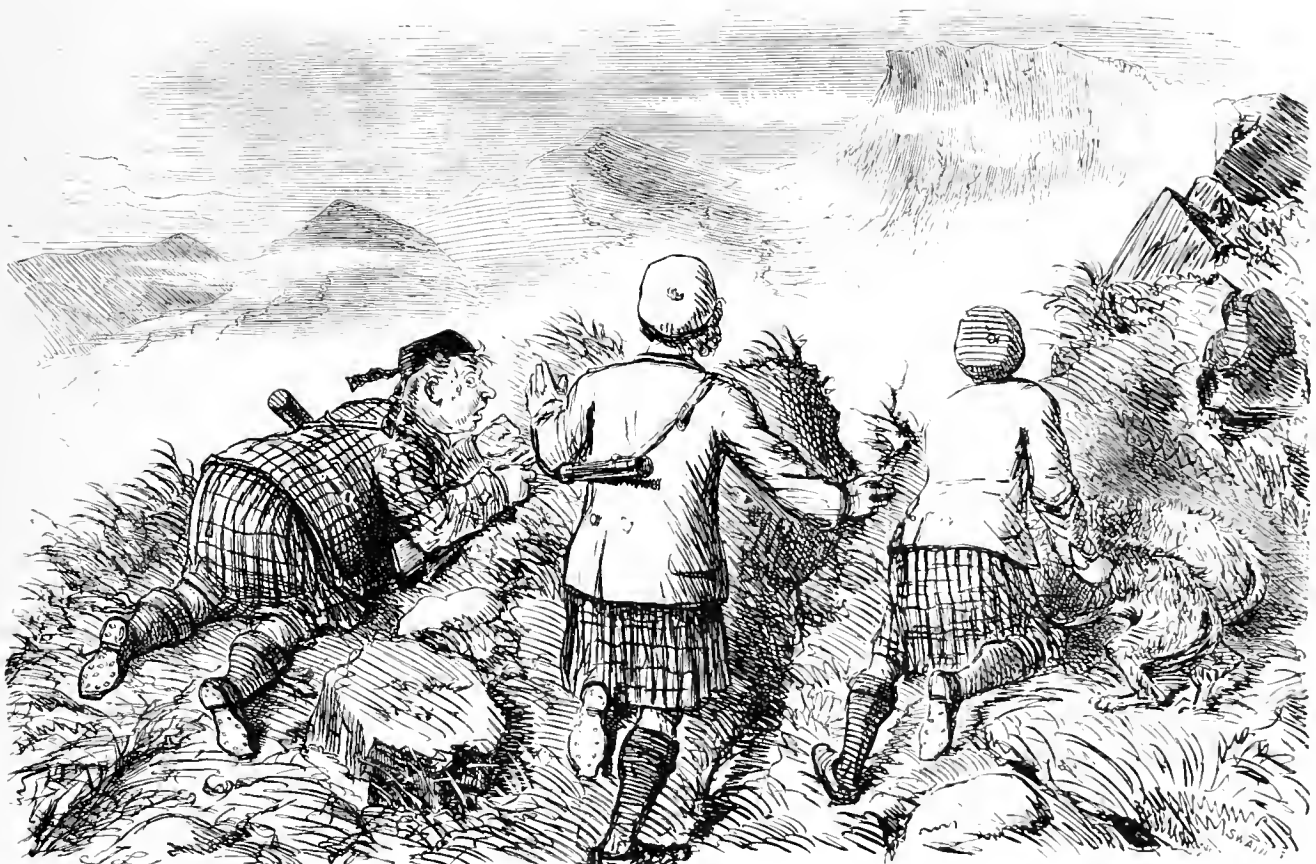
Immense Swell. "HAW! LOOK HEAW! IF I-HAW-TOOK A QUANTITY OF THESE THINGS, WOULD THEY-HAW-BE CHEAPAW?"
 Hostler "WELL, SIR, THAT WOULD DEPEND! PRAY ARE YOU IN THE TRADE?" *(Feelings of Swell may be imagined.)*

MR. BRIGGS'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.



No. IV.

TO-DAY HE GOES OUT FOR A STALK, AND DONALD SHOWS MR. BRIGGS THE WAY.



No. V.

WITH EXTRAORDINARY PERSEVERANCE THEY COME WITHIN SHOT OF "THE FINEST HART." MR. B. IS OUT OF BREATH, AFRAID OF SLIPPING, AND WANTS TO BLOW HIS NOSE (QUITE OUT OF THE QUESTION) OTHERWISE HE IS TOLERABLY COMFORTABLE



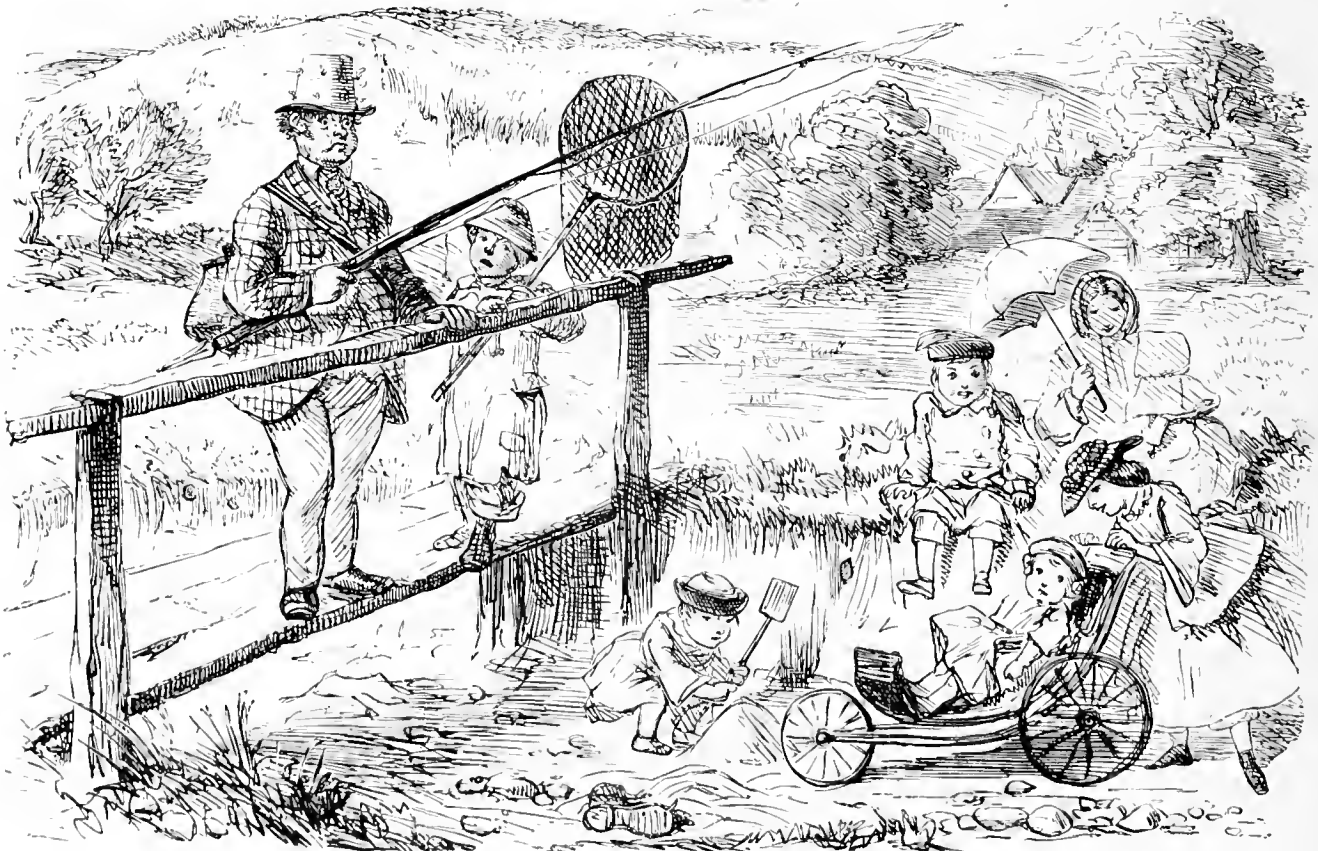
PLEASURES OF VEGETARIANISM.

"OH, GRACIOUS, MISS LEGUME! I FEAR I HAVE TASTED ANIMAL FOOD. I HAVE EATEN A WHOLE EARWIG IN MY SALAD!"



A LESSON IN FRENCH.

"NOW THEN, JACK! YOU TAKE THE PRONUNCIATION FROM ME, AND WHEN HE COMES, SING OUT 'VEEV LUMPHOORAR!'"



DRIED UP!

Boy (attending) "NO, SIR! NOR THERE AINT BIN NONE NOT FOR EVER SO LONG!"
Owing to the exceedingly dry weather, Mr Hackle finds that the stream he has taken for fishing is not in so good a state as he could wish.

MR. BRIGGS'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.



No. VI.

AFTER AIMING FOR A QUARTER OF AN HOUR, MR. B. FIRES BOTH HIS BARRELS—AND—MISSES!!!! TABLEAU—THE FORESTER'S ANGUISH.



No. VII.

THE ROYAL HART MR. BRIGGS DID NOT HIT.



AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

Railway Guard (as it is getting dark). "WOULD YOU LIKE A LIGHT IN THIS CARRIAGE, SIR?"

Swell (showing a Regalia in full blaze). "NO, THANKS! I HAVE ONE!"

[Exit Guard overpowered.]



DEBATE ON THE NEW MINISTRY.

Smike. "I SAY, BILL, HOW ABOUT THE DERBY THIS YEAR?"

Bill. "OH, NOTHIN' BUT A OAX! NOTHIN' BUT A OAX! BARRIN' THE PUNI!"



THE SENSATION BALL.

THE LATEST PLEASANTRY IN THE PUBLIC STREETS.



THE HAYMARKET AND THEREABOUT.

MR. BRIGGS'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.



No. VIII.

AFTER A GOOD DEAL OF CLIMBING, OUR FRIEND GETS TO THE TOP OF BEN SOMETHING-OR-OTHER, AND THE FORESTER LOOKS OUT TO SEE IF THERE ARE ANY DEER ON THE HILLS. YES! SEVERAL HINDS, AND PERHAPS THE FINEST HART THAT EVER WAS SEEN.



No. IX.

TO GET AT HIM, THEY ARE OBLIGED TO GO A LONG WAY ROUND. BEFORE THEY GET DOWN, THE SHOWER PECULIAR TO THE COUNTRY OVERTAKES THEM, SO THEY "SHELTER A-WEE."



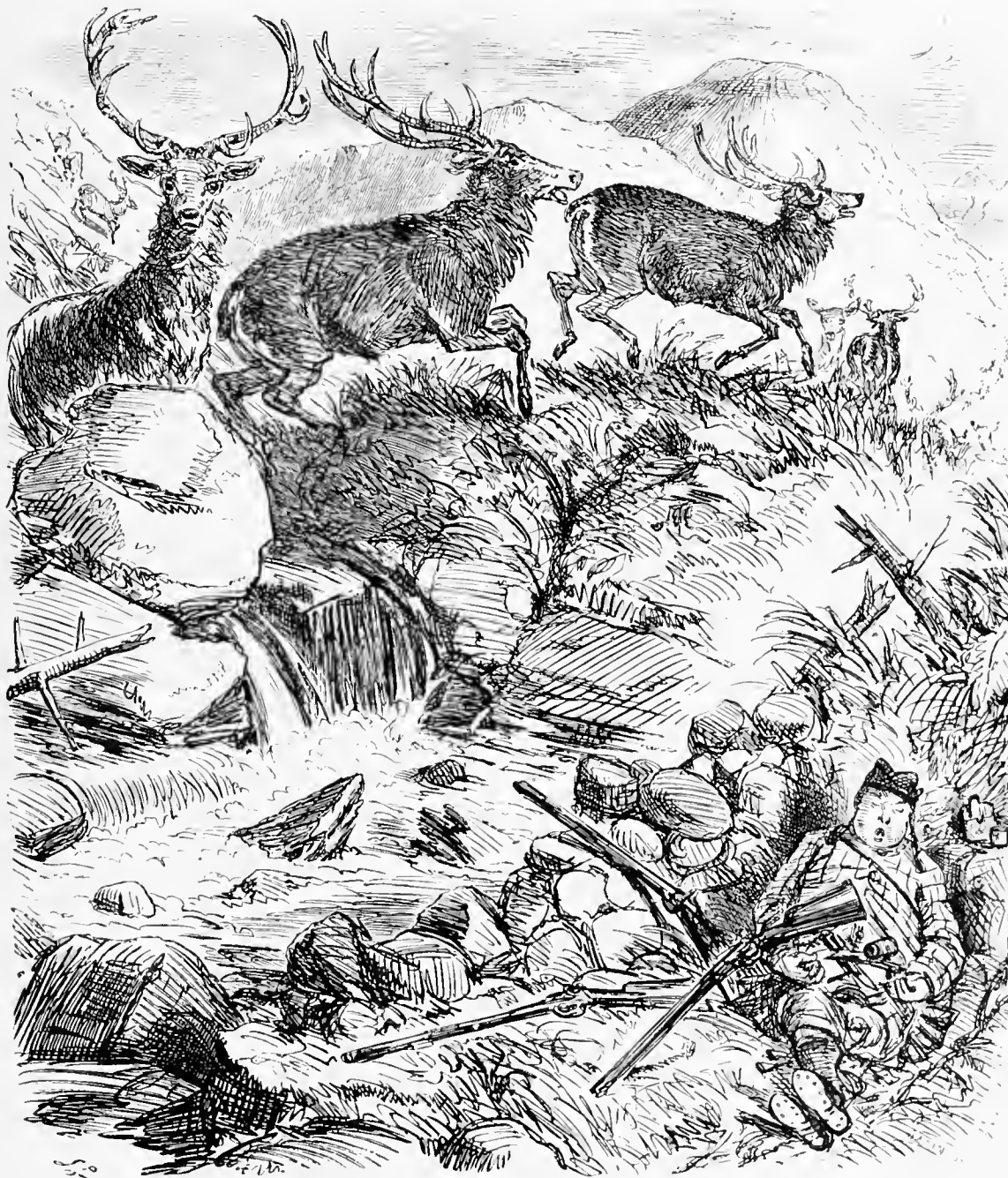
THE HUMOUR OF THE STREETS.

THAT ESTIMABLE MAN, MR. PUNCH, GOES FOR A RIDE ON HIS COB, AND CANNOT AGREE WITH A CERTAIN WORTHY MAGISTRATE OR "BEAK" THAT STREET-TUMBLING IS AT ALL A CLEVER OR DESIRABLE PERFORMANCE:—



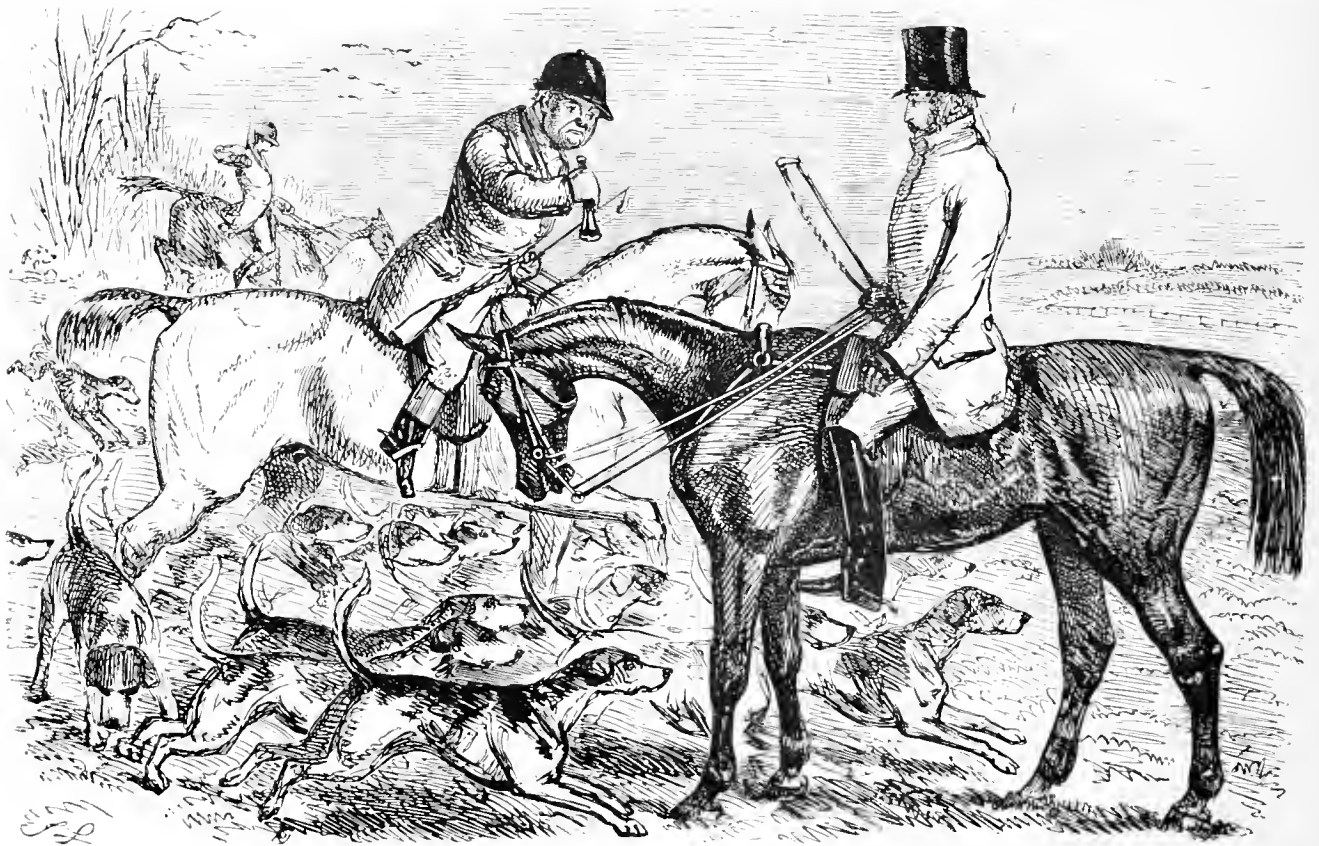
—AND IT IS NOT A PLEASANT THING, WHEN GOING OUT TO DINNER, TO HAVE A SUMMERSAULT TURNED ON TO YOUR STOM—WE MEAN WAISTCOAT.

MR. BRIGGS'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.



No. X.

THE DEER ARE DRIVEN FOR MR. BRIGGS. HE HAS AN EXCELLENT PLACE, BUT WHAT WITH WAITING BY HIMSELF SO LONG, THE MURMUR OF THE STREAM, THE BEAUTY OF THE SCENE, AND THE NOVELTY OF THE SITUATION, HE FALLS ASLEEP, AND WHILE HE TAKES HIS FORTY WINKS, THE DEER PASS!



TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

Gentleman. "WELL, TOM, THERE'S NO SCENT AGAIN!"

Huntsman (who looks upon Spring time with profound melancholy). "SCENT, SIR! NO, SIR! NOR I DON'T SEE HOW THERE CAN BE ANY SCENT NOW THEM STINKING VIOLETS IS ALL IN BLOOM."



A SECULAR PURSUIT.

Donald Punch (a Keeper). "I BEG YOUR PARDON, MY LORD BISHOP, BUT MAY I JUST TROUBLE YE TO SHOW ME YOUR CERTIFICATE?"

MR. BRIGGS'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.



No. XI.

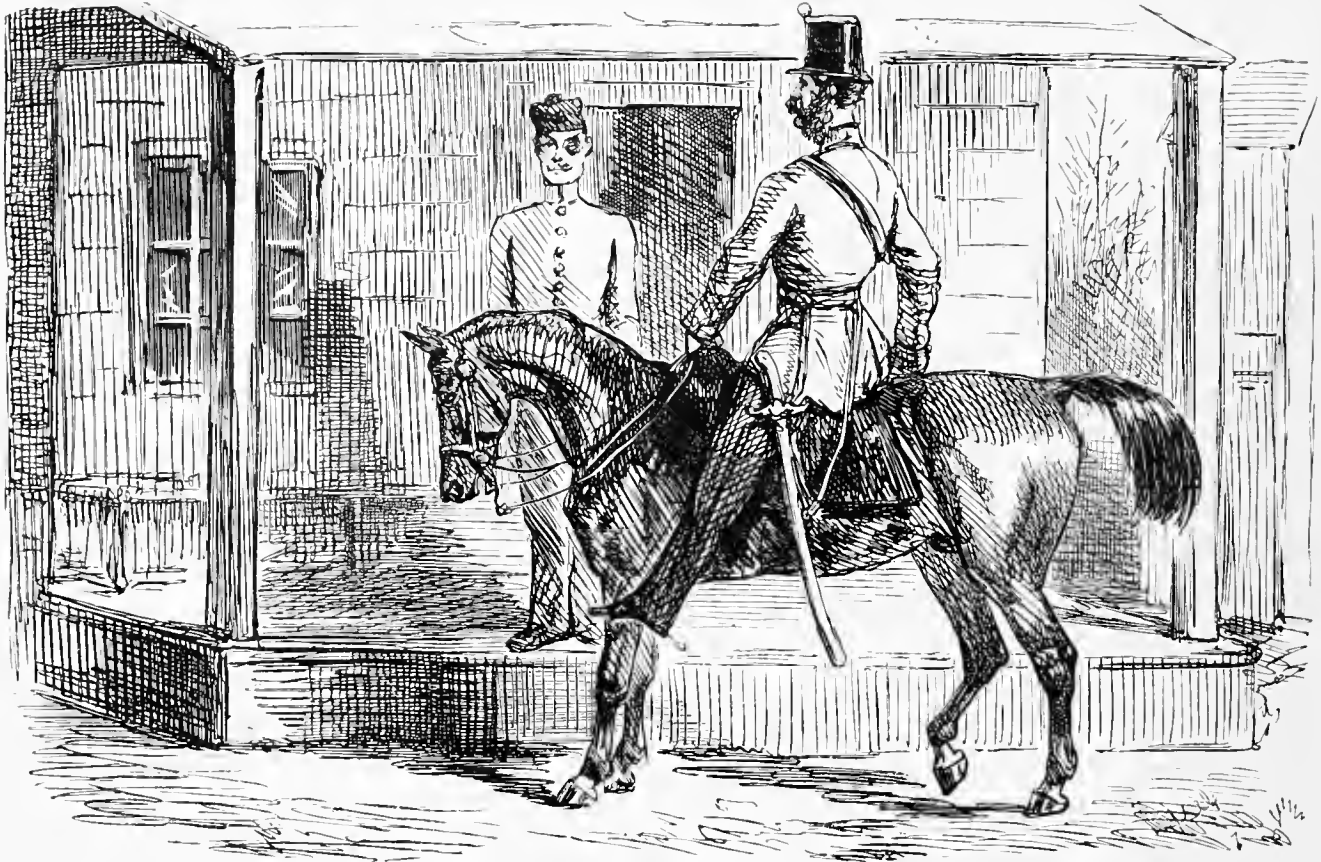
AS THE WIND IS FAVOURABLE, THE DEER ARE DRIVEN AGAIN.



No. XII.

MR BRIGGS IS SUDDENLY FACE TO FACE WITH THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN! HE IS SO ASTONISHED THAT HE OMTS TO FIRE HIS RIFLE.

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



IN BARRACKS.

Field Officer of the Day. "HULLO! WHY DON'T THE GUARD TURN OUT?"

Solitary Private. "PLEASE, SIR, THEY'RE GONE TO TARGET PRACTICE!"

Field Officer of the Day. "AND WHO THE DEUCE ARE YOU?"

Solitary Private. "PLEASE, SIR, I'M THE PRISONER, SIR!"

[Related to us as a fact, but which, as a distinguished Field Officer ourselves, we don't indorse.]



A BOUNCER.

Mamma (who won't appear old if she can help it). "YES, DEAR! ARAHELLA DOES GROW, CERTAINLY, BUT BLESS YOU, MY DEAR, SHE'S A MERE CHILD—A MERE CHILD!"



CONSOLATION.

Elegant Party. "THERE'S ONE COMFORT NOW-A DAYS: A GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG FELLER, WITH A HELEGANT FIGGER CAN ALWAYS BE A MOOEL TO A PHOTO-GRAPHER!"

MR. BRIGGS'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.



No. XIII.

MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER DAY'S STALKING, AND HIS RIFLE HAVING GONE OFF SOONER THAN HE EXPECTED, HE KILLS A STAG! AS IT IS HIS FIRST, HE IS MADE FREE OF THE FOREST BY THE PROCESS CUSTOMARY ON THE HILLS!



No. XIV.

AND RETURNS HOME IN TRIUMPH. HE IS A LITTLE KNOCKED UP, BUT AFTER A NAP, WILL, NO DOUBT, GO THROUGH THE BROAD-SWORD DANCE IN THE EVENING AS USUAL.



LATE FROM THE NURSERY.

Governess. "NOW, FRANK, YOU MUST PUT YOUR DRUM DOWN, IF YOU ARE GOING TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS."

Frank. "OH, DO LET ME WEAR IT, PLEASE; I'LL PROMISE NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT."



A FINE POLISH.



CONSOLING FOR CONSOLS.

Young Hardman. "GOING TO DINGLEY CROSS ROADS?"

Consols. "YES!"

Y. H. "AH, THEN, I SUPPOSE YOU'VE SENT YOUR HORSE ON!"

[CONSOLS never rides upon less than 250 guineas, and thinks himself as near perfection as possible.]

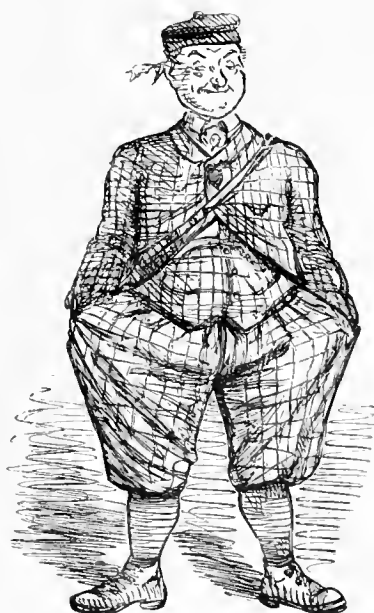
MR. BRIGGS'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.



No. XV.

PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING.

ON HIS WAY TO THAT TURNIP-FIELD, OUR DEAR OLD BRIGGS PASSES THROUGH THE PARK IN WHICH HIS FRIEND'S FAVOURITE BISONS ARE KEPT, HE SAYS TO GEORDIE THE KEEPER: "I TRUST, MY GOOD FELLOW, THIS IS NOT THE SEASON YOU SPOKE OF IN WHICH THESE CREATURES—YOU KNOW—EH—WHAT—A—A—ARE DANGEROUS?"



SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

OUR EXCELLENT FRIEND, MR. BRIGGS, ALWAYS SHOOTS NOW IN KNICKERBOCKERS, AND DECLARES THEY ARE THE MOST COMFORTABLE THINGS POSSIBLE; AND SO THEY ARE.



ENGLISH DARLINGS REFLECTED IN A FRENCH MIRROR!

(DEDICATED TO THOSE POLITE AND PROFOUND OBSERVERS OF BRITISH MANNERS AND CUSTOMS—THE PARISIAN ARTISTS!)



ENGLISH SOLDIERS ACCORDING TO FRENCH NOTIONS.

THE FRENCH CARICATURISTS, WITH THEIR USUAL ACCURATE KNOWLEDGE OF BRITISH MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, ARE FOND OF REPRESENTING OUR SOLDIERS AS CONTINUALLY PLAYING AT BILLIARDS—WELL! PERHAPS IT WILL BE FOUND THAT THEY DO PLAY THEIR CANYONS REMARKABLY WELL!

British Officers of Distinction

Daughters of Albion! (The wonderful fidelity of this representation will be immediately acknowledged.)

Young Guardsmen! (Painful, perhaps, but too true!)

The Boule Dogue. (Asleep, of course.)



IRRESISTIBLE.

Lady. "WHAT! TWO SHILLINGS! AND EIGHTEENPENCE FOR WAITING THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR?—NONSENSE, MAN! IT WAS ONLY TEN MINUTES BY MY WATCH!"

Cabman (insinuatingly). "WASN'T IT, MISS? WELL, THEN, I S'POSE IT WAS A MISSIN' O' YOUR PRETTY FACE AS MADE IT SEEM THREE KERVARTERS OF AN HOUR!"

[Fare pays, and thinks the Cabman an extremely nice person.]



THE IDLE SERVANT.

Mistress. "YOU ARE AN EXCESSIVELY WICKED BOY, SIR! YOU HAVE BEEN A VERY LONG TIME BRINGING ME THIS LETTER—AND I MUST INSIST UPON KNOWING IN WHAT MANNER YOU HAVE BEEN IDLING AWAY YOUR TIME—SPEAK, SIR!"

Domestic. "BOO-HOO-M! IF YOU PLEASE, 'M! ME AND ANOTHER BUTLER WAS A-LOOKING AT PUNCH. BOO-HOO!!"

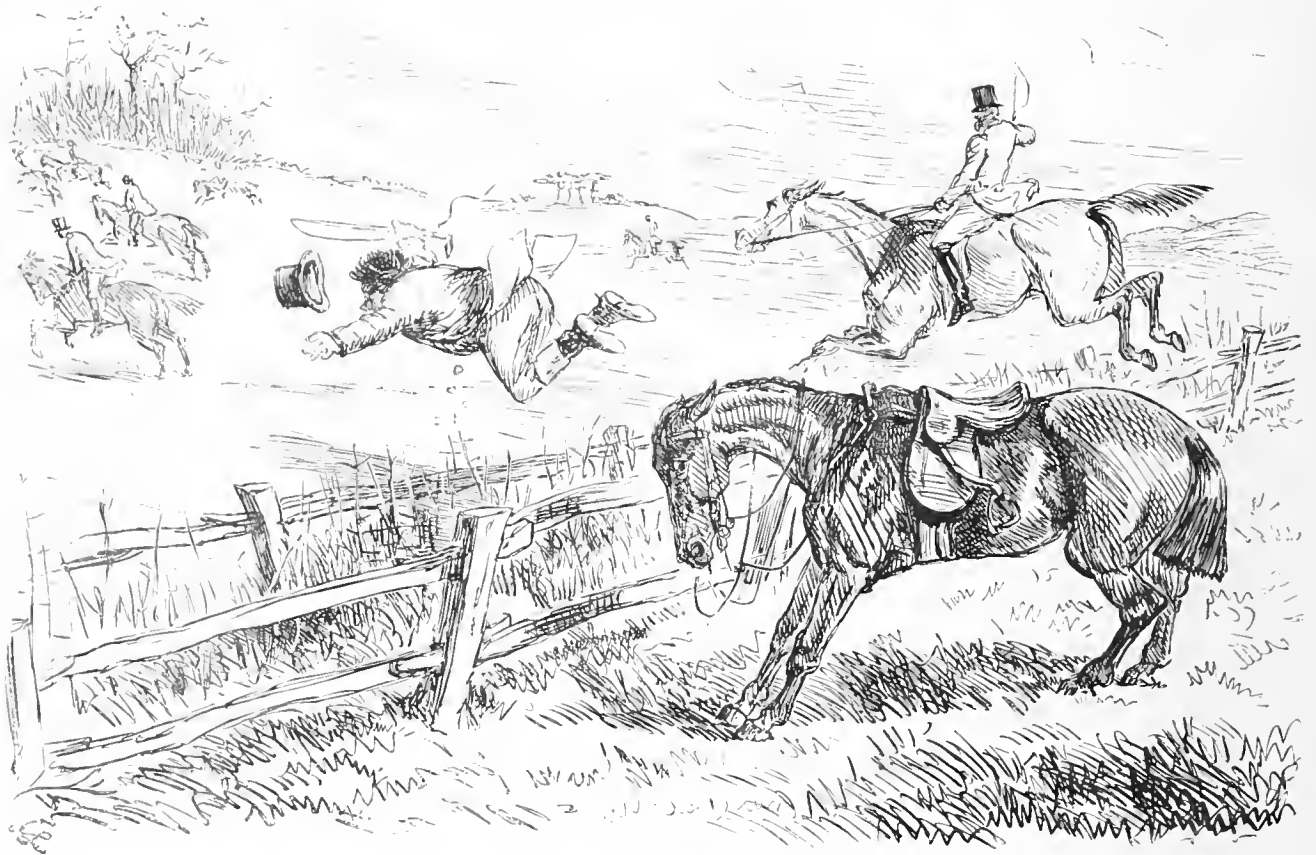


A LITTLE ROWLANDS' MACASSAR WANTED SOMEWHERE.

A HINT TO THE HORSE GUARDS.



FRIVOLITY



WELL OVER! ANYHOW!



THE RIDING-HAT QUESTION.

Lily: "NOW TELL ME, MARY, WHICH IS THE BEST?"

Mary (who is rather horse-y): "WELL, OEAR, FOR TEA IN THE ARBOUR, AND THAT SORT OF THING, PERHAPS THE LITTLE ROUND ONE; BUT IF YOU WANT TO LOOK LIKE GOINO ACROSS COUNTRY, THE CHIMNEY-POT ALL TO NOTHING!"



NOT A BAD JUDGE.

Alimentive Boy. "MY EYE, TOMMY, WOULDN'T I LIKE TO BOARD IN THAT 'OUSE JUST!"



OH, HOW JOLLY!



THE BORES OF THE BEACH.

SO! AS IT'S A FINE DAY, YOU'LL SIT ON THE BEACH AND READ THE PAPER COMFORTABLY, WILL YOU? VERY GOOD! THEN WE RECOMMEND YOU TO GET WHAT GUINEA-PIGS, BRANDY-BALLS, BOATS, AND CHILDREN'S SOCKS, TO SAY NOTHING OF SHELL-WORK BOXES, LACE COLLARS, AND THE LIKE, YCU MAY WANT, BEFORE YOU SETTLE OOWN.



IMMENSE TREAT FOR THE PARTY CONCERNED.

Master Jack. "NOW, GRANNY, YOU MAY COME AND HAVE SOME JUMPS OVER OUR DAISY CHAIN."



GOOD BLACKING.



OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

Diana. "WELL, ALFRED, I SUPPOSE YOU'VE MADE UP YOUR MIND TO JOIN A RIFLE CORPS—EH?"

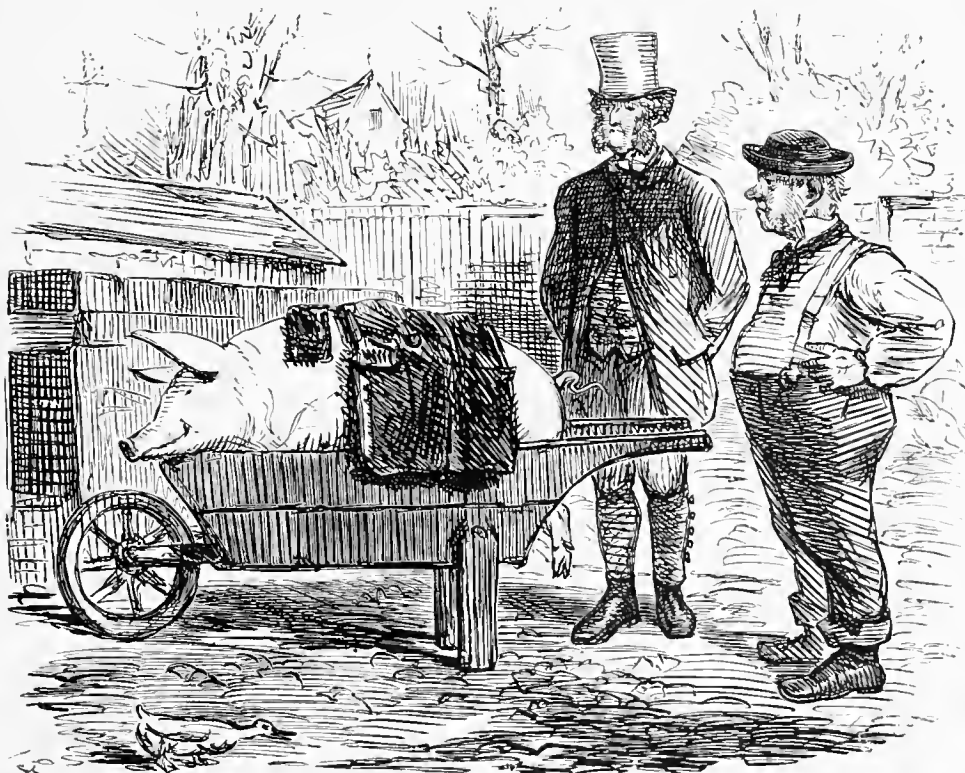
Alfred. "WHY, NO. YOU SEE, I'M MORE IN THE RIDING WAY NOW, IF THEY WILL GET UP SOME VOLUNTEER CAVALRY—WHY, I'LL FIND A MAN AND A HORSE!"



CHAFF.

Bus Conductor (slamming the door), "FULL INSIDE!"

Facetious Driver "FULL INSIDE! WELL—SO YER OUGHT TO BE; YER HAD A SIRLOIN OF BREAD AND CHEESE FOR YER TEA!"



THE INVALID.

Master, "WELL, SAUNDERS, I SEE YOU ARE NOT ABLE TO DO MUCH WITH THE OLD EDW, AFTER ALL?"

Saunders, "WHY, YOU SEE MAISTER RICHARD, SHE WARENT TAKEN IN TIME, THE POWER THING, SHE WARENT—SHE'S STRUV HARD TO GET ROUND, BUT THE WEATHER'S AGIN HER, YE SEE. TO-DAY IT SHONE A BIT, AND I THOUGHT IT'D DO HER GOOD TO GET OUT. SO IN THE WARM OF THE AFTERNOON I PUT HER IN THE BARROW AND TOOK HER FOR A LITTLE RIDE IN THE SUN!"



CURIOUS EFFECT OF RELAXING AIR.

Traveller in the Isle of Wight. "BLESS MY HEART! THERE'S THE BELL RINGING ON THE PIER! HOLLO! WHY, WHERE'S THE CARPET BAG I LEFT IN THE PASSAGE?"

Hotel Keeper (faintly). "OH, HOW SHOULD I KNOW? DON'T ASK ME, I'M ONLY THE LANDLORD. YOU HAD BETTER TRY IF YOU CAN'T WAKE ONE OF THE WAITERS."



FLUNKEIANA.

French Maid. "YOU LIKE A-ZE-SEA-SIDE, M'SIEUR JEAN THOMAS?"

John Thomas. "PAR BOKHOO, MAMZELLE—PAR BOOKHOO I'VE—AW—BIN SO ACCUSTOMED TO—AW—GAITY IN TOWN, THAT I'M—AW—A'MOST KILLED WITH ARN'WEE DOWN HERE."



PLUCK!

Mrs. C. P. TELL YOU WHAT, UNCLE CHARLES—IF YOU ARE AT ALL NERVOUS ABOUT THE GAROTTERS—I'LL WALK HOME WITH YOU!



A LOVING CUP.



SKETCH ON THE SEA-COAST DURING THE GALE.

Lord D-andre-ry (to his Brother). "A-A-A, I THAY THAM' WATHER A DITHPLAY OF FIGGER-EH?"



A SLOW GAME.

Chorus of Offended Maidens. "WELL! IF CLARA AND CAPTAIN DE HOLSTER ARE GOING ON IN THAT RIDICULOUS MANNER, WE MAY AS WELL LEAVE OFF PLAYING."



SCENE—A MAN'S ROOMS IN THE TEMPLE.

(STEADY MAN SMOKES A SHORT PIPE, AND JAWS AT THE YOUNG SWELL LOUNGING IN EASY CHAIR.)

Steady Man. "A MAN MUST WORK NOW-A-DAYS, OR HE GETS LEFT BEHIND. THE ONLY POSITION WORTH HAVING IS WHAT YOU MAKE FOR YOURSELF," &c., &c.

Youthful Swell. "OH, YES. I QUITE AGREE WITH YOU ABOUT WORK. I DON'T MIND WORK, YOU KNOW, IN A CENEWAL WAY—BUT I OBJECT TO WHAT I CALL WORK OF SUPERWEWOGATION!"

Steady Man. "AND PRAY WHAT DO YOU UNDERSTAND BY THAT?"

Youthful Swell. "WHY—I MEAN I DON'T CARE TO DO ANYTHING I CAN GET DONE FOR ME!"



CROQUET.



THE LATEST STYLE.



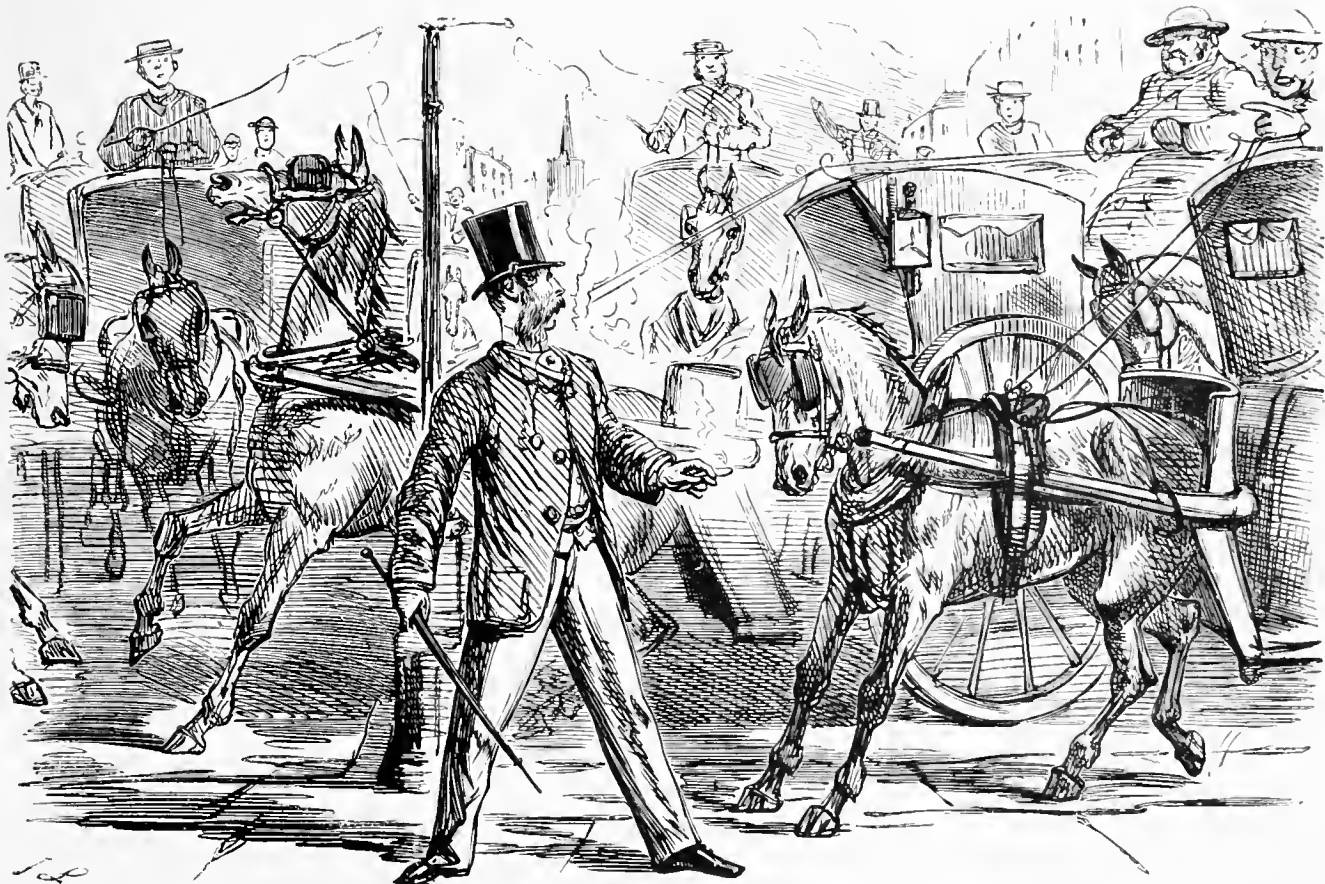
THE LAST NEW THING IN CLOAKS.

Pretty Milliner (trying it on). "DO YOU THINK THIS WOULD SUIT THE LADY, SIR?"
[Little Tompkins begins to like shopping rather.]



FASHIONS IN HAIR.

Lady Swell. "OH, YES, YOU KNOW! QUITE NEW! THE OLD NETS AND BEAVERS' TAILS
GETTING AWFULLY COMMON, YOU KNOW!"



A RACE FOR A FARE.

EXCITEMENT OF THE HANSOM CABBIES ON THE APPEARANCE OF A SWELL OUT OF THE SEASON



TURNING THE TABLES; OR, A LITTLE SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

Henrietta (who is joking, of course). "I'VE BEEN THINKING, DEAR CHARLES, THAT AS YOU REQUIRE CHANGE, IT WOULD BE SO NICE FOR YOU TO GO DOWN WITH THE CHILDREN TO SOME QUIET PLACE AT THE SEA-SIDE, WHILE I AND MRS. FRED SPANKER WENT TO BADEN-BADEN FOR A FEW WEEKS—EH—?—"

(This last being just what the wretch CHARLES has been proposing to himself and FRED SPANKER for the last month.



POOR FELLOW!

Frank "I KNOW THIS—I CAN'T STAND MANY MORE EVENING PARTIES, AND IF I DON'T GET INTO THE COUNTRY AND HAVE A FEW DAYS' HUNTING, I SHALL KNOCK UP!"



"NOW I'M PAPA."



PUTTING IT BLANDLY.

Jones (living in the plebeian locality of St. John's Wood). "I AM ALSO EXTREMELY PARTICULAR ABOUT MY WINDOWS—IF YOU ENTER MY SERVICE, I SHALL EXPECT YOU TO CLEAN THEM VERY CAREFULLY."

John Thomas (from Belgravia). "OH, OF COURSE, SIR! YOU CAN HAVE YOUR WINDOWS CLEANED IF YOU LIKE—BUT IN BELGRAVIA—WE PREFER THEM DIRTY—IT'S CONSIDERED MORE ARISTOCRATIC!"



THE UNEXPECTED ALWAYS HAPPENS.

THIS IS JONES, WHO THOUGHT TO SLIP DOWN BY THE RAIL EARLY IN THE MORNING, AND HAVE A GALLOP WITH THE FOX-HOUNDS. ON LOOKING OUT OF WINDOW, HE FINDS IT IS A CLEAR FROSTY MORNING. HE SEES A SMALL BOY SLIDING—ACTUALLY SLIDING—ON THE PAVEMENT OPPOSITE!! AND—DOESN'T HE HATE THAT BOY—AND DOESN'T HE SAY, IT IS A BEASTLY CLIMATE!!



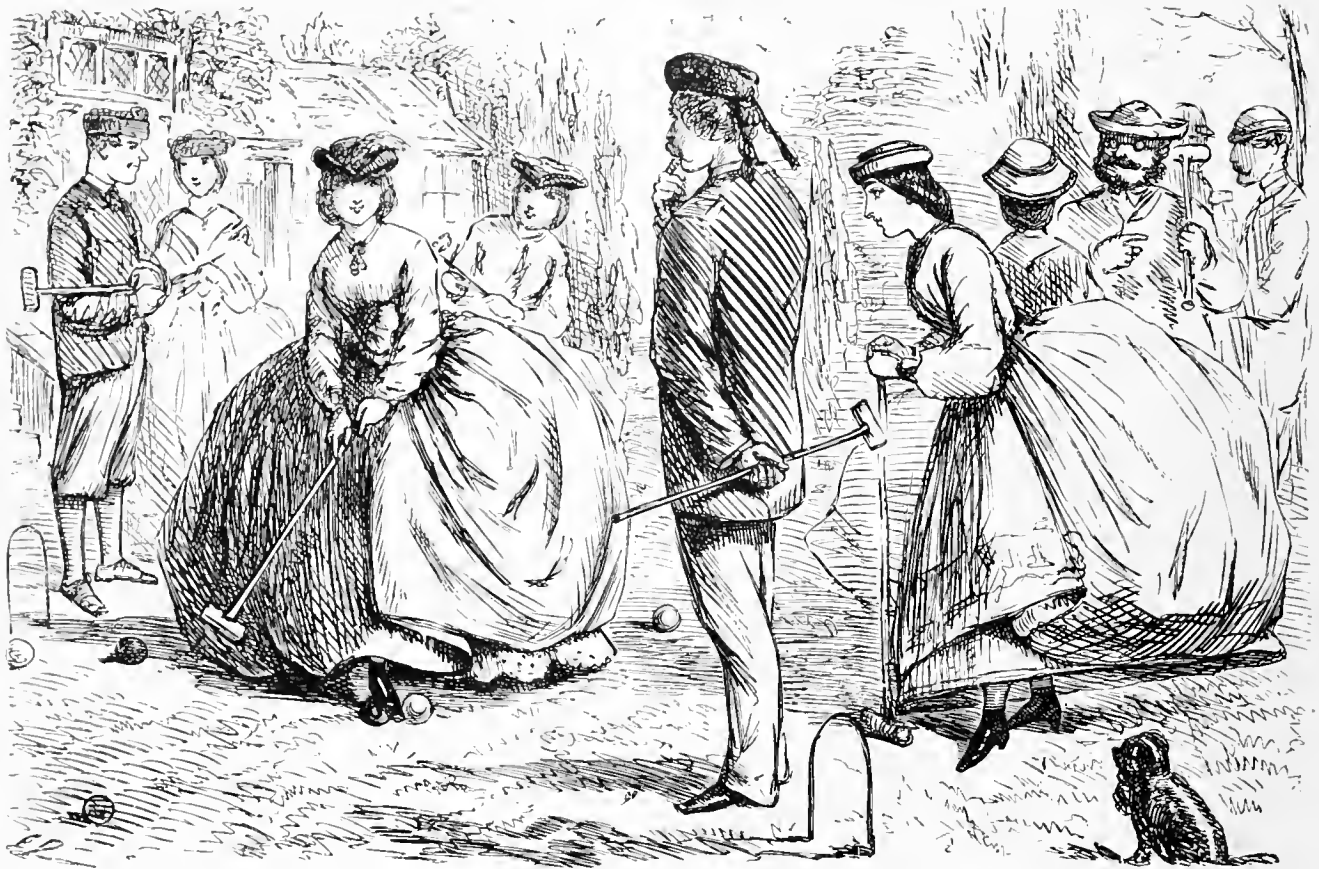
ON A PARISIAN BOULEVARD.

PAINFUL AND HUMILIATING CONTRAST, TO THE DISADVANTAGE OF OUR POOR LITTLE ENGLISH TRAVELLER, OF COURSE.



ON THE RACE COURSE.

THE RESPECTABLE CAPITALIST WHO WILL BET A THOUSAND TO ONE AGAINST EVERYTHING, AND PAY IF HE LOSES—OF COURSE!



A NICE GAME FOR TWO OR MORE.

"— FIXING HER EYES ON HIS, AND PLACING HER PRETTY LITTLE FOOT ON THE BALL. SHE SAID, 'NOW, THEN, I AM GOING TO CROQUET YOU!' AND CROQUET'D HE WAS COMPLETELY." (From *Rose to Emily*).



MUSCULAR EDUCATION—THE PRIVATE TUTOR.

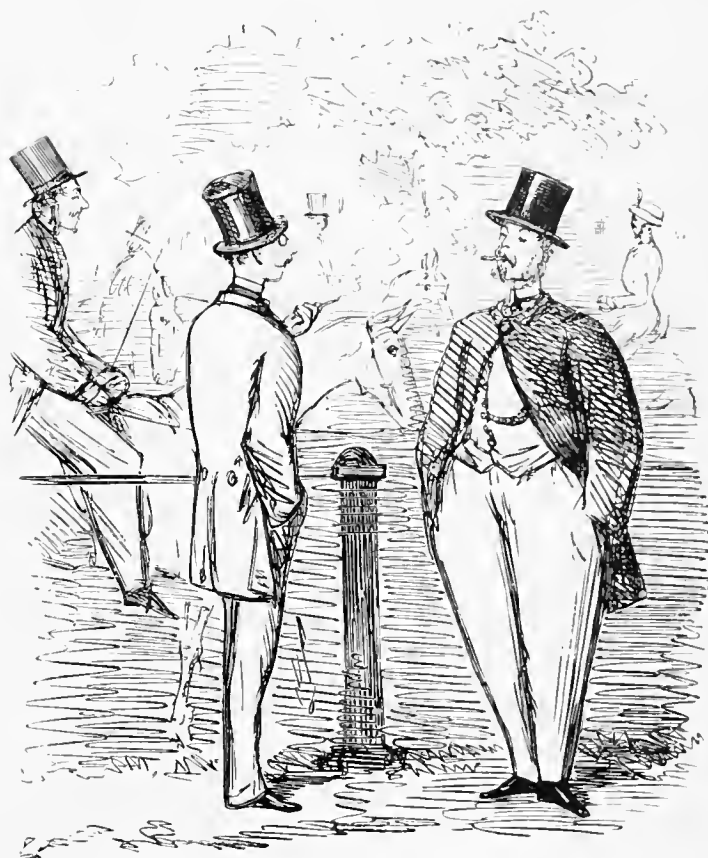
Domestic. "PROFESSOR MAULEY, MA'AM!"



FOND DELUSION.

First Tourist (going North). "HULLO, TOMPK—"

Second Ditto (ditto, ditto). "HSH—SH! CONFOUND IT, YOU'LL SPOIL ALL. THEY THINK IN THE TRAIN I'M A HIGHLAND CHIEF!"



THE LATEST FASHION.

Charles. "SWEET STYLE OF TROWSER, GUS!"

Gus. "YA-AS! AND SO DOOSD COMFORTABLE THEY'RE CALLED PANTALONS À LA PEG-TOP!"

Charles. "NO!—REALLY!"



A SKETCH ON THE DOWNS.

Jolly Post Boy of the Period. "I SAY, BILL, DON'T YER WISH IT WAS DARBY DAY ALL THE YEAR ROUND?"



THE GUARDIAN OF THE FIELD.



THE PIOUS PUBLIC-HOUSE.

(WHERE YOU MAY GET ADULTERATED BEER AND GIN)

A PLACE IN WHICH THE GREAT BREWERS DON'T SEE ANY PARTICULAR HARM



THE PROFLIGATE PASTRYCOOK'S.

(WHERE THEY SERVE THE DEMORALISING VEAL PIE AND GLASS OF SHERRY, OR FRENCH LIGHT WINE.)

TOO SHOCKING TO THINK OF!



NO. 999 GOVERNMENT TRANSPORT, OFF QUEENSTOWN - VISITORS ON BOARD.

Party (in cheery tone, calculated to impart confidence to the weaker sex). "FOLLOW ME, FOLLOW ME—THERE'S NO CAUSE FOR ALARM, I ASSURE YOU. WOA-WO-WO—MY MAN—STEADY, MARE-WO! (sotto voce.) I'M DEUCEO GLAD IT'S THEIR HEADS INSTEAD OF THEIR HEELS—WO!"



HONOUR TO THE BRAVE!

Flunkey (reads). "Yesterday, thirty of the Invalids from the Crimea were inspected * * * many of the gallant fellows were dreadfully mutilated at the Alma and Inkermann. * * * After the inspection, ten of the Guards were regaled in the Servants' Hall."

Flunkey (loq.). "REGALED IN THE SERVANTS' 'ALL! EH? WELL, I DON'T THINK THEY'VE ANY CALL TO GRUMBLE ABOUT NOT BEIN' 'HONOURED SUFFICIENT!'"



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?

WHY THE FACT IS THE STUPID AND GREEDY BOY HAS MISTAKEN FOR JAM, AND SWALLOWED, A RATHER FINE SPECIMEN OF THE ACTINIA EQUINA, OR PURPLE SEA ANEMONE WHICH AUNT FOZZLE HAS BROUGHT FROM THE COAST!



WEIGHT FOR AGE.

Nurse. "ORAT THE CHILDO! WHY CAN'T YER WALK?—YER MORE PLAGUE THAN ALL MY MONEY!"



BY THE FAST TRAIN.

Railway Porter. "ANY LUGGAGE, MISS?"

Young Lady (who is also a little fast). "YES! PORTMANTEAU, A LITTLE BAY HORSE AND A BLACK RETRIEVER!—AND LOOK HERE, GET ME A HANSOM!"



"IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!"

THE LAST SWEET THINGS IN HATS AND WALKING-STICKS AT BIARRITZ.



THE GREAT WHISKER-CUTTING MOVEMENT.

Unhappy Sub. BY JOVE, YOU KNOW, AS IF ALDERSHOT WASN'T BAD ENOUGH OF ITSELF, WITHOUT DEPRIVING US OF THE ONLY AMUSEMENT WE HAD!"



THE LEGAL SOLFEGGIO.



TOO BAD.

Professor Pumpkin. MAY I ASK, MISS BLANK WHY YOU ARE MAKING THOSE LITTLE PELLETS?"
Miss B. "WELL I DON'T KNOW IT IS A HABIT I HAVE I ALWAYS MAKE BREAD PILLS WHEN I FEEL BORED AT DINNER!"



END OF A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.



A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE WOOD.

Sporting Gent, "OUNDS BEEN THROUGH HERE, OLD MAN?"

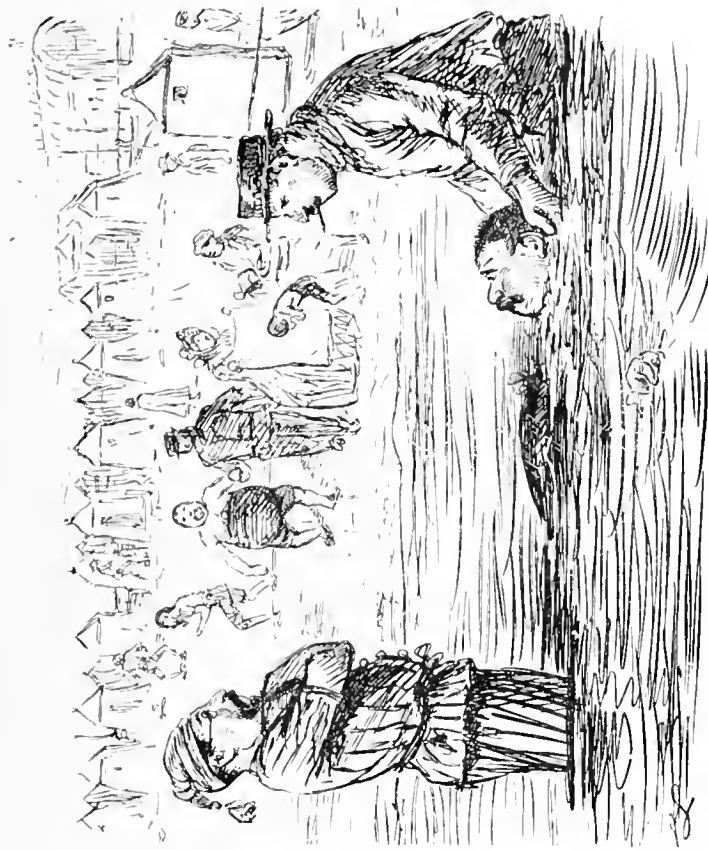
Sporting Gent, "OW LONG?"

Old Man, "YA'AS I!"

Old Man, "FIVE-AND-TWENTY MINNITS ABOUT!"



PHEASANT SHOOTING. A WARM CORNER.



MOSSOO LEARNING TO FLOAT



BOIS DE BOULOGNE—FOR CAVALIERS ONLY.



AT DIEPPE.

Jones. "HM! HERE'S A PRETTY TO-DO! CAN'T FIND MY MACHINE NOW!"



DIVING BELLES.

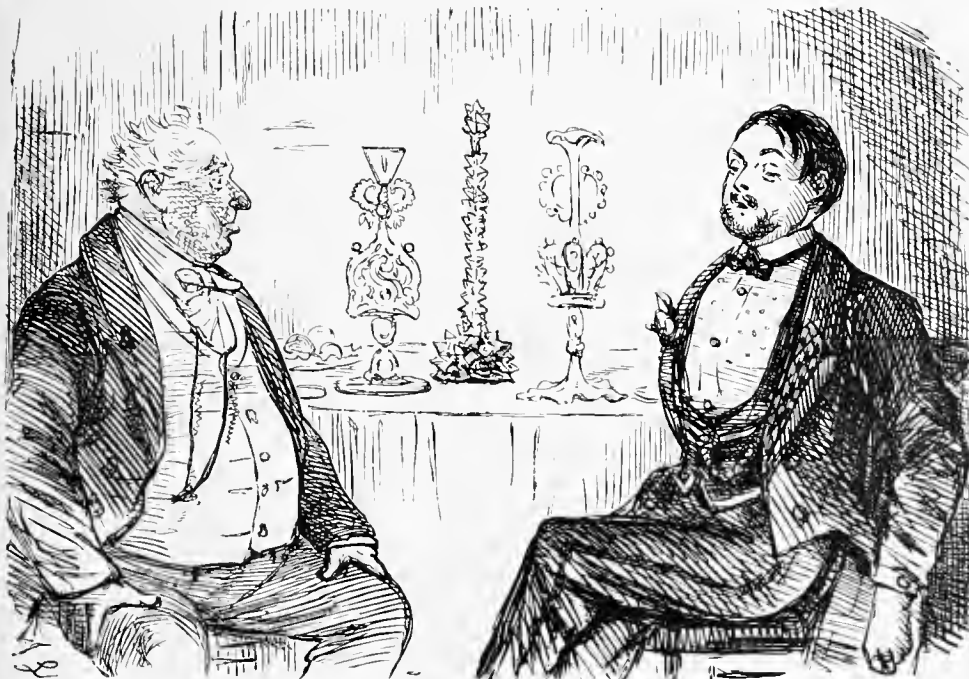


A GAROTTE EFFECT.

THIS IS DE ROBINSON, WHO, IN HIS HURRY AND ANXIETY TO BE IN TIME FOR DINNER, PUTS HIS KNUCKLE-DUSTERS IN HIS COAT-TAIL POCKET (SENSATION SCENE.)



* THE KNUCKLE-DUSTER, OR SOMETHING LIKE IT.



ART TREASURES.

Reginald (who has a fine taste, and is very fond of curious old Glass). "NOW, UNCLE, HELP YOURSELF, AND PASS THE BOTTLE."



YOUNG AMERICA.



A FRESHENER ON THE DOWNS.



WHAT IS IT?

First Boy (loq.). "I TELL YER IT'S 'EO'S HERE!—I SEEN IT MOVE!"

Second Ditto. "I SAY IT'S AT THIS END, YER STOOPID!—I CAN SEE 'IS EARS!"



A PAINFUL SUBJECT.

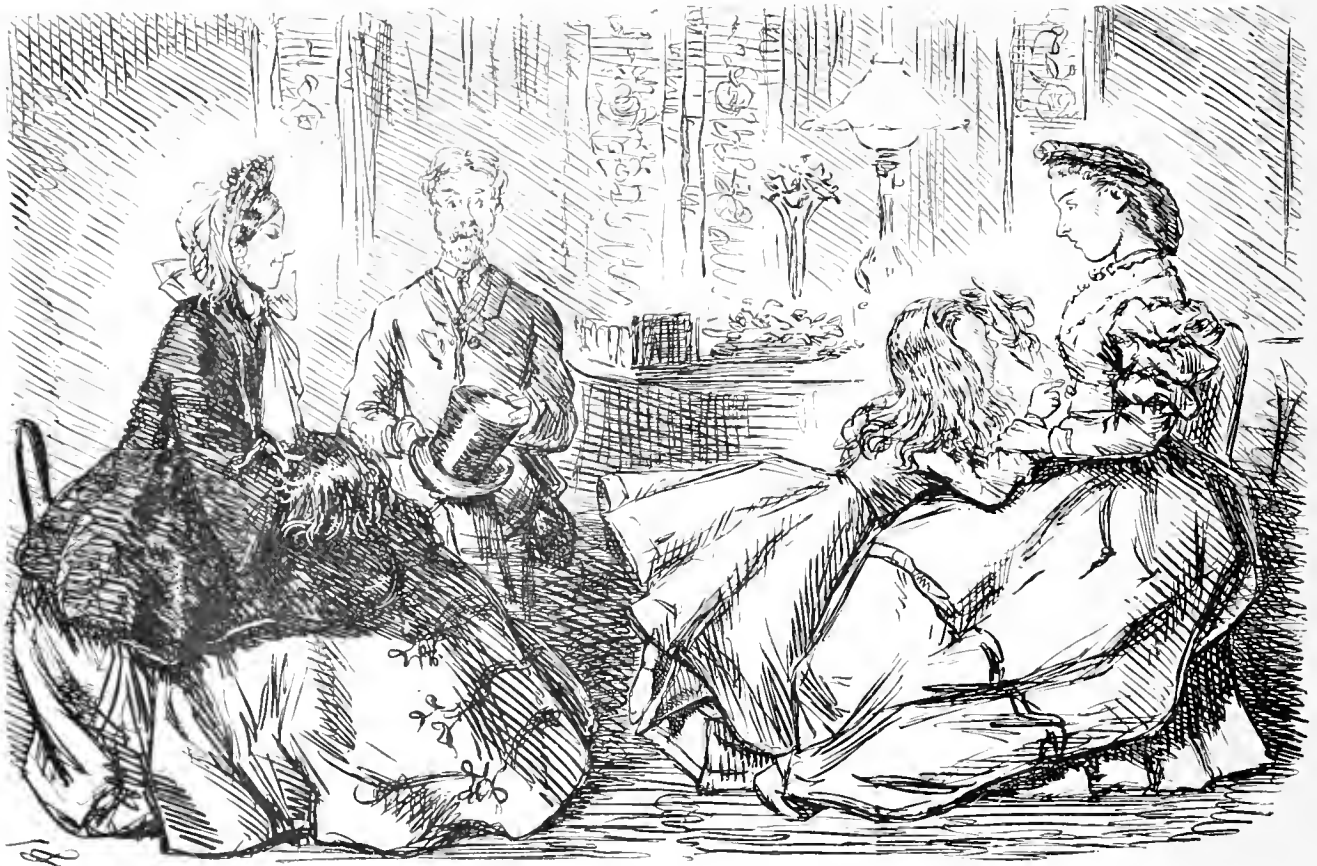
Old Gent. (with tender feet). "NOW, BOY, BE VERY CAREFUL!"

Boy. "OH, YES, YOUR HONOUR! THESE 'ERE KNOBS 'LL TAKE A BEAUTIFUL POLISH!"



PRUDENCE.

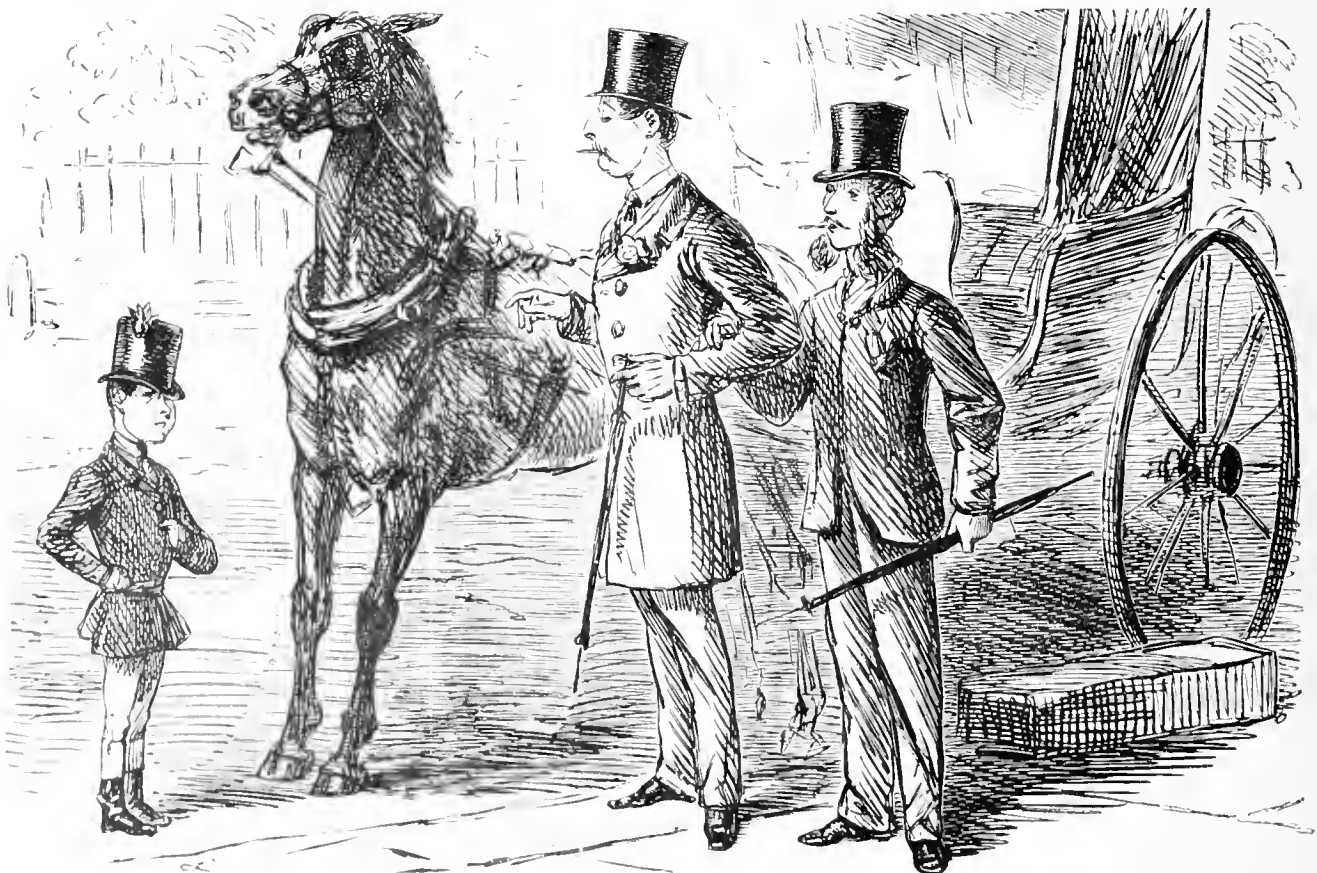
Matilda (with the hat). "WELL, DEAR, NO ONE EVER PRESUMED TO ADDRESS ME. STILL, AFTER ALL THE LETTERS IN THE PAPERS, I THINK NO GIRL OF PREPOSSESSING APPEARANCE SHOULD EVER GO OUT UNPROTECTED SO I ALWAYS TAKE THOMPSON NOW!"



HUSH! HUSH!

Aunt (handing Young Lady's abundant hair). "WHAT A TROUBLE, DEAR KITTY, YOUR HAIR IS TO ONE!"

Dear Kitty. "OH, AUNTY, IF IT'S A TROUBLE, WHY DON'T YOU PUT KITTY'S HAIR IN YOUR DRAWER, JUST AS YOU DO WITH YOUR OWN?"



THE QUIP MOODEST.

Sgt. "BOY! WHO'S CAPT. THIS?"

Boy. "WHAT ODDS IS THAT TO YOU?" DO YOU S'POSE MY GOV'N'R GIVES ME BOARD WAGES TO TELL WHO BELONGS TO US?"



A STOUT ASSERTION.

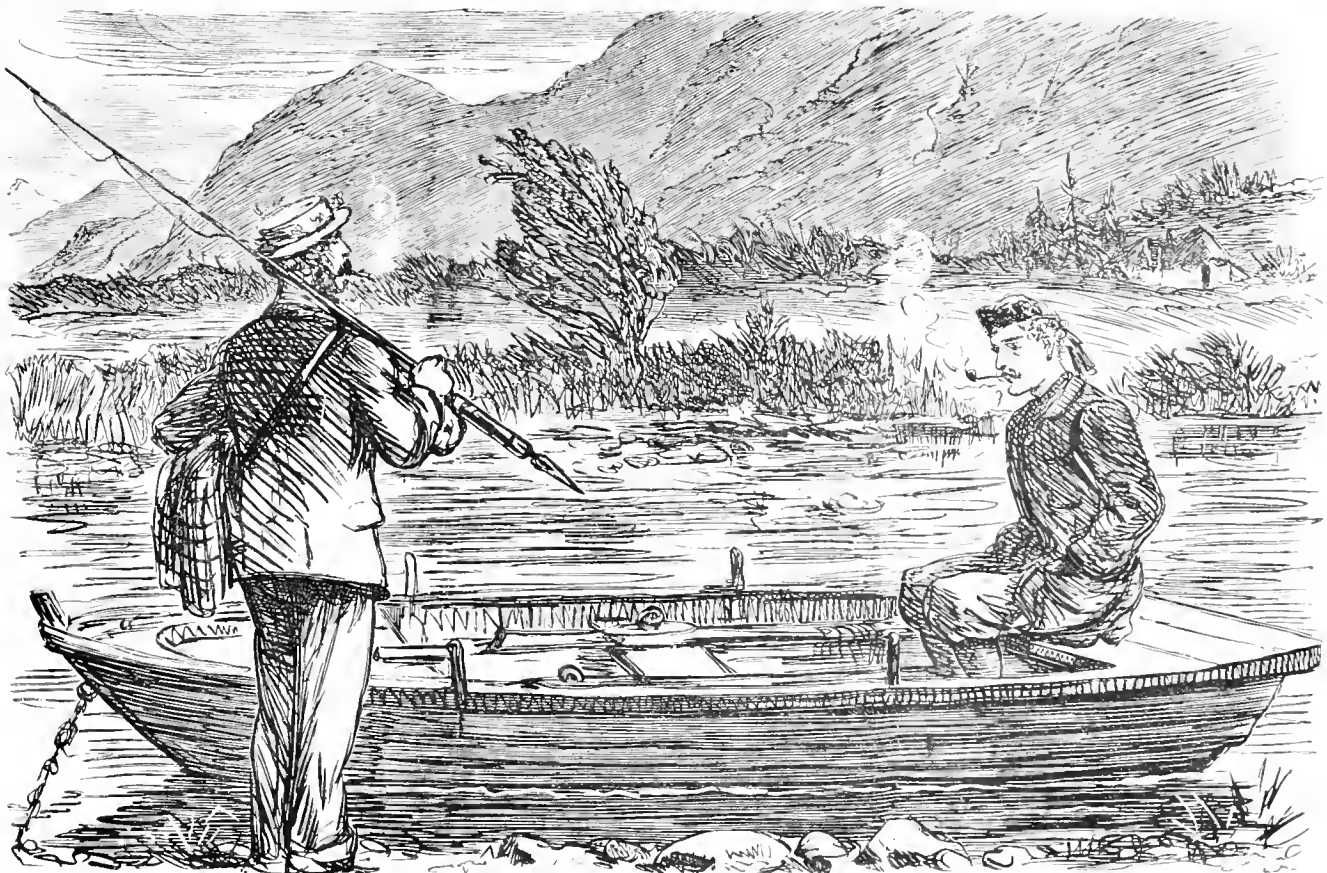
Old Party (reads), "CRYSTAL PALACE—THIS DAY—FETE OF THE AMATEUR GYMNASTIC SOCIETY.—'THAT'S THE HOLIDAY FOR ME!'"



THE COURTESIES OF TRAVEL.

Juvenile. "DO YOU OBJECT TO MY SMOKING A CIGAR, SIR?"

Elderly Party. "OH NO, CERTAINLY NOT, IF IT DOESN'T MAKE YOU SICK!"



LOOKING AT IT PLEASANTLY.

Friend (on the bank), "WELL, JACK! HAVE YOU HAD PRETTY GOOD SPORT?"

Jack. "SPORT! IF YOU CALL IT SPORT TO HAVE NO WATER AND NO FISH, AND TO PAY NINETY POUNDS FOR THREE WEEKS OF IT, I'VE HAD PLenty!"

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



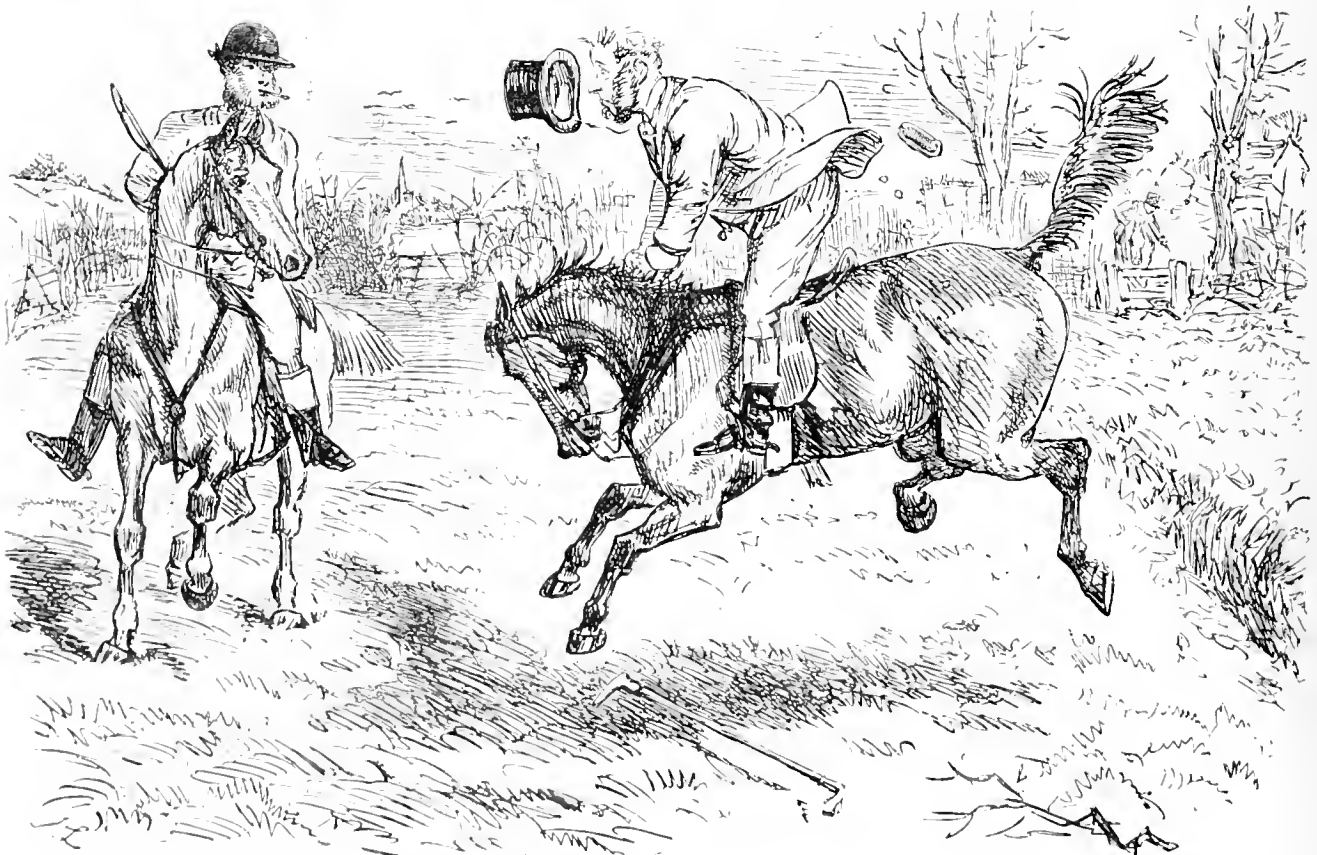
PRACTISING ON A PATIENT.

Young Practitioner. "HM, VERY ODD—I MUST HAVE MADE SOME MISTAKE, THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH THIS TOOTH—NEVER MIND, TRY AGAIN!"



AN OFFICE INCIDENT.

Infuriated Principal, opening Fast Clerk's telegram by mistake (reads). "'TOM TIT' SURE TO WIN—TELEGRAPH AND SAY IF YOU WILL HAVE PONY ON—IF SO, SEND CASH TO-DAY!"



GOING TO COVER.

Brown (who has given Tumkins, from Joan, a Mount). "YOU NEEDN'T BE THE LEAST AFRAID—IT'S ONLY HIS PLAY. HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT AFTER HE HAS ULEN OVER A FEW FENCES!"



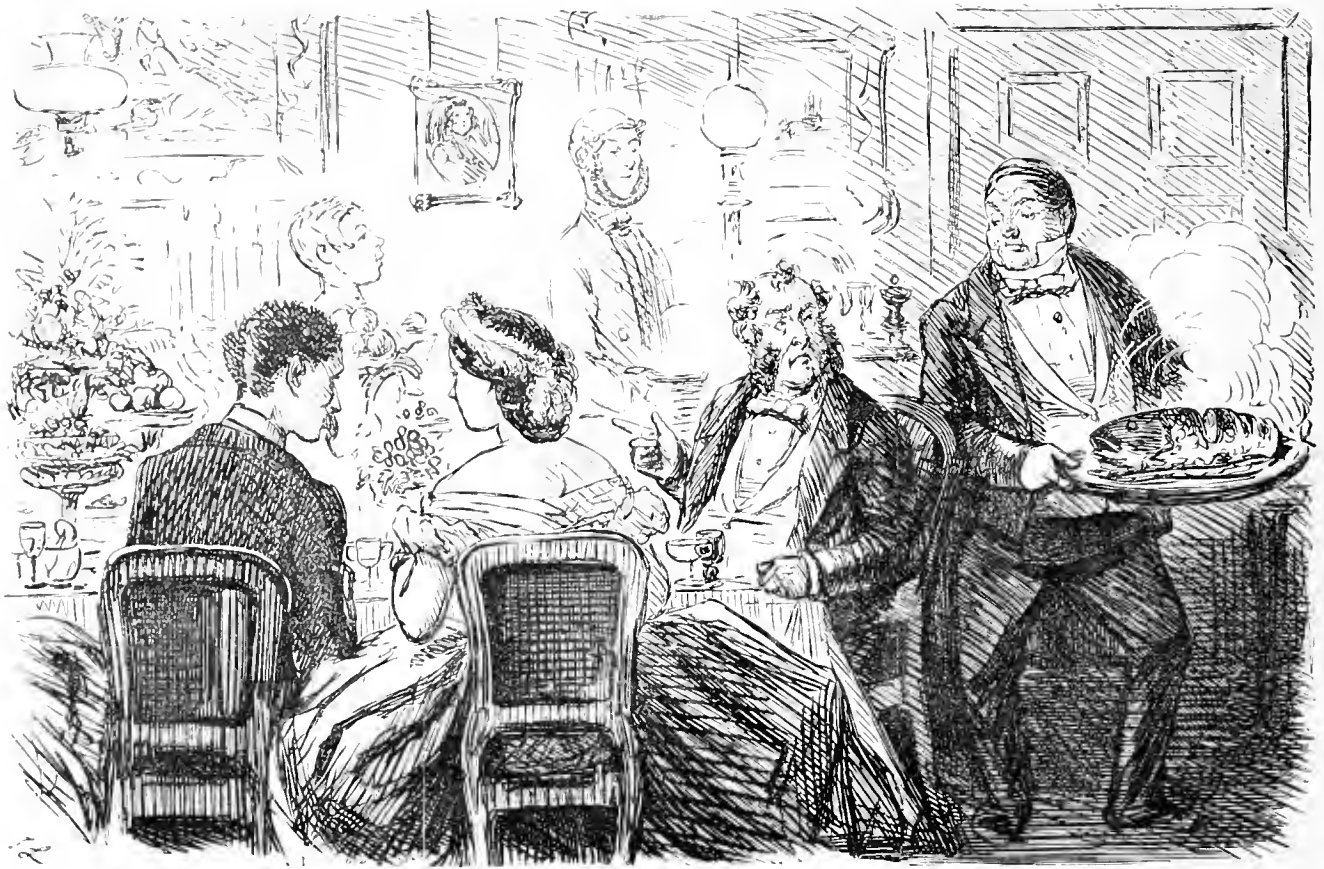
THE BATTUE.

Swell Keeper (to party assembled.. NOW, I WANTS A COUPLE O' LORDS FORRAD—A COUPLE O' LORDS ON THE RIGHT, AND A COUPLE O' LORDS ON THE LEFT!) (Turning to humble Commoner in Knickerbockers and Zouave gaiters.) "YOU TRY THE HIGH STUFF WITH THE BEATERS, AND TAKE YOUR CHANCE OF A HARE BACK"



JOLLY ANGLERS.

OLD FLOAT AND TOM GENTLE DON'T GET ANY BITES, SO THEY LAND ON AN ISLAND TO HAVE A QUIET SMOKE—THEY SUDDENLY DISCOVER THAT THE ROPE HAS SLIPPED, AND THE BOAT IS DRIFTING DOWN THE RIVER! (No one near for miles.)



DINER À LA RUSSE.

Host. "STAY, STEVENS—WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THE SALMON? NOBODY HAS HAD ANY OF IT!"

Butler. "PRAY, SIR, WHAT ARE WE TO HAVE FOR SUPPER?"



A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Mr. Br. Bro. THEN YOU REALLY THINK IT AN IMPROVEMENT, EH?"

Miss Spinks. "DECIDEDLY—IT HIDES SO MUCH MORE OF YOUR FACE!"



A TRUE TALE.

THE EARTHQUAKE WAS FELT, TOO, IN MANY PARTS OF LONDON. THIS IS OLD BEERY, THE CHURCHWARDEN, WHO DECLARES THAT WHEN HE CAME OUT OF THE MARQUIS OF GRANDY THE PAVEMENT HIT HIM ON THE NOSE, AND THAT HIS STREET-DOOR WOULDN'T LET HIM GET HIS LATCH-KEY IN.



CURIOUS ECHO AT A RAILWAY STATION.

Traveller. "PORTER! PORTER!"

Echo. "DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET HIM?"



A DIFFICULT TASK.

Costermonger. "NOW, MISTER, I WANTS MY DELICACY OF TOUCH RESTORED, AND THE SEAL OF HELEGANCE IMPRESSED UPON MY BUNCH OF FIVES!"



DISSENTERS IN THE UNIVERSITY.

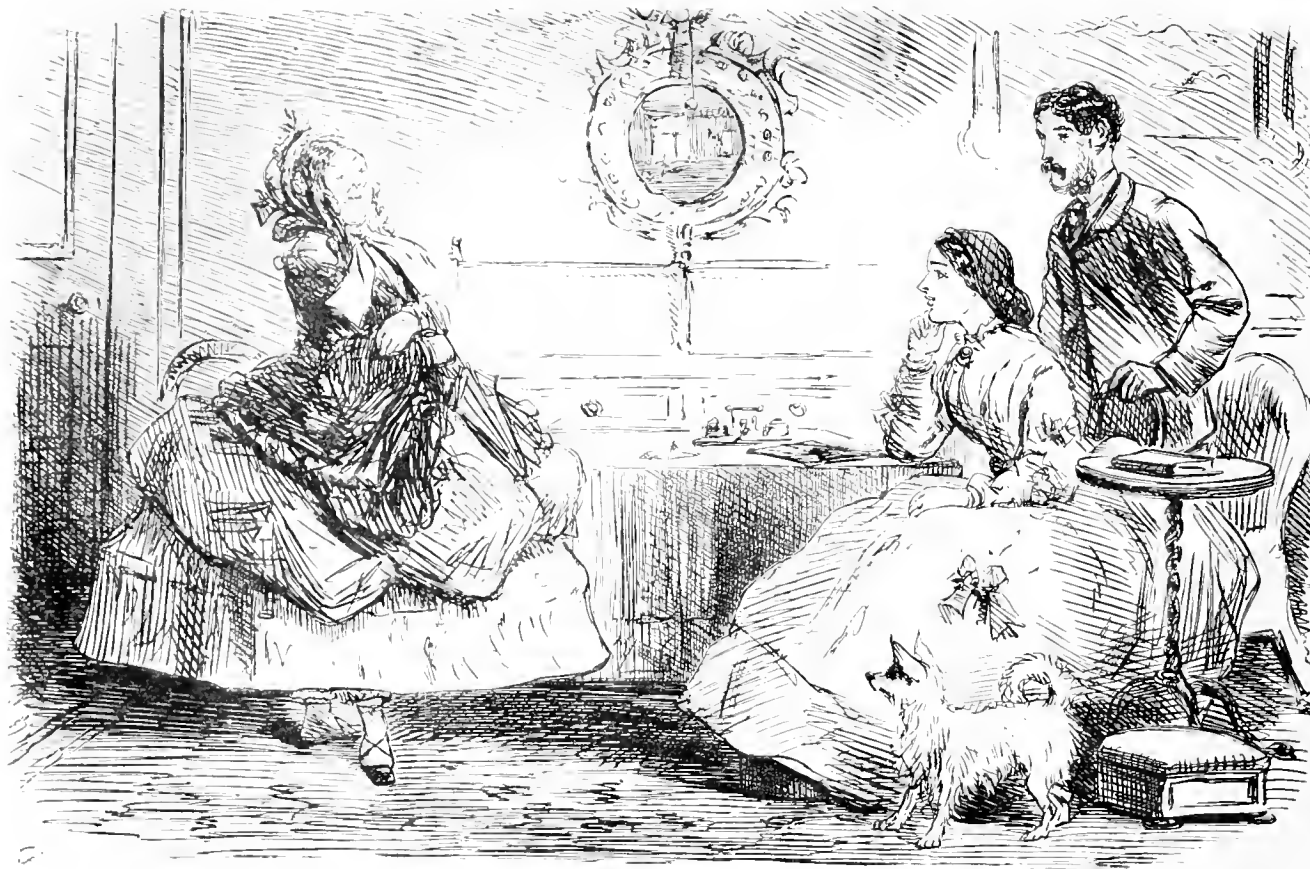
Head of House. "PRAY, SIR, MAY I ASK WHY YOU HAVE NOT BEEN ATTENDING CHAPEL?"

Sir Liabed Rattlecash. "WHY, SIR, THE FACT IS—AW—THAT—I—AW—HAVE BECOME A DISSENTER."



A DRAWING-ROOM.

William. "NOW, CHAWLES, AINT YOU READY? OUR CARRIAGE IS AT THE DOOR AND THE FOLKS ARE IN!"



SERVANTGALISM, &c.—No. XIV.

Lady. THEN, WHY DID YOU LEAVE?"

Domestic. "WELL, MA'AM, IF YOU ARST ME, I B'LIEVE THE REEL REASON WERE THAT MISSUS THOUGHT I WERE TOO GOOD-LOOKING!"



AN OPPORTUNITY.

Landlady (pointing to sleeping Caddy) "THERE AUNT! NOW'S YOUR TIME FOR A PAIR OF GLOVES!"



CHAMBER PRACTICE.

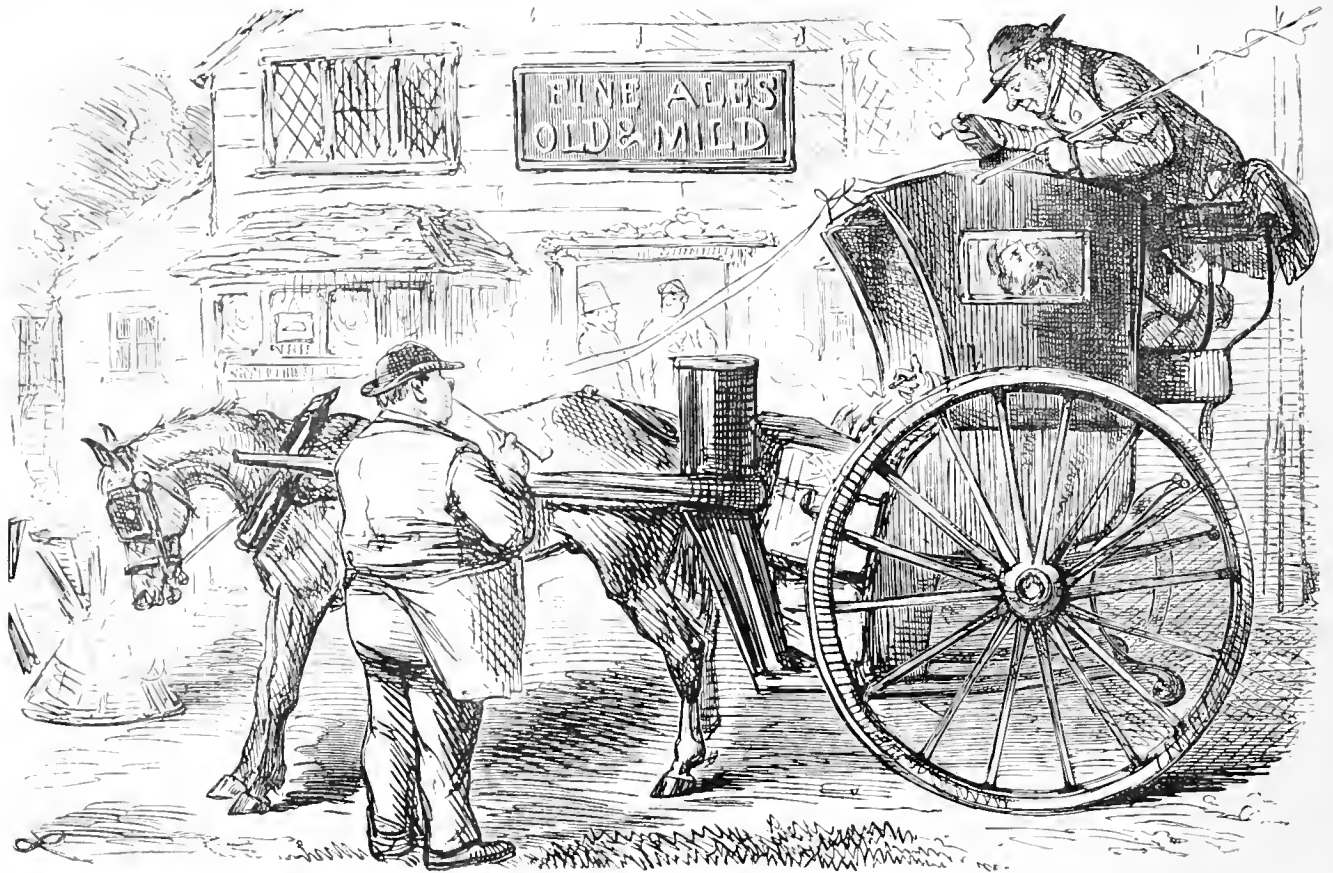
Messenger (from Studious Party in the floor below). "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MASTER'S COMPLIMENTS, AND HE SAYS HE'D BE MUCH OBLIGED IF YOU'D LET HIM KNOW WHEN THE REPAIRS WILL BE FINISHED, FOR THE KNOCKING DO DISTURB HIM SO!"



TAKING THE RISKS.

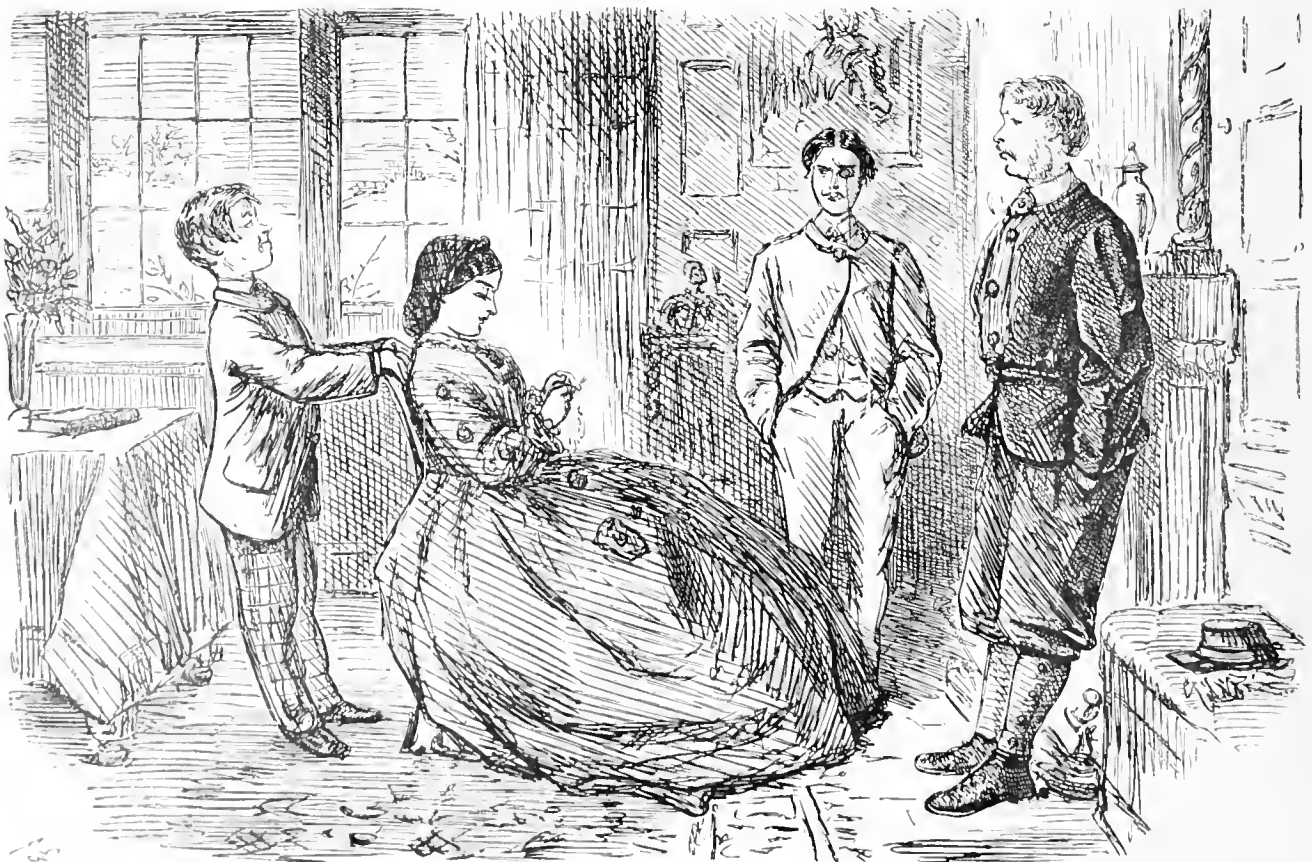
First Undergraduate. "HI! FRANK! HERE'S A GATE!"

Second Undergraduate. "GATE! I DIDN'T PAY TWO GUINEAS TO GO THROUGH GATES, WITH SUCH LOVELY POSTS AND RAILS BEFORE ME!"



A TOLERABLY BROAD HINT.

Cabby (after driving a couple of miles, suddenly stops opposite a roadside Public House). "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT YOU DIDN'T SAY AS WE WAS TO PULL UP ANYWHERE, DID YGU, SIR?"



CONSOLATION.

Emily (to rejected Subs). "IT'S VERY DISAOREEABLE, CERTAINLY, TO BE UNSUCCESSFUL IN YOUR EXAMINATIONS, AND SO MANY TIMES, TOO! BUT I SHOULD WORK HARD, AND TRY AGAIN"
Younger and much too sharp Brother. "NEVER YOU MIND, CHARLEY! IT PROVES THAT THERE'S NO WANT OF PLUCK ABOUT YOU!"



A SIGN OF PROGRESS.

Cousin Florence. "WELL, TOMMY, AND SO YOU LIKE YOUR LITTLE FRIEND PHILIP, DO YOU? AND HOW OLD DO YOU THINK HE IS?"

Tommy. "WELL, I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW; BUT I SHOULD THINK HE WAS RATHER OLD, FOR HE BLOWS HIS OWN NOSE!"



AN UNFEELING HUSBAND.

"NOW, MY LOVE!—ARE YOU NOT READY FOR CHURCH?"

"READY FOR CHURCH, MR. SMITH!—HOW YOU TALK!—WHEN YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THAT ODIOUS MISS JACKSON HAS NOT SENT HOME MY NEW BARÈGE DRESS!"



A LITTLE SMOKE-JACK.

Small Foxhunter. "HERE! STOP A BIT, MAJOR, HAVE ONE OF MINE! THE GOVERNOR'S AIN'T IN GOOD CONDITION—NOW I'VE HAD MINE FOR EVER SO MANY YEARS, AND THEY'RE SPLENDID!"



A VERY VULGAR SUBJECT.

Boys. "OH, AIN'T HE MOPS AND BROOMS, NEITHER!"

Baker. "WHY DON'T THEY TAKE HIM TO THE STATION?"

Tender Female. "HE'S ILL, POOR GENTLEMAN, HE SHOULD GO TO THE HOSPITAL!"

Cabby (contemptuously). "HILL! 'ORSEPITAL INDEED!—I ONLY WISH I'D GOT ARF HIS COMPLAINT!"



THE PHOTOGRAPH.

Mary. "WHY, TUMMAS, IT'S THE VERY MORAL OF YER!"

Tummas. "PRETTY THING, AIN'T IT? PITY THE YALLER OF THE UNIFORM COMES SO BLACK!"



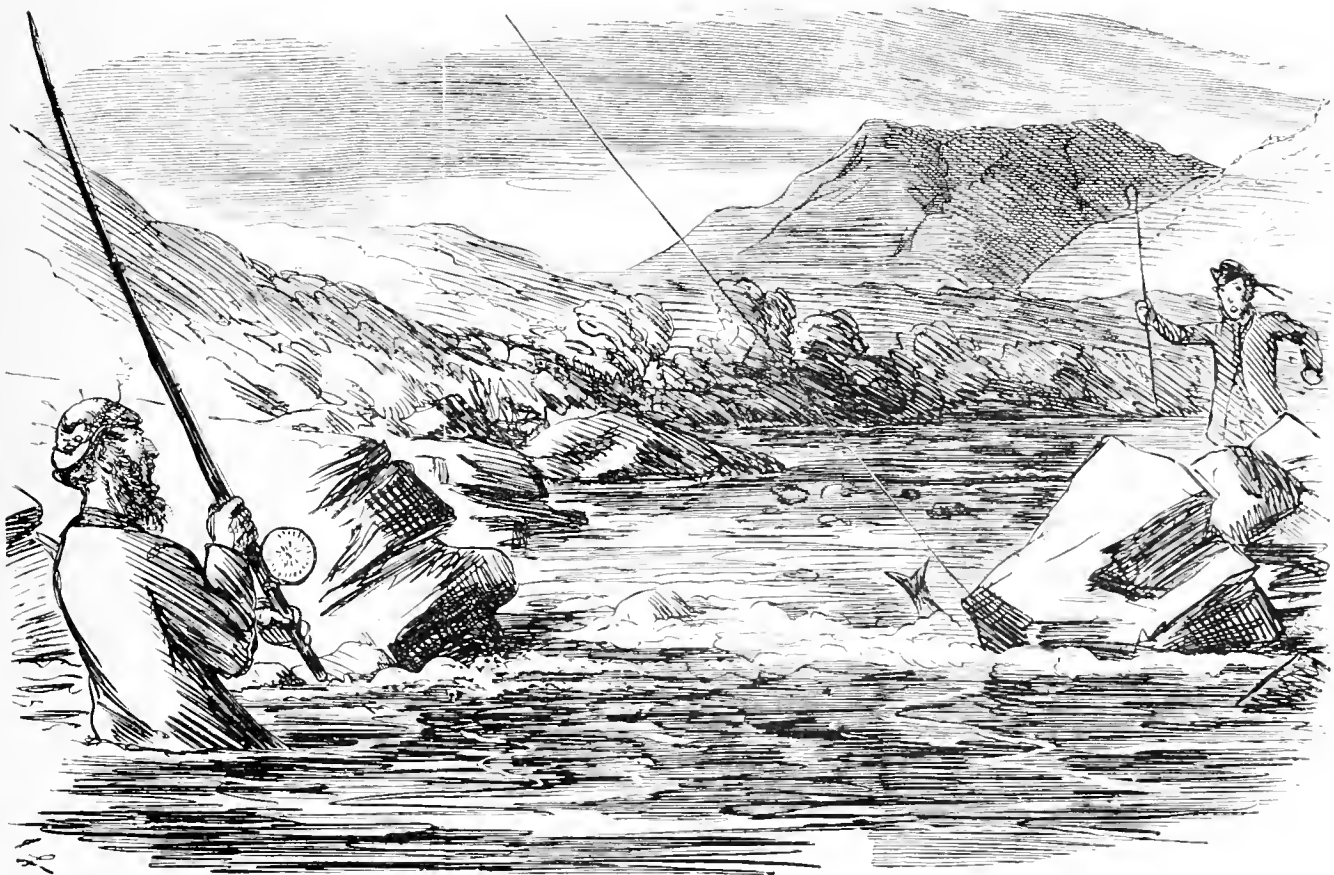
CRINOLINE FOR DOMESTIC USE.

Domestic. "DOTHER MISSUS, SHE WEARS IT HERSELF, AND I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULDN'T."



SOMETHING IN THAT!

"NOW, TOM," SAID YOUNG JOE WAGLEY, "ONE OF US OUGHT TO GO ON THIS SIDE OF THE HEDGE, AND ONE ON THE OTHER; SO I'LL TAKE THIS, IF YOU WILL GET OVER THE STILE."—"OH, YES," REPLIED TOM; "BUT HOW ABOUT THE BULL?"



SALMON FISHING.

Piscator, "FOLLOW HIM UP! IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO SAY FOLLOW HIM UP!"



A MERE TRIFLE.

Gertrude. "DUT, MY DEAR ARTHUR, HOW CAME YOU TO GET SUCH A 'CROPPER,' AS YOU CALL IT?"

Arthur. "WELL! IT WAS JUST THE LITTLE BIT OF A PLACE WHERE A FELLOW DOES GET SPILT SOMETIMES—THERE WAS A DITCH ABOUT A COUPLE OF YARDS WIDE, AND THEN A HIGHISH BANK, YOU KNOW, WITH A STIFFISH QUICKSET ON THE TOP—AND A NASTYISH POST AND RAILS JUST BEYOND—AND THEN ANOTHER WIDISH SORT OF A DITCH AND INTO A FIELD WHERE THEY HAD BEEN DRAINING—AND SO, YDU SEE, SOMEHOW OR OTHER, WE CAME TO GRIEF!"



REAL TRAGEDY.

Old Parly (proprietor of nasty yapping Pet Dog). "OH, POLICEMAN! MY DARLING FLO JUST BIT THAT HORRID MAN'S LEO, AND HE HAS HIT HER WITH HIS CANE."



ON DUTY.



A CONNOISSEUR.

AT A DINNER GIVEN BY MY LORD BRODACRES TO SOME OF HIS TENANTS, CURAÇOA IS HANDED IN A QUEUR-GLASS TO OLD TURNIPTOPS, WHO, SWALLOWING IT WITH MUCH RELISH, SAYS—"O! ZAY, YOUNG AN! O'LL TAK ZUM O' THAT IN A MOOG!"



WELL TIMED.

Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, TELL ME THE TIME"
Crusty old Gent. "YES, SIR—BED-TIME."



SINGULAR OPTICAL DELUSION.

Gentleman. "THERE, LOVE: DO YOU SEE THAT STEAMER?"

Lady. "OH, DISTINCTLY! THERE ARE TWO."



THE NEW SCHOOL.

Uncle (who is rather proud of his cellar). "NOW, GEORGE, MY BOY, THERE'S A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE FOR YOU—DON'T GET SUCH STUFF AT SCHOOL, EH? EH? EH?"
George. "HM—AWFULLY SWEET! VERY GOOD SORT FOR LADIES—BUT I'VE ARRIVED AT A TIME OF LIFE, WHEN I CONFESS I LIKE MY WINE DRY!" (Sensation.)



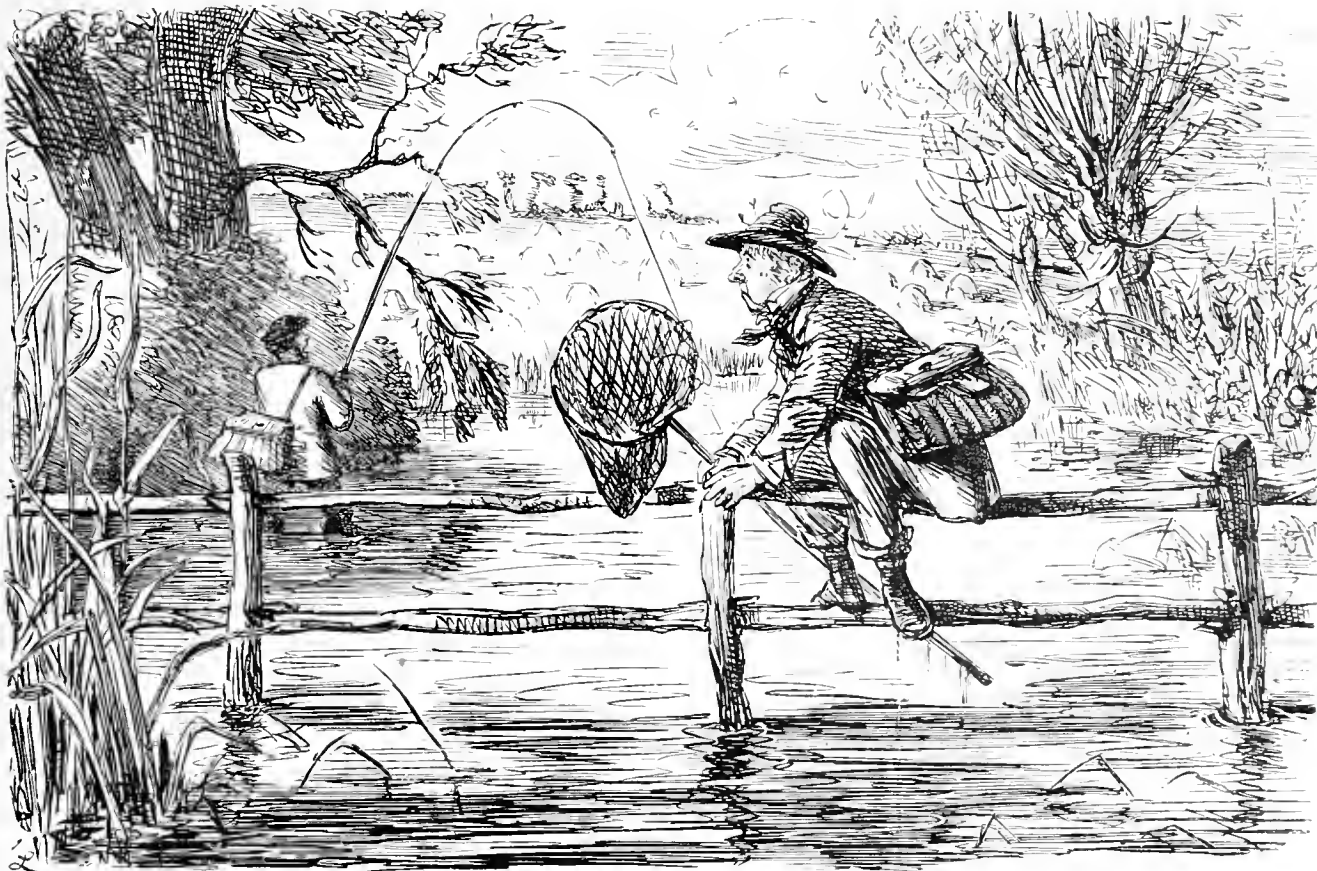
DELICIOUS!

HUNTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—A MOUNT IN THE MIDLANDS



A QUIET REBUKE.

Fare (who has driven rather a hard bargain and is settling). "BUT WHY, MY GOOD MAN, DO YOU PUT THAT CLOTH OVER THE HORSE'S HEAD?"
Car-Driver. "SHURE, YER HONOUR, THIN—I SHOULDN'T LIKE HIM TO SEE HOW LITTLE YE PAY FOR SUCH A HARD DAY'S WORK!"



THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION.

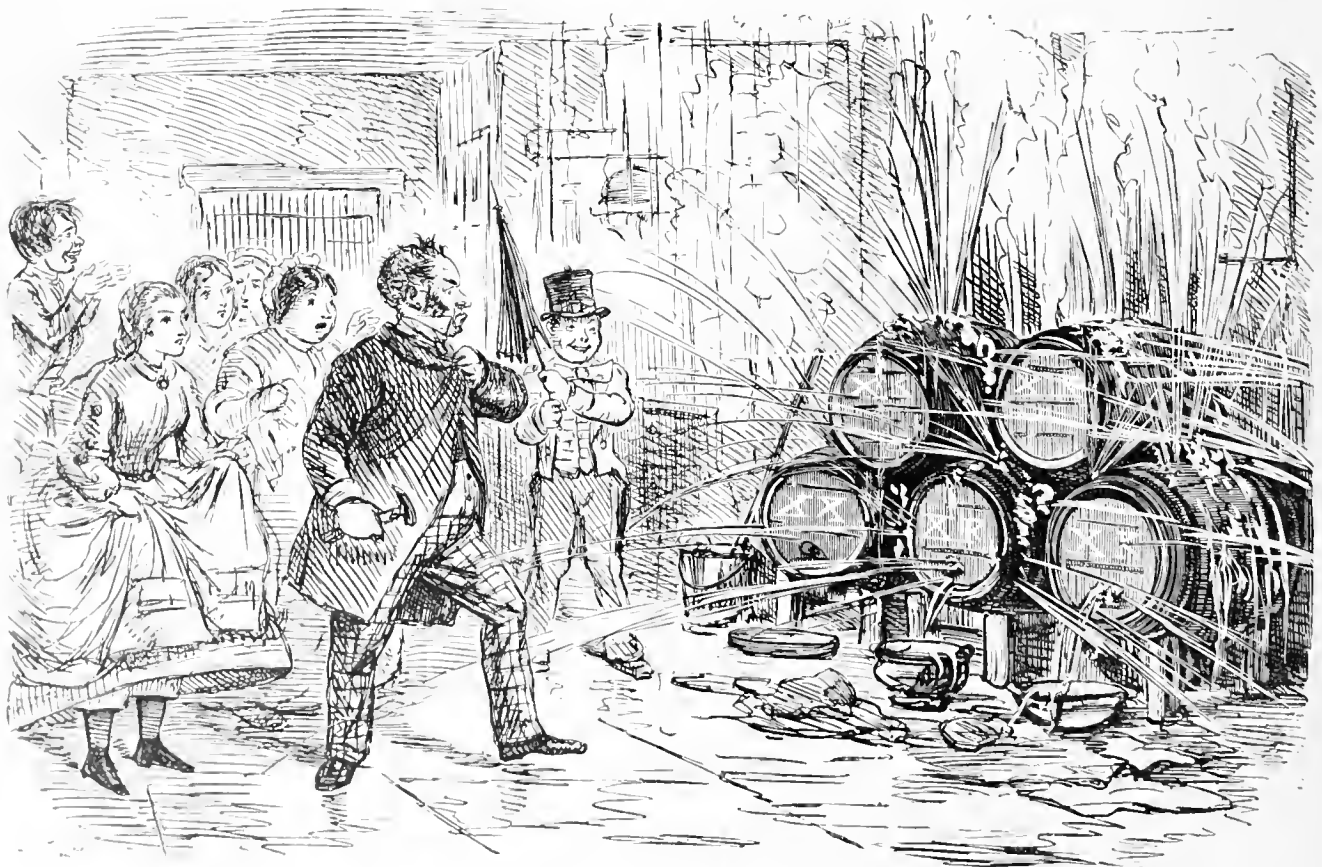
Brown (excited). "HI, JONES!—NET! NET! NET!—MAKE HASTE, OR I SHALL LOSE HIM!"
Jones (who is rather giddy and nervous). "EH!—AH!—RIGHT!—TO BE SURE!—YES!—I—I—I—I'M COMING—AS FAST—AS OH DEAR!—AS POSSIBLE!"



A CONTENTED MIND.

Old Wurzel. "WELL, MUSTER CHAWLES, SO YOU'VE BEEN A RIDING THE YOUNG UN—HOW DOES HE GO?"

Muster Chawles. "OH, SPLENDID! NEVER CARRIED BETTER IN MY LIFE! IT WAS HIS FIRST RUN, AND WE ONLY GAVE DOWN FIVE TIMES!"



HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

PATERFAMILIAS. WITH HIS USUAL PRUDENCE AND FORESIGHT, ORDERS A QUANTITY OF BEER OF THE OCTOBER DREWING. HE HAS JUST BEEN INFORMED THAT ALL THE BARRELS ARE "A-WORKIN' AND A-BUSTIN'!"



THE HUMOUR OF THE STREETS.

Butcher Boy (and Butcher Boys are so impudent). "NOW THEN, SWIPEY! ARE YOU GOING TO STOP THERE TILL YOU GET FINE, AFORE YOU DRAW YOURSELF OFF?"



THE FASHION FOR NEXT SUMMER.

Flora "THERE! I DON'T THINK THE STUPID MEN CAN LAUGH AT US NOW!"



INNOCENT DELUSIONS.

Georgina. "DO YOU KNOW, DEAR, I'M SO UNHAPPY NOW DEAR CHARLES HAS GONE!"
Gertrude. "AND I MISS DEAR PERCY DREADFULLY—I DO HOPE THEY'LL GET HOME SAFELY!"



A HORSEDEALER'S LOGIC.

Customer. "WHY, YOU DON'T CALL *THAT* A HUNTER, DO YOU?"

Dealer. "WELL, SIR, I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW ABOUT THE 'ORSE. HAD HIM DOWN FROM 'ORNCASTLE FAIR LAST WEEK—PUT JIMMY ON HIM, WOULDN'T 'ACK A YARD—PUT HIM IN THE BREAK, WOULDN'T DRAW A POUNCE. NOW, THE 'ORSE NEVER COULD HAVE BEEN CREATED FOR NOTHING; SO HE MUST BE A HUNTER!"



OYSTERS.

Reverend Oyster Man. NOW, THEN—HAV' ANOTHER DOZEN, IF YOU'VE GOT ANY MORE MONEY!"



QUITE EXHAUSTED.



A GRIEVANCE.

Testy Old Gent (to Butler). "CLARET! YES! PUT IT DOWN, AND PRAY, SIMPSON, DON'T BLOW UPON MY HEAD SO."



IMPROVING THE TIME.

AS SLEEP IS OUT OF THE QUESTION, OWING TO THOSE CONFOUNDED WAITS, MR. BANGS, LIKE A SENSIBLE PERSON, ACCOMMODATES HIMSELF TO CIRCUMSTANCES, AND PRACTISES HIS DANCING!



RAILWAY MORALS.

Guard. "NOW, MISS! ARE YOU GOING BY THIS TRAIN?"

Miss Rebecca "YES! BUT I MUST HAVE A CARRIAGE WHERE THERE ARE NO YOUNG MEN LIKELY TO BE RUDE TO ONE."



THE CHRISTENING OF JONES'S FIRST. (A FACT.)

First Street Boy (without veneration, or sense of propriety). "HOLLA! BILL! WHAT'S ALL THIS 'ERE?"

Second Street Boy (without ditto, ditto, ditto). "WHY—DON'T YER SEE?—IT'S ONLY A KITTEN GOING TO BE 'UNG!"



GROUNDLESS ALARM.

Dar ng straw hat WHAT ARE YOU BUYING, DEAR?"

Dar ng dark hat WHY, I'M BUYING A PUNCH THE IMPUDENT THING HAS PUT ME IN AS ONE OF HIS GIRLS!"



RATHER A KITCHENY WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Housemaid, "OH—BUT IT COULDN'T A BIN 'ER!"

Cook "I TELL YER IT WERE—SHE CALLED UPON MISSUS THIS MORNING AND SHE 'AD ON A PORK PIE 'AT, AND HALF A PHEASANT STUCK IN IT!"



A GEOGRAPHICAL JOKE.

Impertinent Page (late from the dining room). "I SAY, COOKEY AND SOOSAN, YOU MAKE A PRECIOUS FUSS ABOUT A FLEA,—HOW'D YER LIKE TO BE WHERE THE BLACK SEA SAILORS IS NOW?"

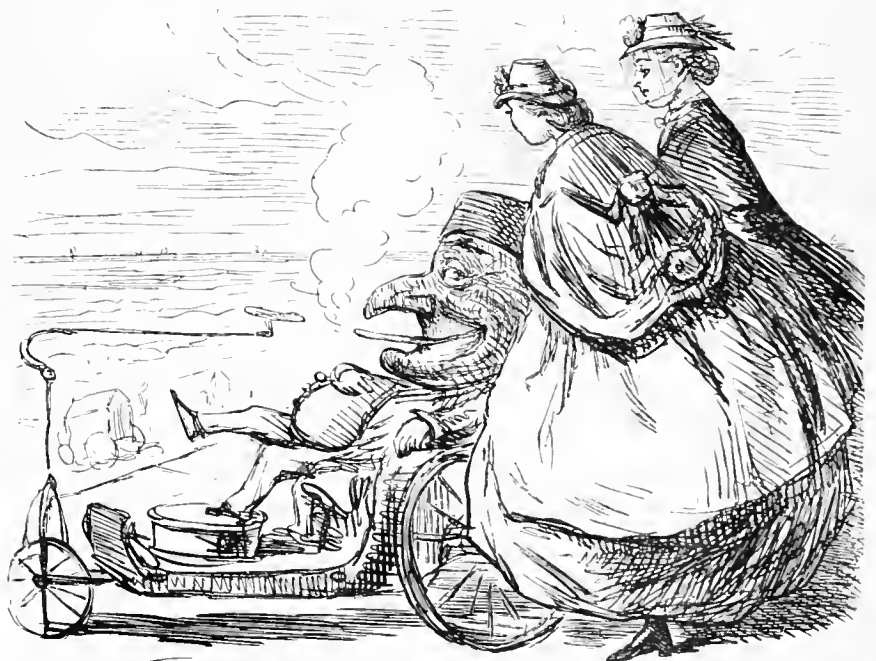
Susan, "WHERE'S THAT, IMPERANCE?"

Page. "WHY, MASTER SAYS IT'S WHERE THE BUG AND THE NIPPER (DNIEPER) MEET IN ONE BED!"
[Sensation and loud cries of "Oh!"]



A SPECIAL PLEADER.

Fair Equestrian. "NOW, DON'T BE A CRDSS OLD PUNCH; WE REALLY WON'T SPOIL THE BEAUTY OF THE GARDENS."



ANXIOUS INQUIRERS.

ILL! OH, DEAR NO! ONLY INDISPOSED—TO WALK



VERY SLANGY.

Clara. "HO'Y DO YOU LIKE MY NEW WAISTCOAT, DEAR?"

Harriette. "WELL, I DECLARE ITS SWEETLY PRETTY!—THE MOST—A—A—THE MOST SLAP UP THING I'VE SEEN FOR A LONG TIME."

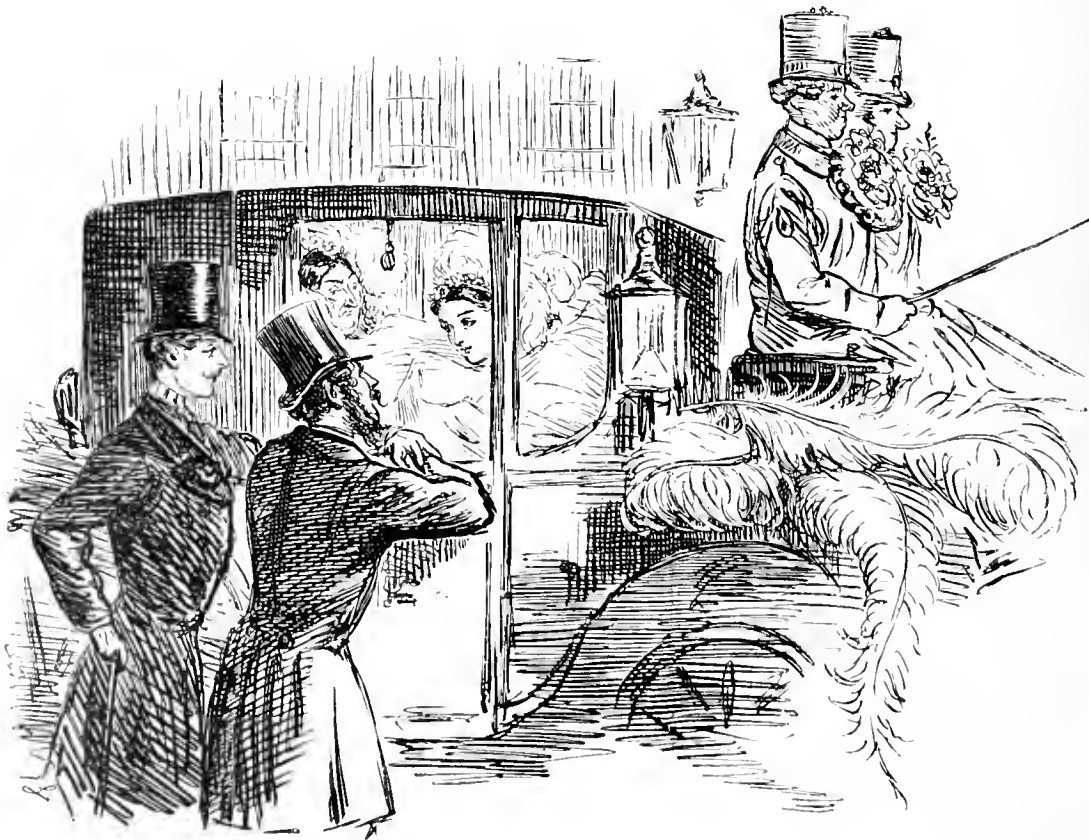


HORRID GIRL!

Mild Youth. "HAVE YOU SEEN 'THE COLLEEN DAWN'?"

Horrid Girl (with extreme velocity). "SEEN 'THE COLLEEN BAWN'! DEAR, DEAR! YES, OF COURSE. SAW IT LAST OCTOBER! AND I'VE BEEN TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE, AND I'VE READ THE GORILLA BOOK!"

[Mild Youth is shut up.]



GOING TO COURT.



HARRY TAKES HIS COUSINS TO SEE THE HOUNDS MEET.

Mamma and Aunt Ellen (to Old Woman). "PRAY, HAVE YOU MET TWO LADIES AND A GENTLEMAN?"

Old Woman. "WELL, I MET THREE PEOPLE—BUT. LA! THERE, I CAN'T TELL LADIES FROM GENTLEMEN NOW-A-DAYS—WHEN I WAS A GAL," &c. &c.

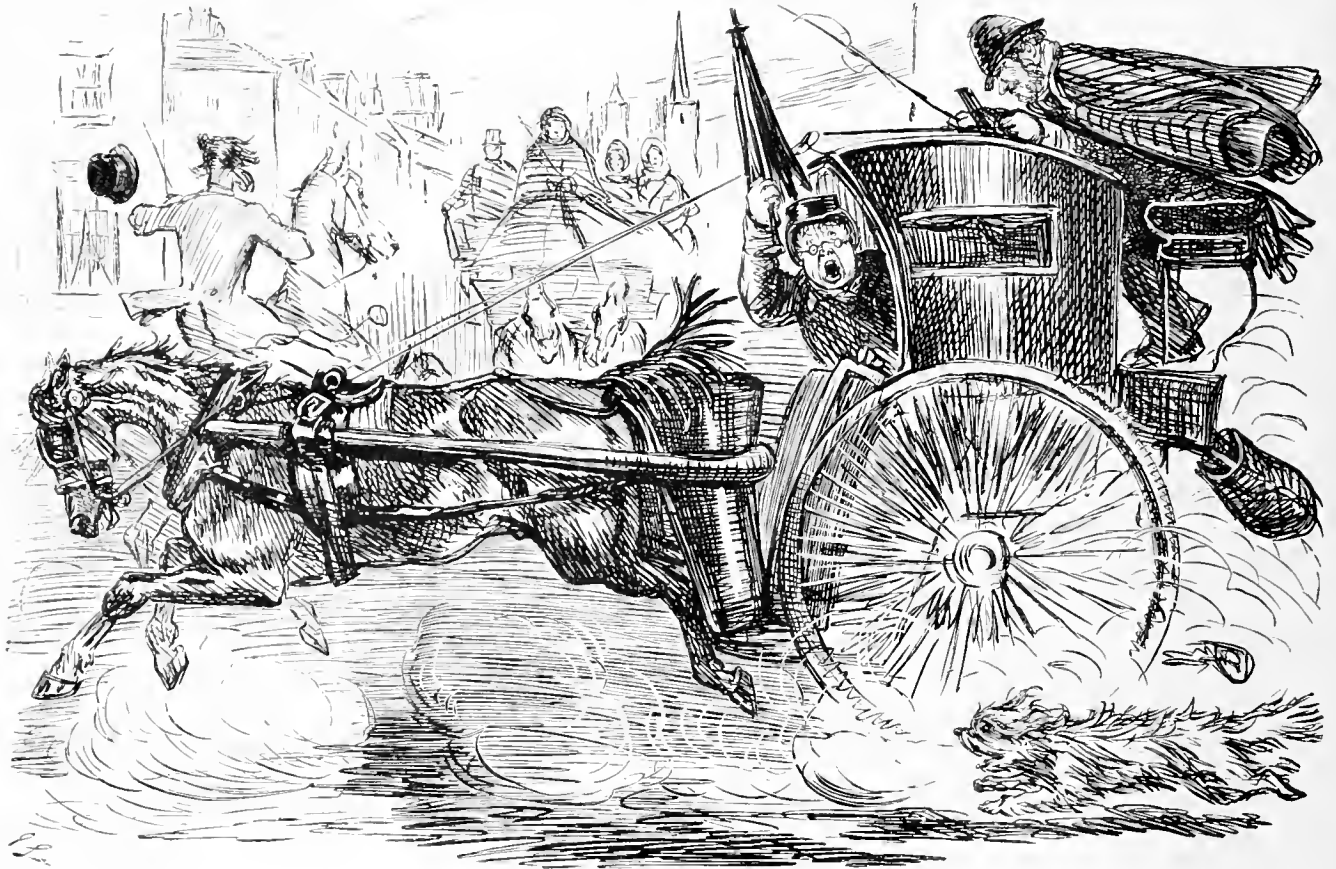


A SKETCH AT A STEEPLE-CHACE.—THE BROOK JUMP.

Bumpkin, No. 1. "WA-AT—ARE THEY A-GWOANG TO JOOMP THIS?"

Bumpkin, No. 2. "YA-AS!"

Bumpkin, No. 1. "THEN, I'O RAYTHER WALK THREW!"



FORCE OF HABIT.

Old Party (in Hansom) "HERE! HOLLO! HI! WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING LIKE THAT, FOR? STOP! LET ME OUT!"

Cabby "ALL RIGHT, SIR! I'LL STOP 'IM DIRECTLY, SIR—I DRUV A FIRE-ENGINE FOR TWO YEAR!!"



LONDON CREAM.

Cook "DO YOU CALL THIS CREAM? WHY IT'S THINNER THAN MILK!"

Milkman, OH, ALL IT WANTS IS WELL STIRRING UP—THE CREAM'S AT THE DOTTOM!!"



IN STATE.



HUNTING FROM TOWN.—IT IS SAFER TO GO WITH YOUR ANIMAL.

Railway Porter (reflectively). "EARLY TRAIN! LET'S SEE! LITTLE BAY 'OSS, AND A BROWN 'OSS WITH A BIG KNEE? HAH! THEN YOU MAY DEPEND THEY'RE THE 'OSSES AS WENT ON TO YORK!"



SPORT(?) FOWL SHOOTING.

THE FEROCIOUS PHEASANTS THINK THEY ARE GOING TO BE FED, AND SURROUND THE HONOURABLE MR BATTUE ACCORDINGLY.



AN ESCORT.

Boy, "NOW, MISSUS, THERE'S NO BUSSES, KITCH 'OLD OF MY HARM, AND I'LL TAKE YER OVER!"



PLEASANT!

Friend (to Novice at Salmon Fishing) "I SAY, OLD BOY, MIND HOW YOU WADE; THERE ARE SOME TREMENDOUS HOLES, FOURTEEN OR FIFTEEN FEET DEEP."



PET-LOVE.

Old—what shall we call her?—"RUN, ROBERT! RUN! THERE'S THAT DARLING PLAYING WITH A STRANGE CHILD!"



IMPORTANT MATTER.

Augustus. "I SAY, LAURA, JUST TELL US BEFORE ANY ONE COMES, WHETHER MY BACK HAIR'S PARTED STRAIGHT!"



USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.

Clara (reads). "EXCUSE, DEAREST, THE PAPER ON WHICH I WRITE—I HAVE NOT MY DESK WITH ME, SO I SEND YOU THESE FEW HURRIED LINES ON ONE OF MY COLLARS."



AN IMPOSTOR.

Wife. "CHARLES, DEAR. THERE'S A PERSON AT THE DOOR WANTS TO KNOW WHETHER YOU WANT ANY ORNAMENT FOR YOUR FIREPLACE."

Charles. "MY DARLING! WHAT BETTER ORNAMENT CAN I HAVE THAN YOUR OWN SWEET SELF?"

[The wretch is going to dine at Greenwich with some bachelor friends, for all that.]



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE



A NIGHTMARE.

Vision of the Night. "ANY FRESH PRAWNS THIS MORNIN'?"



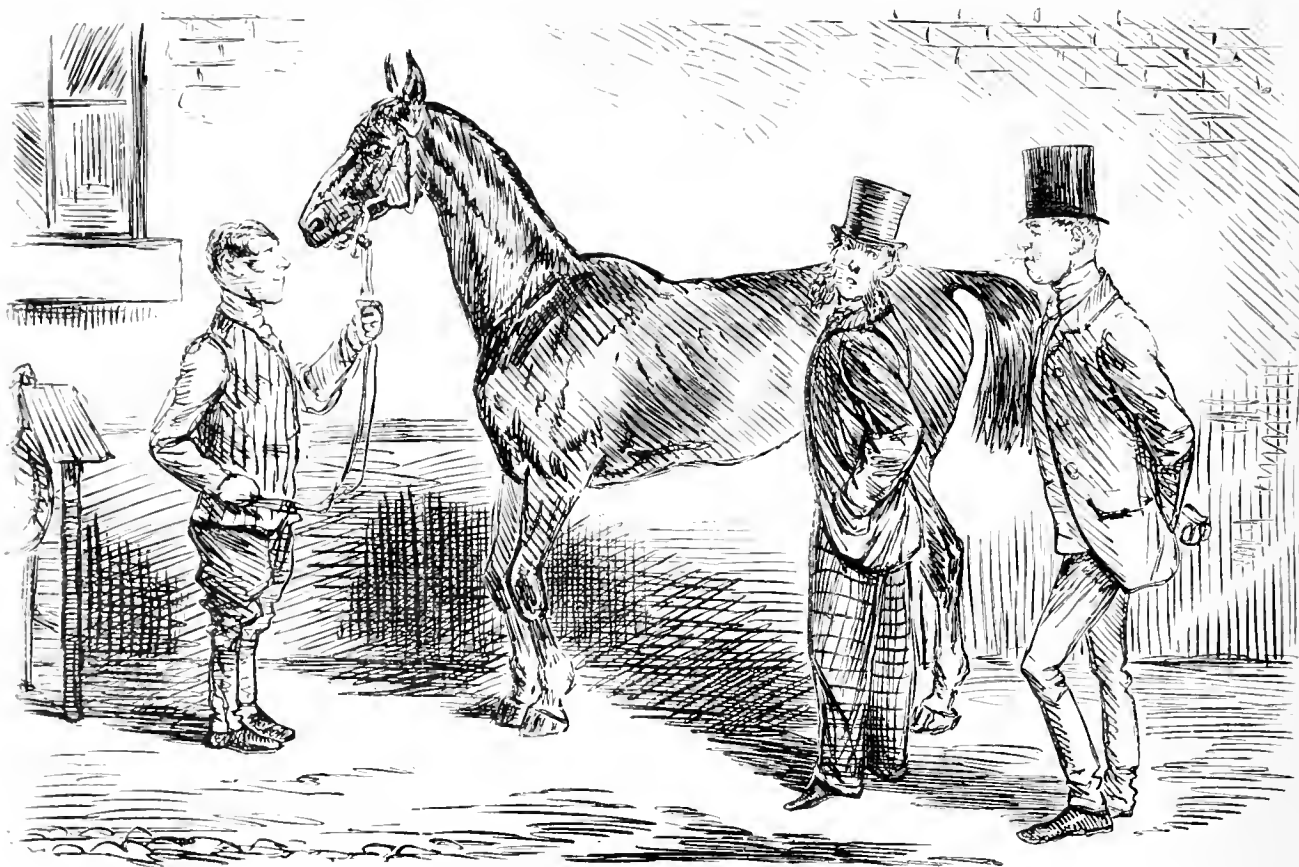
VERY CRUEL SATIRE.

Mary (maliciously, to her Cousin on leave). "HENRY, DEAR! HAVE YOU SEEN THIS ORDER ABOUT REDUCING THE OFFICERS' WHISKERS AT ALDERSHOT? WHAT A SHAME! I'M SURE IF I WERE YOU I SHOULD RESIST IT!"
 "How—HENRY doesn't see the point."



YOUNG NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Master Harry (loq.). "QUICK THING, THAT! DID YOU FELLOWS SEE IT? I GOT POUNDED!"



A DEAL.

Novice. "OH, YES—HE'S A FINE HORSE; BUT ISN'T HE RATHER BENT ABOUT THE LEGS?"

Dealer. "BENT ABOUT THE LEGS?" STANDS A LITTLE OVER, P'RAPS—BUT THAT AIN'T NO OETTERMENT TO HIM THE BEST OF OSSSES IS SOMETIMES FOALD SO!"



STARTLING RESULT.

OLD MR WIGGLE'S TRIES HIS NEW SEWING-MACHINE, AND FINDS HIS GARMENTS THROW OUT BUTTONS IN A VERY INDISCRIMINATE MANNER



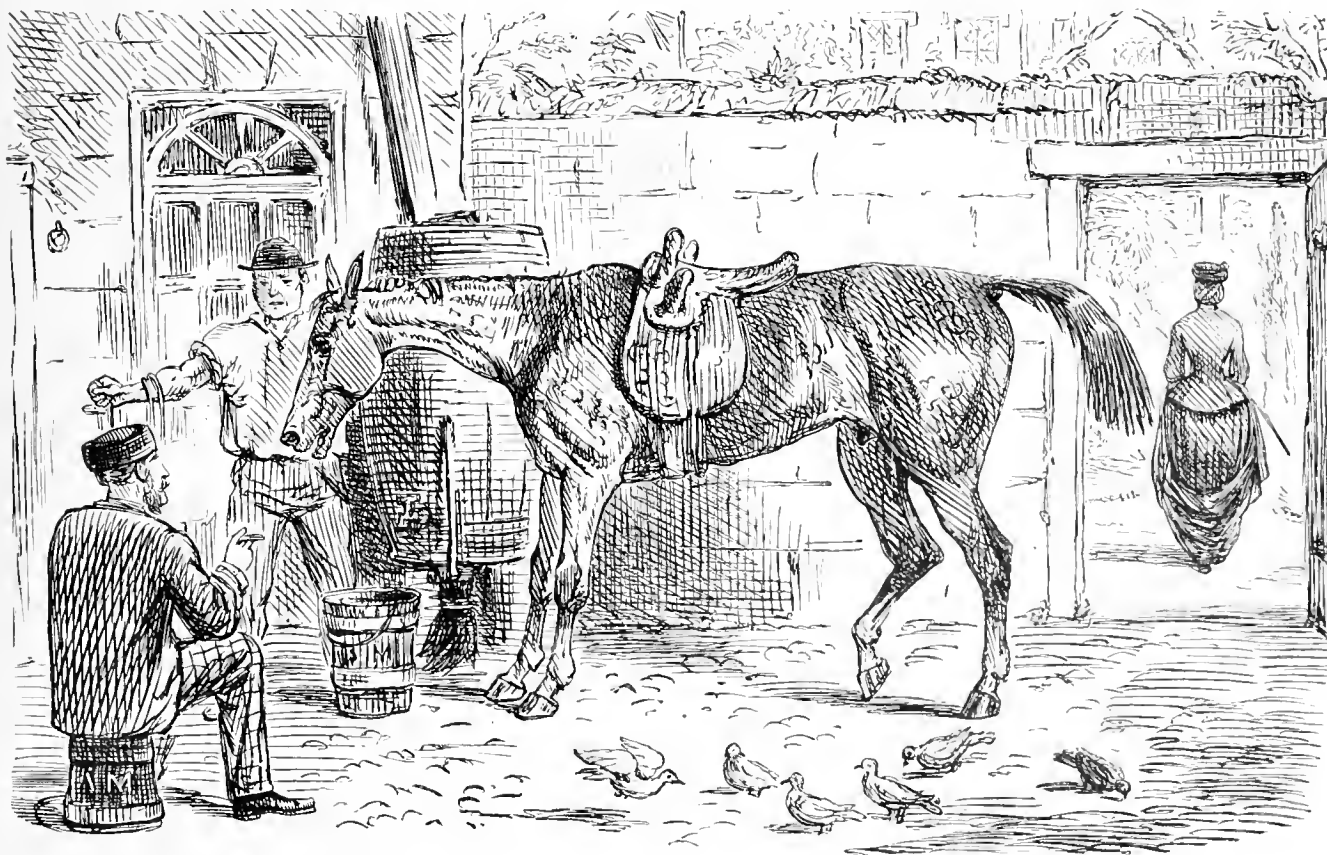
COMFORTABLE QUARTERS

THE HOUR BEFORE DINNER—NOT THE WORST PART OF A DAY'S HUNTING.



AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

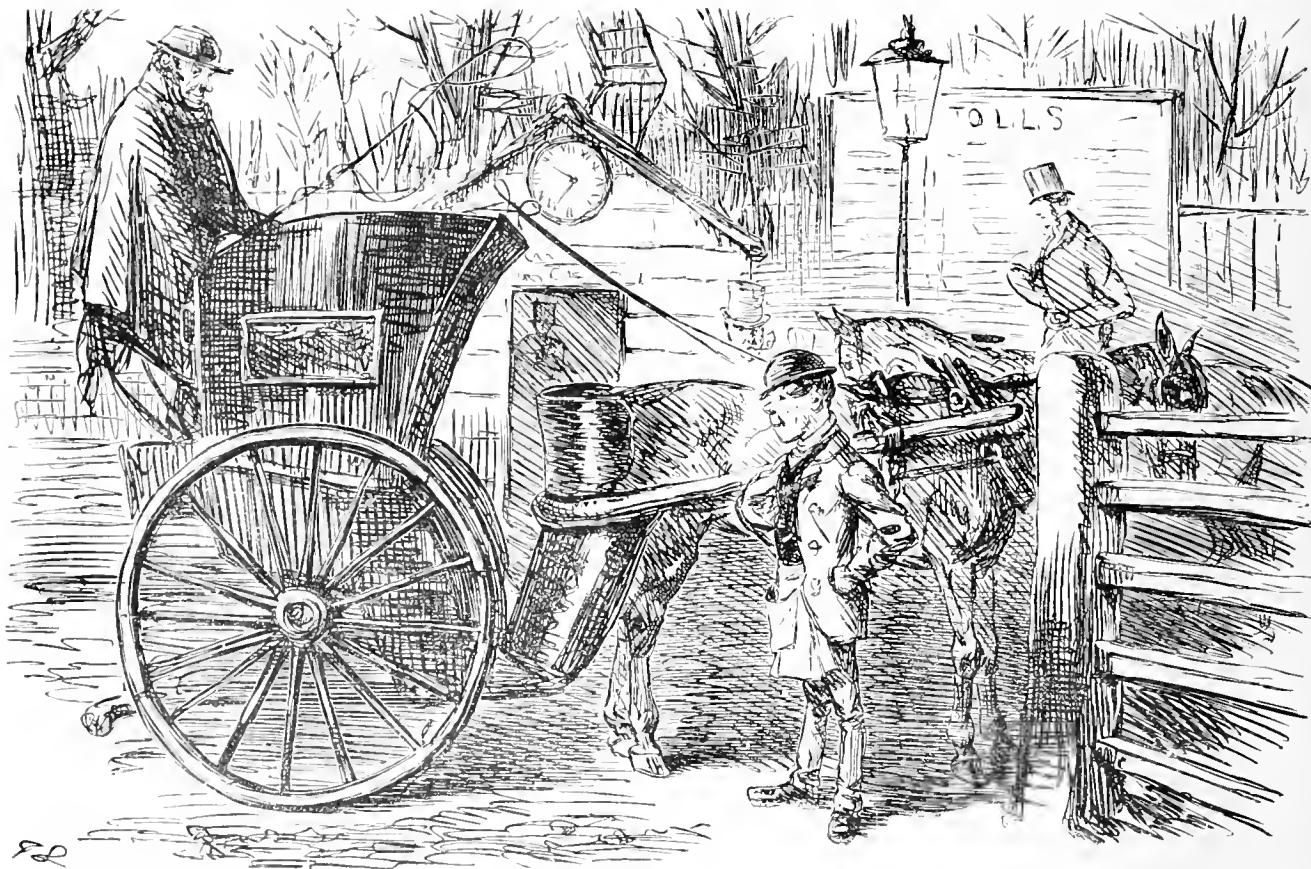
DELIGHT OF THE HON. TOM RASPER (WHO HAS PROMISED HIMSELF A DAY WITH THE PYCHLEY), ON FINDING THAT THE DOX WITH HIS HUNTER HAS BEEN LEFT AT OOWLEIGH STATION, WHILE A FINE YOUNG BULL, INTENDED FOR THAT PLACE, HAS BEEN BROUGHT ON TO—HAREBOROUGH, SHALL WE SAY?



A FACT.

Groom, "YE SEE, SIR! THE LADIES KNOCKS 'OSSSES ABOUT SO! THEY GETS UPON A 'OSS, SIR, AND THEY SAYS, 'MY EYES! HE'S A 'OSS, AND HE MUST GO!'"

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



THE TOLL-BAR NUISANCE.

Cabby (to impudent Boy at Gate) "AH! YOU ALWAYS HAVE BEEN A SAUCY YOUNG DOG; BUT YOU'RE GOING TO BE DONE AWAY WITH, THAT'S ONE COMFORT—AND YOU CAN'T GROW INTO A TURNPIKE MAN!"



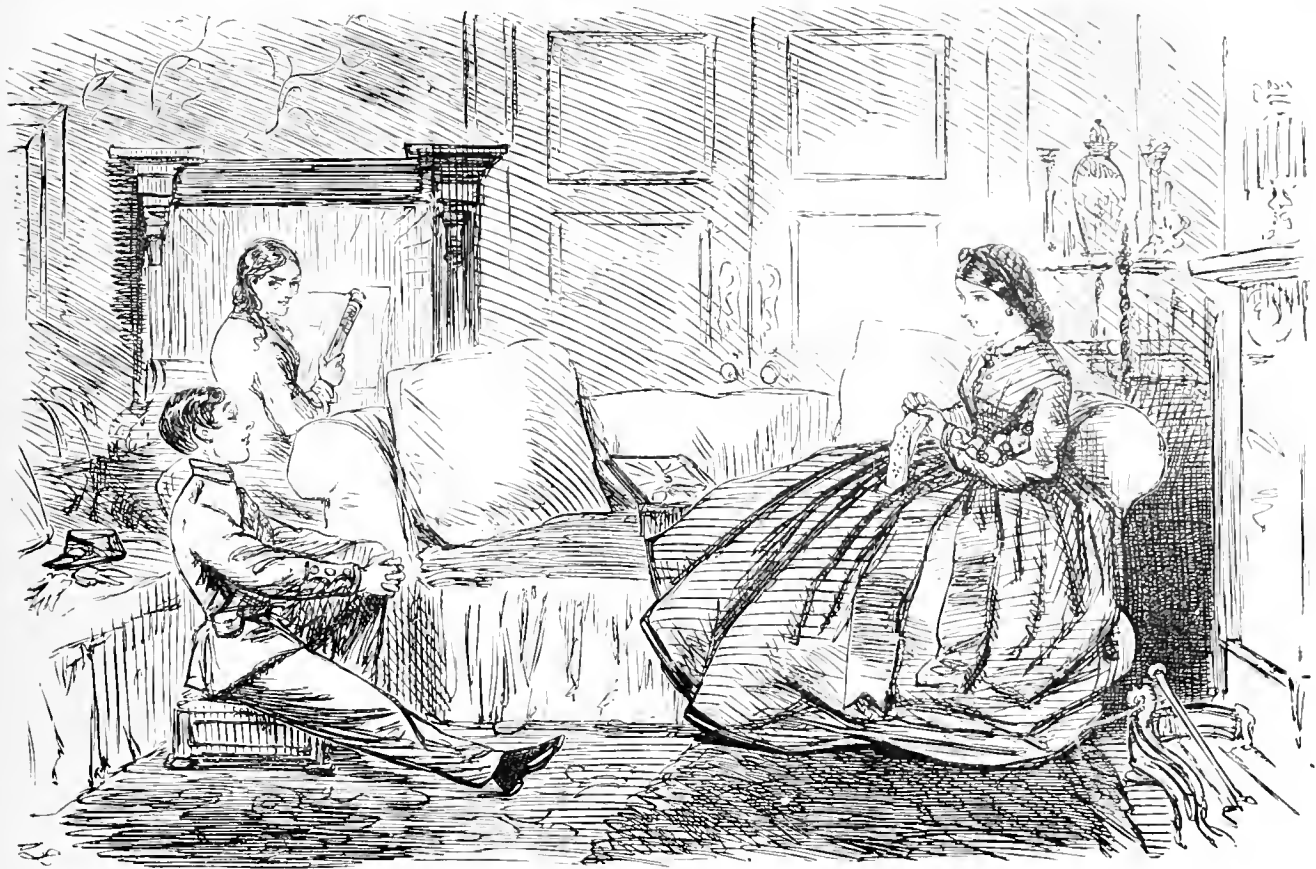
LA MODE.

Rude Boy OH IF ERE AINT A GAL BEEN AND PUT ON A DUSTMAN'S 'AT I'



EFFECT OF STOPPING THE GROC.

COME ALONG, JACK, MY HEARTY; NOTHING LIKE LAYING UP FOR A RAINY DAY"



FLATTERING PROPOSAL.

Volunteer. "I SAY, LUCY, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE VIVANDIERES IN OUR CORPS. NOW, IF YOU LIKE, I'LL APPOINT YOU TO ATTEND UPON ME!"



A SERIOUS COMPLAINT.

Col. "NO, SIR! YOU CAN'T HAVE FOUR IN YOUR HUT!—WHIST, INDEED!"

Lieut. "VERY HARD! THEN, WE MUST PLAY DUMMY!"



A GENT AT COST PRICE.



A CAPITAL FINISH.

Excited but rather behind-hand Party. "NOW, THEN, MY MAN, HAVE YOU SEEN 'EM? WHICH WAY HAVE THEY OONE?"
Man. "ALL RIGHT, SIR THEY'RE DOWN 'ERE; FOX AN' 'OUNDS IS JUST RUN INTO TH'INFANT SCHOOL!"



OUR FOREIGN VISITORS.

WHATEVER MAY BE A FRENCHMAN'S OBJECTS, HE AT LEAST KNOWS HOW TO DRESS—AND ISN'T THE HAT HE WEARS A SWEET THING?



AN ORDER WE HOPE TO SEE ISSUED.

"THE POLICE HAVE STRICT ORDERS TO BONNET, PUT IN A SACK, AND LOCK UP ALL URCHINS WHO DISTURB THE PEACE OF THE METROPOLIS BY SCREAMING OUT 'DIXIE'S LAND.'"



EFFECT OF SIXPENCE A MILE.

Cabby. "WELL! WE AIN'T ALLOWED TO SAY MUCH, BUT I'M THINKING
A DOOSE OF A LOT!"



OCULAR DEMONSTRATION.

Gent. "OH, AH! AND WHAT DO YOU FEED THE HORSES ON?"
Driver. "BUTTER-TUBS—DON'T YER SEE THE HOOPS?"



THE CARTE DE VISITE.

Gent (in Photographic Studio). "A—LOOK 'ERE, YOU KNOW, MISTER, I DON'T WANT MY CART PUBLISHED, YOU KNOW, BUT IF ANY NICE GAL OR LADY OF
RANK SHOULD WANT A COPY, WHY, YOU CAN SELL IT HER, YOU KNOW!"



AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

Monthly Nurse. "BUT I CAN'T FIND MY BOX, SIR!"

Paterfamilias (furious). "CONFOUND YOUR BOX! YOU MUST GET IN AND LEAVE IT, AND WE'LL TELEGRAPH FOR IT.—COME! THE TRAIN'S STARTING!"

Monthly Nurse. "OH YES, SIR, THAT'S ALL VERY WELL ONLY I THOUGHT AS MY BOX HAS GOT ALL YOUR PLATE AND LINEN IN IT," &c., &c., &c.



VERY CAREFUL.

Economical Peer (with feelings). "GOOD GRACIOUS, THOMPSON! HAVEN'T YOU MEN GOT AN UMBRELLA OUTSIDE?"

Thompson. "NO, MY LORD!"

Peer. "DEAR! DEAR! DEAR—THEN GIVE ME THOSE NEW HATS INSIDE!"



AN X-CELLENT NOTION.

PROPOSED NEW UNIFORM FOR THE POLICE.



NOT SO BAD AS HE SEEMS.

Country Friend (apropos of Cockney Ditto). "UPON MY WORD, THOMAS, IF I THOUGHT HE HAD BEEN SO DANGEROUS, I WOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT HIM CUT"
Keeper. "WELL, HE DU SHOOT A LEETLE WILD, SIR—BUT IT AINT O' MUCH CONSEQUENCE—I LOAD FOR UN—AND I DON'T PUT NO SHOT IN!"



CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

Master G. D'Rilla "DEAW! HDW SHOCK'NO! THERE'S ANOTHER GOOD FELLAH DONE FOR!"

Cousins. "WHY, WHAT HAS HAPPENED, GUS?"

Gus. "HAPPENED! WHY, CHARLEY BAGSHOT GONE MARRIED!"



NOT SO EASY.

Voices in the Wood. "NOW THEN, GET ON IN FRONT!"



THE BEACH.—A SKETCH



WARM WEATHER.



WALTZING OF THE PERIOD.

THE LADY HONORIA D —, AS SHE APPEARED TAKING LEAVE OF HER MAMMA, PREVIOUS TO GOING INTO ACTION !



THE LADY HONORIA AS SHE APPEARED WHEN THE ENGAGEMENT WAS OVER !



GOING THROUGH THE ALPHABET.

WITH A PARDONABLE VANITY, TOMKINS, WHO HAS JUST JOINED HIS RIFLE CORPS, INVITES ARABELLA (TO WHOM HE IS ENGAGED) AND HER SISTER TO SEE HIM DRILLED. EVERYTHING MUST HAVE A BEGINNING, AND HE IS PUT THROUGH THE "GOOSE STEP" BEFORE THE NOT-ADMIRING EYES OF HIS DARLING.



DECIDEDLY.

Small Swell. "MOST CURIOUS ROW THEY'RE KICKING UP ABOUT EQUESTRIANS IN KENSINGTON GARDENS! WHY THEY OUGHT TO BE DEVOTED GLAD OF ANYTHING THAT ADDS TO THE BEAUTY OF THE PLACE—MY 'PINION.'"



ANOTHER PRETTY LITTLE AMERICANISM.

Englishman (to Fair New-Yorker). "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF DANCING WITH YOU!"

Darling. "I GUESS YOU MAY—FOR I CALCULATE THAT IF I SIT MUCH LONGER HERE, I SHALL BE TAKING ROOT!"



THE COSTERMONGER AS HE IS.

AND

AS HE MIGHT BE.

Coster (with hideous yell). "YA! HO!—CAULIFLOWERS—HO!"

Coster (blandly and politely). "CAULIFLOWER, MA'AM. YES, MA'AM! IS THERE ANY OTHER ARTICLE?"



THE ENGAGED ONES.

"LAW! CHARLES! ISN'T THERE A GREAT BLACK ON MY NOSE?"



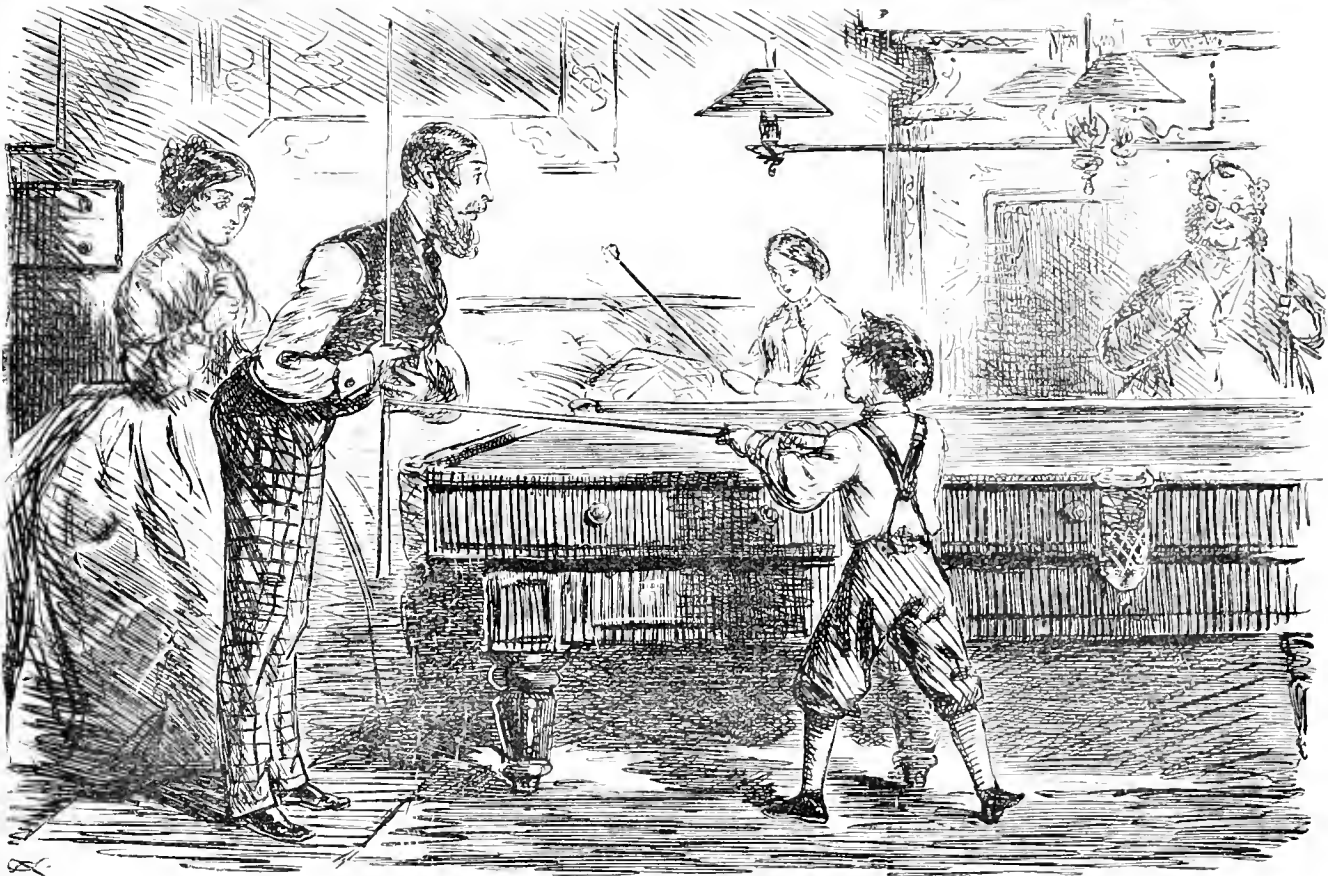
A SUBJECT FOR CHARITY.

FEARFUL POSITION OF AN OLD LADY FROM THE COUNTRY, WHOM LOW IMPUGNANT LITTLE BOYS WILL TUMBLE BEFORE ALL THE WAY FROM THE STRAND TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



A PRELIMINARY CANTER.

"COME, TOMPKINS, YOU'VE BEEN TITTUPPING UP AND DOWN THE PARADE FOR THE LAST HOUR AND FORTY MINUTES. IF YOU'RE GOING OUT HUNTING, YOU HAD BETTER GO."



BILLIARDS.

Frank (to Captain Brother, poking him in the ribs with a cue). "OH, COME, TOM, THAT WAS A FLUKE—A BEASTLY FLUKE!"

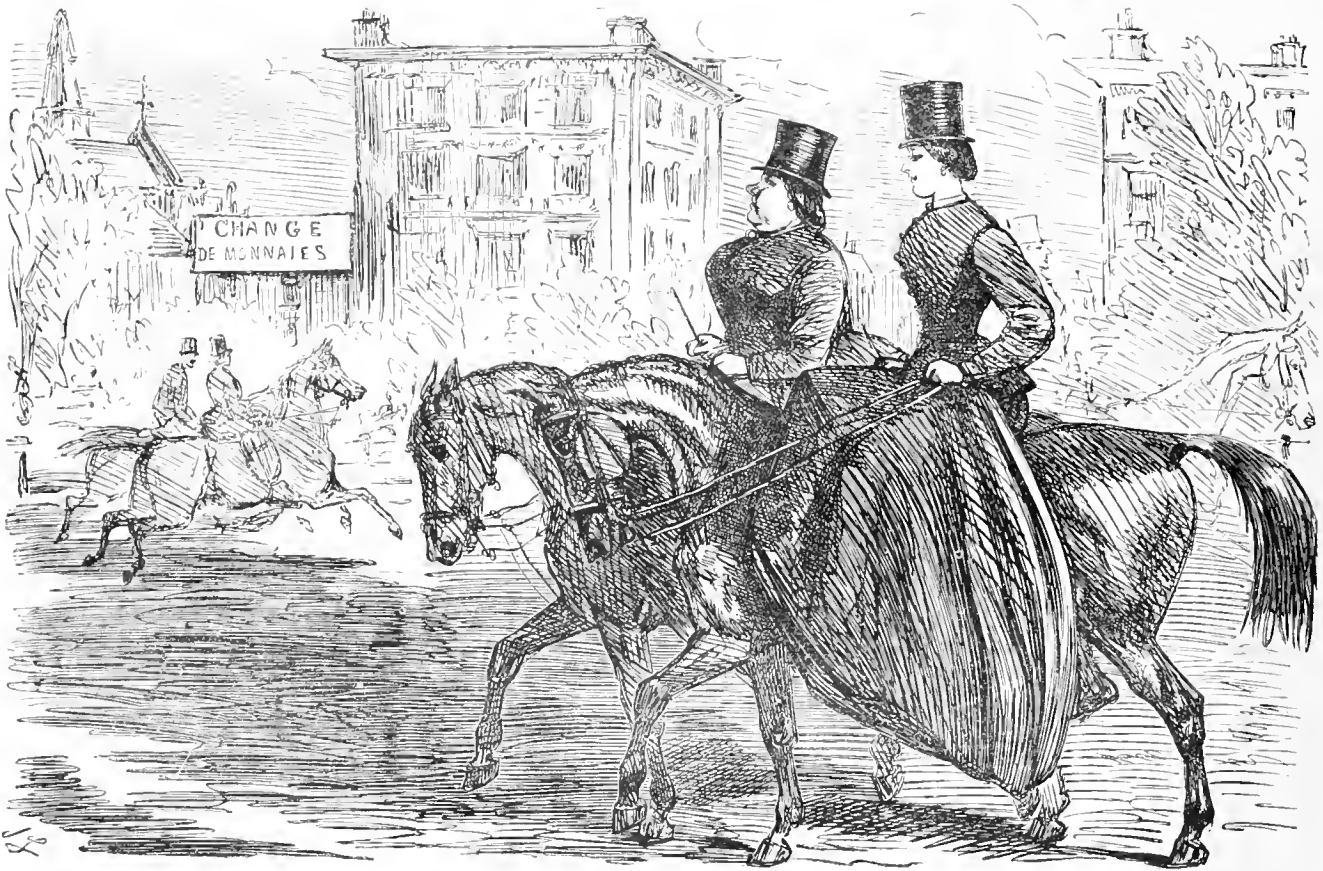
[N.B. The Captain having scored very neatly.]



SERVANTGALISM, &c.—No. XV.

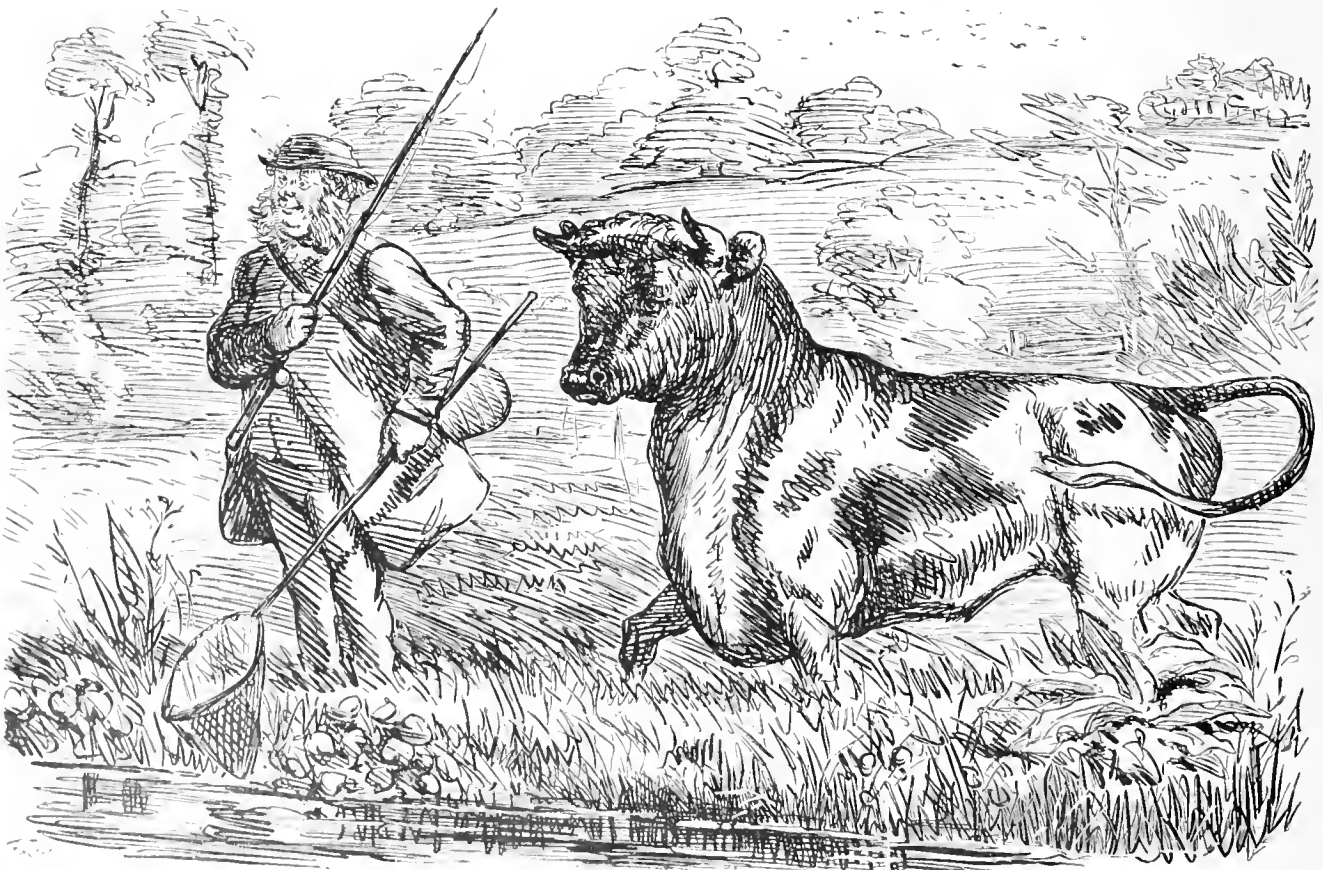
Lady. "INDEED, SMITH, I CANNOT BEAR THE LAUGHING AND NOISE DOWNSTAIRS—IT IS QUITE INTOLERABLE!"

Cook. "WELL, MAM! SOMETHING MUST BE DONE TO DEADEN THE SOUND; FOR THE NOISE UPSTAIRS IS EQUALLY ANNOYING TO HUS!"



GROUNDLESS ALARM.

Stout Equestrian. 'DO YOU KNOW, LOVE, I'M RATHER SORRY I GOT THIS HAT; FOR SUPPOSE I SHOULD BE TAKEN FOR A PRETTY HORSEBREAKER!'



FLY-FISHING.

Piscator. "NOW THEN! I THINK I SHALL GET A RISE HERE!"



AWFUL APPARITION!

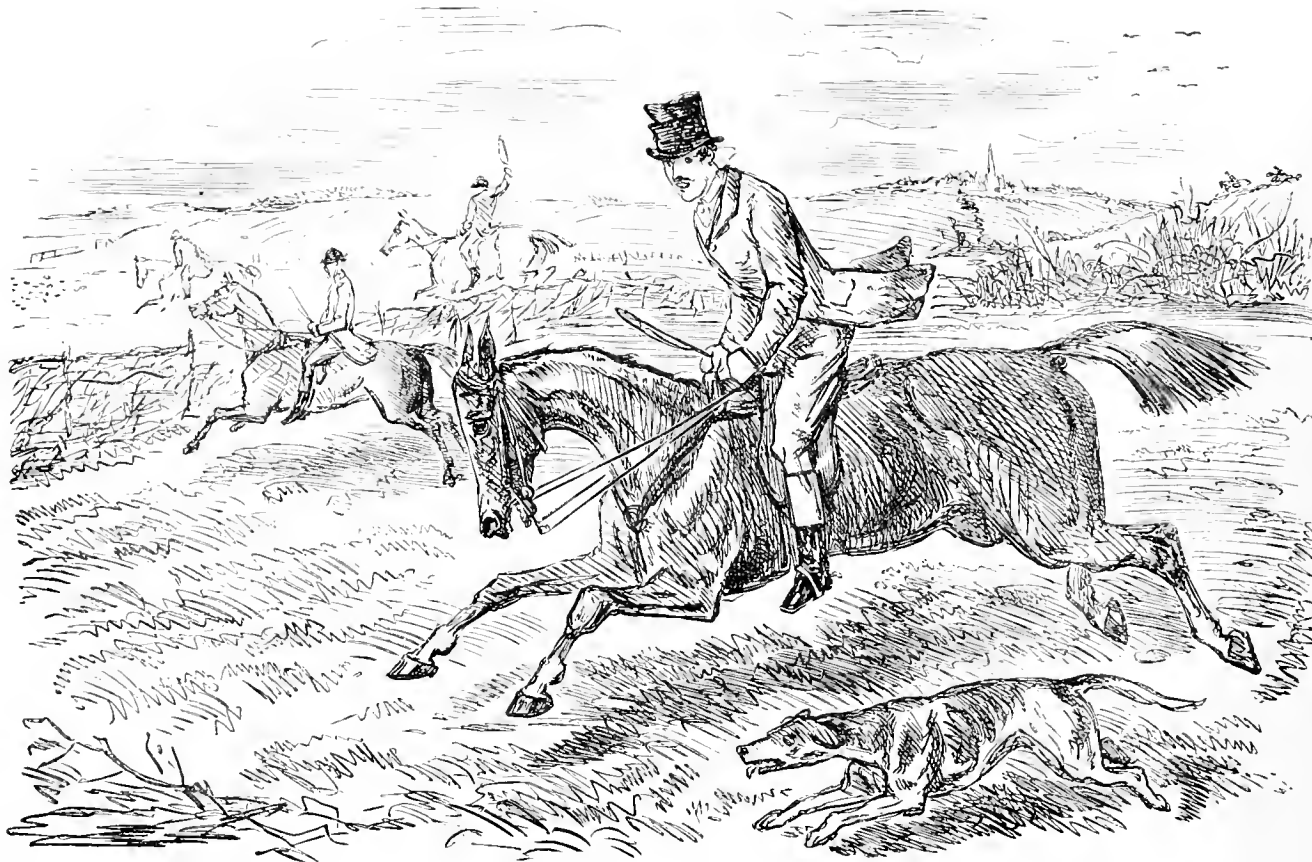
Mrs. T. (to T., who has been reading the popular novel). "PRAY, MR. TOMKINS, ARE YOU NEVER COMING UP-STAIRS? HOW MUCH LONGER ARE YOU GOING TO SIT UP WITH THAT 'WOMAN IN WHITE'?"



PHILOSOPHY IN SPORT.

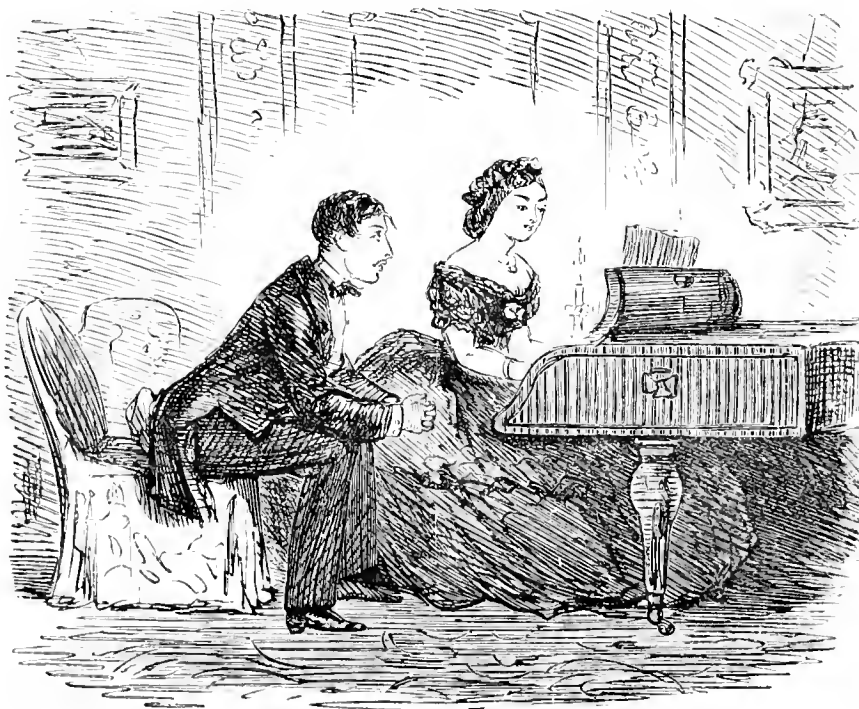
Noble Swell (in scarlet). "HARK! BY JOVE, THAT'S A FIND!"

Party (in black). "COURSE IT IS, MY LORD! JUST THE WAY WITH THEM GOUNDS. DRAW—DRAW—DRAW—ALL THE MORNING, AND THEN DROP ON A FOX JUST AS VUN'S 'AVIN' VUN'S LUNCH!"



EFFECTS OF THE WEATHER ON A SENSITIVE PLANT.—No. 1.

YOUNG NIMROD AS HE APPEARED BEFORE THE FROST—PERFECTLY DISENGAGED!



No. II.

YOUNG OTTO, AFTER FOUR WEEKS' FROST IN A COUNTRY HOUSE—MOST PARTICULARLY ENGAGED!



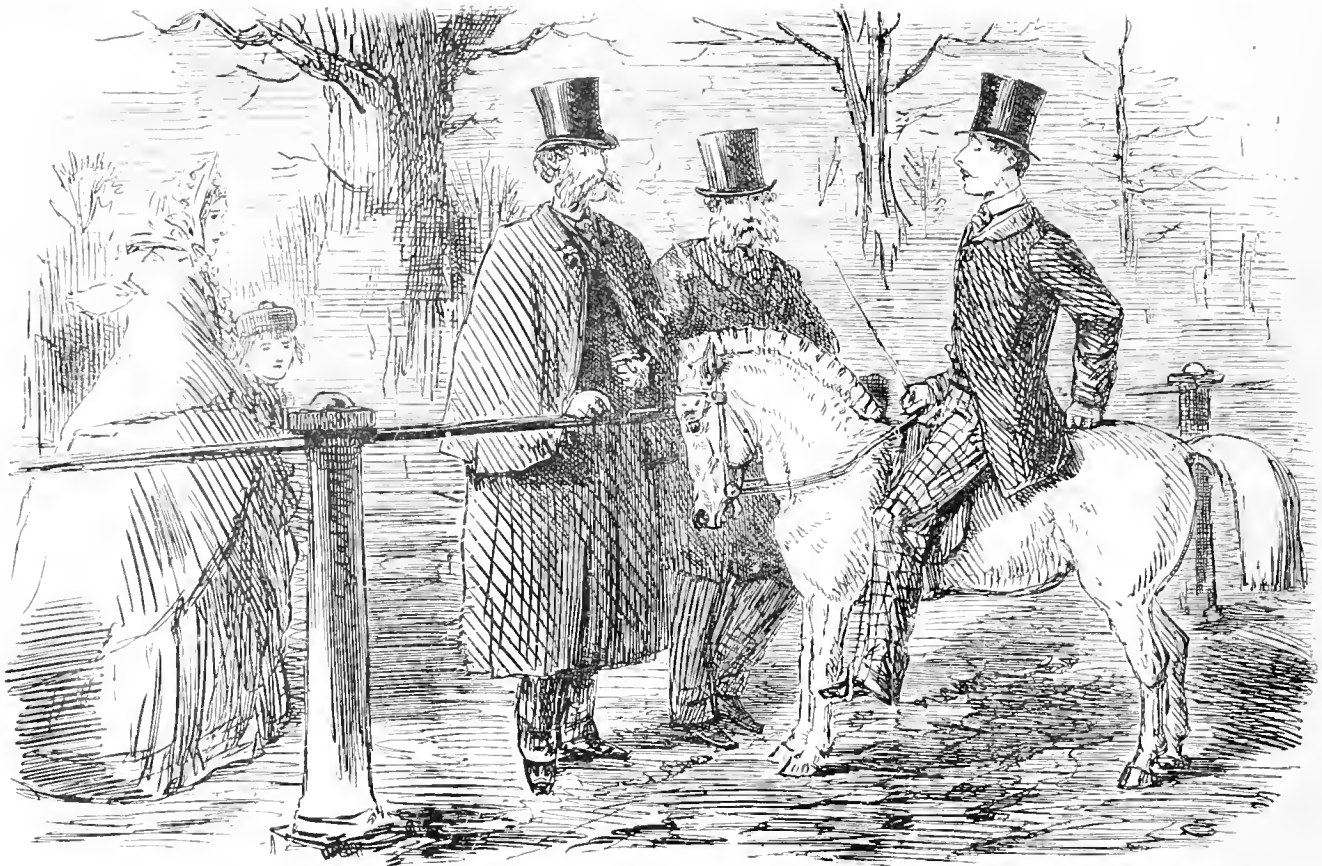
A LITTLE FAMILY BREEZE.

Mrs. T. "WHAT A WRETCH YOU MUST BE, T.! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ME OFF? DON'T YOU SEE I'M OVERTOOK WITH THE TIDE, AND I SHALL BE DROWNED!"
T. "WELL, THEN—WILL YOU PROMISE NOT TO KICK UP SUCH A ROW WHEN I STOP OUT LATE OF A SATURDAY?"



INFLUENCE OF THE RAILWAY ON THE RHINE.

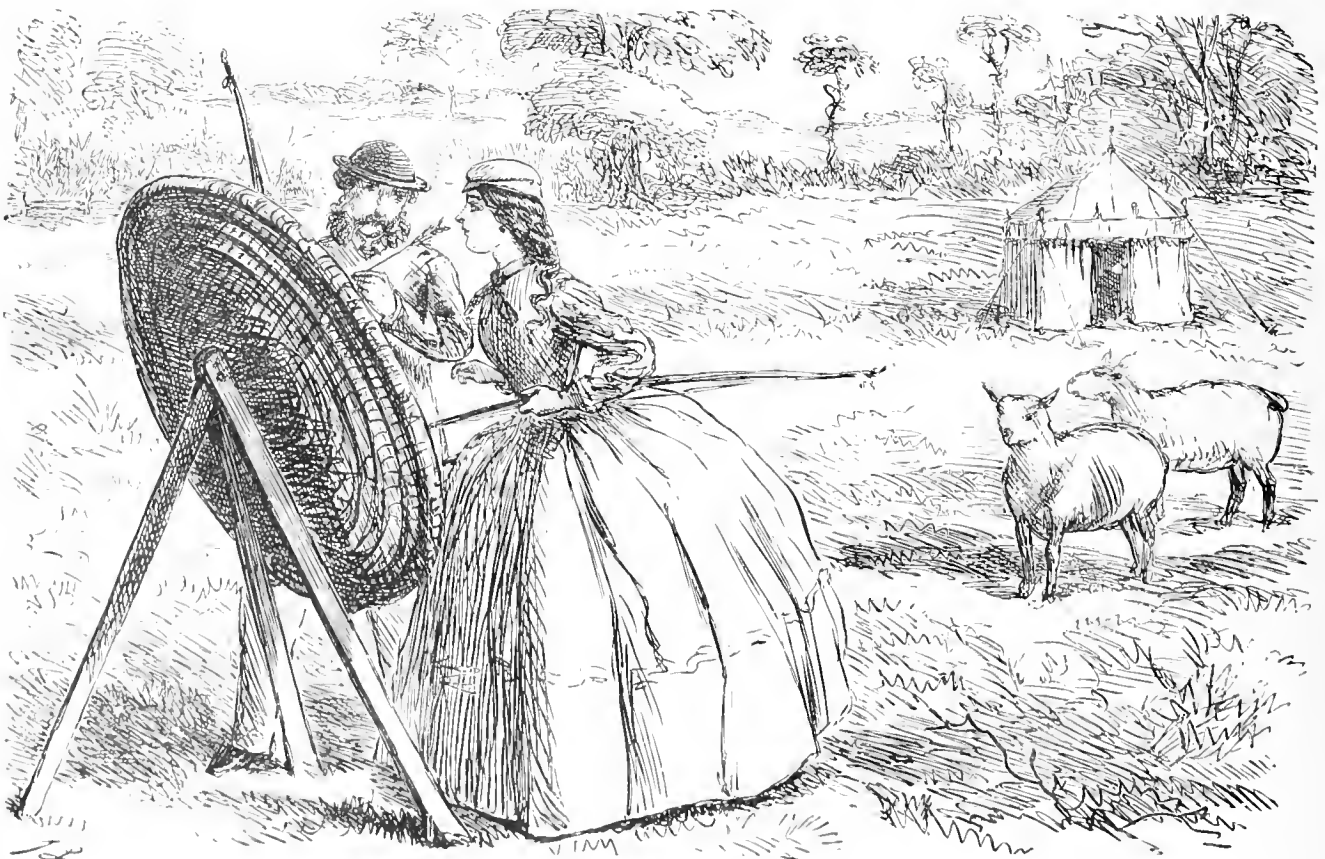
Emily. "DO LOOK HERE, ARTHUR DEAR—SUCH A LOVELY VIEW, AND SOME MORE SUCH BEAUTIFUL CASTLES!" [Arthur gives a prolonged grunt and snore.]



A MAN OF IDEAS.

Augustus "HAW! NEAT STYLE OF COB THAT, CHARLES!"

Charles. "YAAS! SEVERE AIN'T IT? YOU SEE I'M WEADING FOR EXAMINATION. A'VE GOT A DOOCED GOOD COACH, AND WITH CLASSICAL PONY THINK A SHALL PULL THROUGH!"



PRACTISING FOR A MATCH.

Leonora "DEAR, DEAR! HOW THE ARROW STICKS!"

Captain Blank (with a sigh of the deepest) "IT DOES, INOCEED!"



HAIR-DRESSING NOWADAYS.

Lady (looking at her watch). "DEAR ME, I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS SO LATE. I THINK, PERHAPS, PARKER, YOU HAD BETTER GO AND DRESS THE YOUNG LADIES' HAIR."
Parker. "OH, MAM, I DID THAT THIS MORNING, AND IT'S ON THE DRESSING-TABLE READY TO BE PINNED ON!"



FEMININE RIVALRY.

Hard-riding Young Lady "CUT MISS GEORGINA DOWN THAT TIME, I FANCY, AND HAVE GOT INTO THE SAME FIELD WITH GUS!"



FITTING HOSPITALITY.

LITTLE TOM NODDY, WHO IS STILL FOND OF HUNTING, HAS A DAY WITH HIS FRIEND HOLLYOAK, WHO NOT ONLY MOUNTS HIM, BUT RIGS HIM UP IN A SUIT OF CLOTHES THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MADE FOR HIM.



A DUET UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Emily (sotto voce). "MY GODDESS, EDITH, WHAT SHALL I DO?—MY NOSE ITCHES SO DREADFULLY, AND WE ARE COMING TO THE MOST DIFFICULT PART."



A FLAGRANT ATTEMPT.

JONES PREPARES A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR HIS MARY ANN, AND HAS HIS EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT TAKEN. HE REMARKS, "TANG IT. YOU KNOW, IF I DO HAVE MY CARTE DONE, I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULDN'T 'AVE MY 'ORSE!"



USEFUL AT LAST.

THE MODERN GOVERNESS—A YOUNG LADY'S IDEA OF THE USE OF CRINOLINE.



VERY MUCH ALIVE.

DISCOMFITUDE OF OLD MR. J—N—S. WHO, ON VISITING A PRIVATE COLLECTION, MISTAKES "PETER," THE GREAT HORNED OWL, FOR A STUFFED CAT.



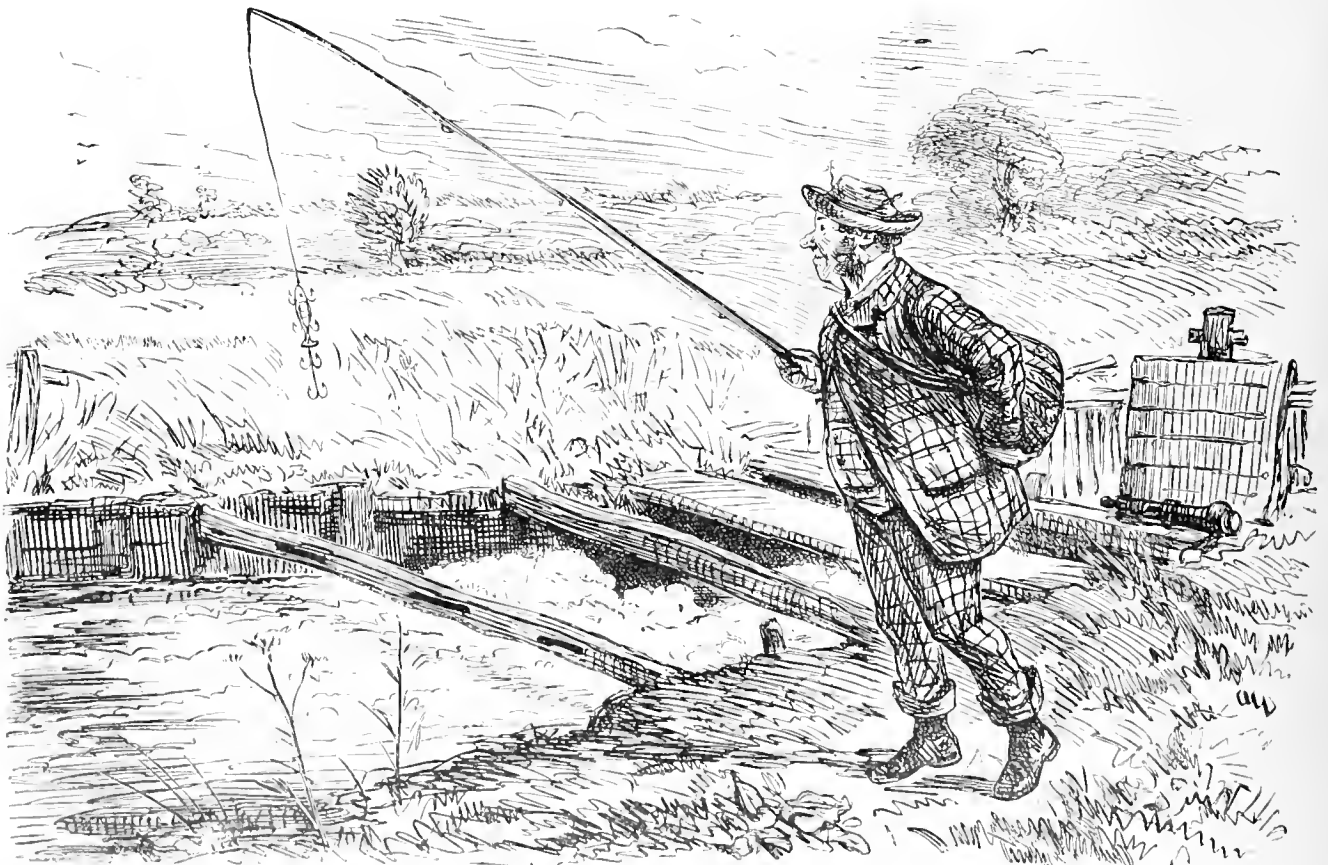
PROGRESS OF CIVILISATION.

Ramoneur on Donkey. "FITCH US OUT ANOTHER PEN'NORTH O' STRAWBERRY ICE, WITH A DOLLOP OF LEMON WATER IN IT."



WHAT NEXT?

THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT (?) IN GUARDS' OAPS.



A LIKELY BAIT.

Piscator. "OHO! THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE THE BIG TROUT ARE, IS IT? THEN THIS IS THE SORT OF FLY, I THINK!"



NOTHING LIKE DOING IT THOROUGHLY.

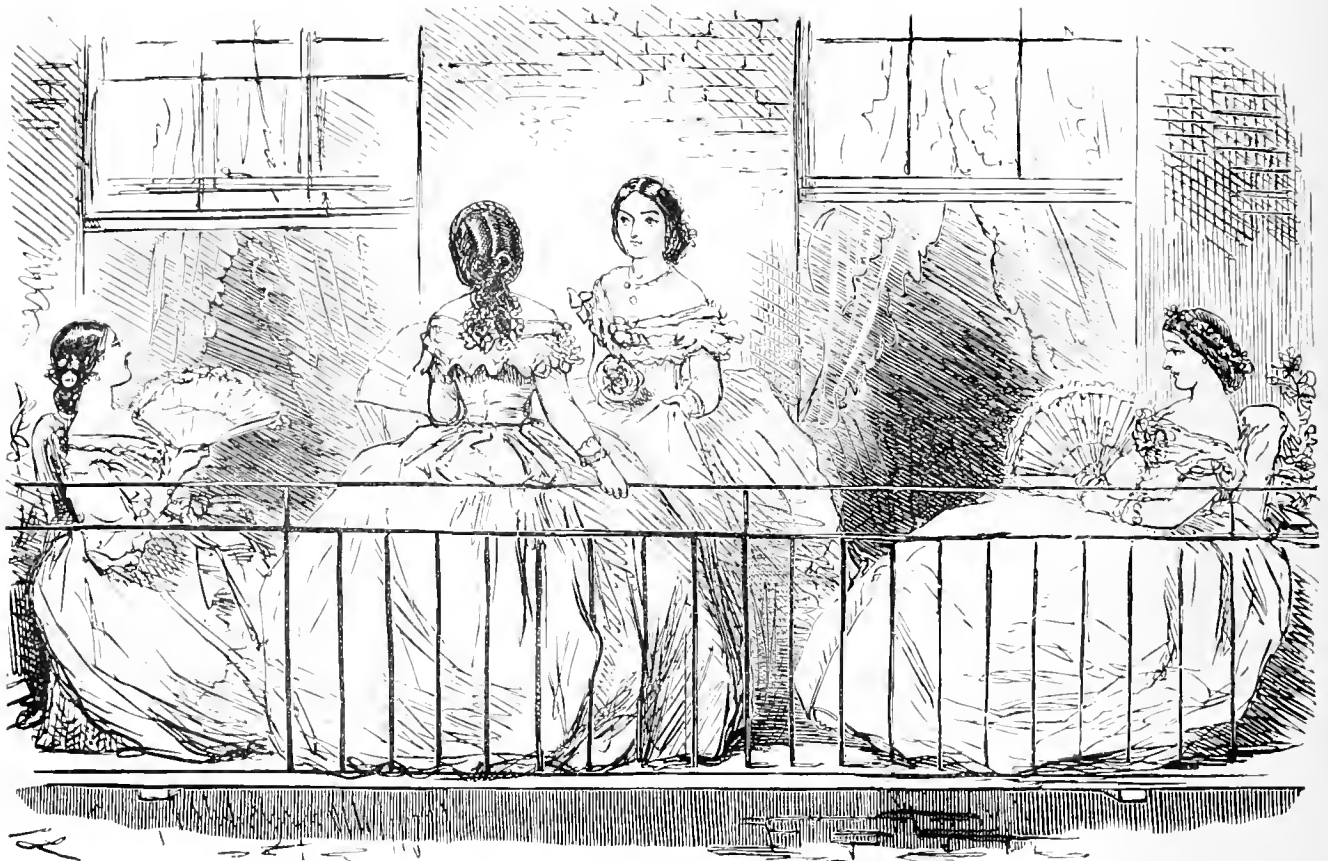
Mrs. Buncher Greens. "OONT TALK TO ME ABOUT GOING TO HEPSOM; IT AINT A FIT PLACE FOR FEMALES. GIVE ME HASGOT, IN YER OWN CARRIDGE."

Mr. B. G. "WELL, I TELL YER WHAT IT IS, SARER—YOU MUST TRIM THE BARRER A BIT, OR YOU'LL NEVER BE IN TIME FOR THE CUP!"



YET ANOTHER AMERICANISM.

"HERE, MARIA, HOLD MY CLOAK WHILE I HAVE A FLING WITH STRANGER!"



"OH, THAT I WERE IN THAT BALCONY!"

WISH EXPRESSED BY LITTLE TOM TIT, AS HE WALKED IN THE TIGHTEST OF BOOTS, ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET.





TO BE PITIED.

Youth. "WHAT! NO SMOKING CARRIAGE! WHY, WHAT'S A FELLAH TO DO FOR THREE HOURS?"



ACROSS COUNTRY.

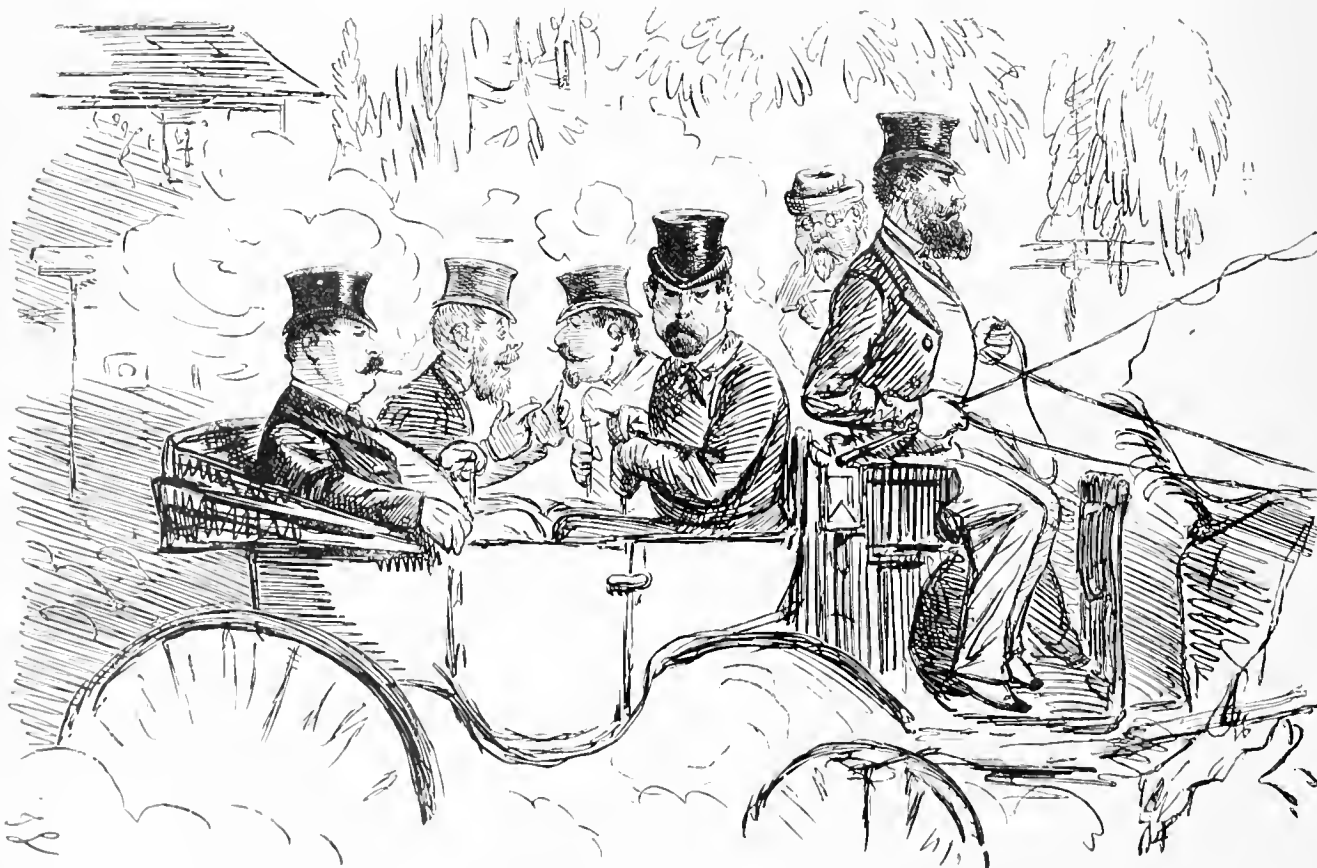
Papa. "LUCY! HERE! HERE'S A GATE!"

Lucy. "ALL RIGHT, PAPA, DEAR, YOU GO THROUGH THE GATE. I THINK 'CRUSADER' PREFERS THE FENCE."



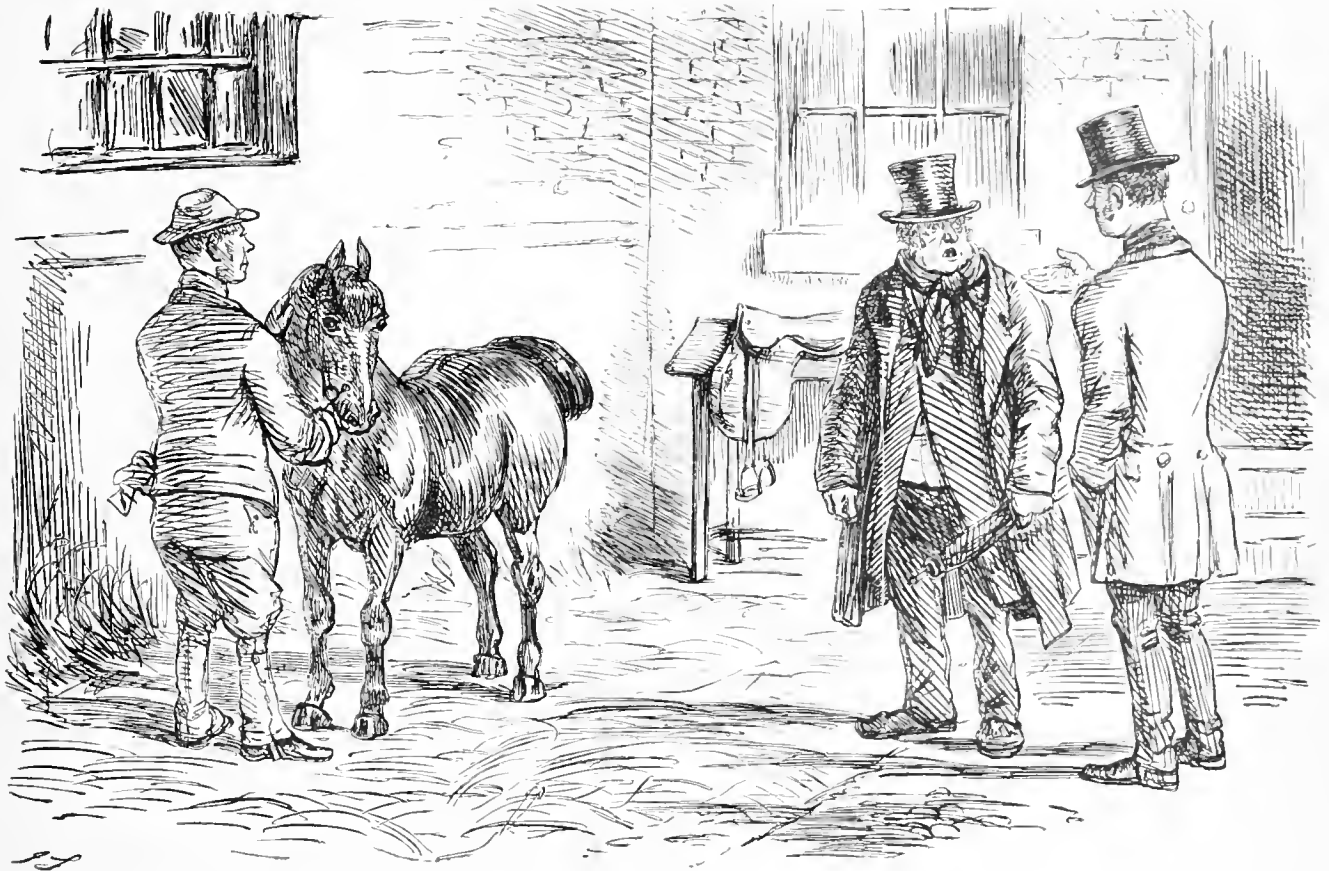
HOW TO CLEAR A CARRIAGE FOR A CIGAR.

Ferocious Looking Passenger (to Old Gent, who objects to Smoking). "THAT'S A PRETTY KNIFE; AIN'T IT? THAT'S THE SORT O' THING WE USE IN CALIFORNIA! JOLLY THING TO STICK INTO A FELLOW, EH?" [OLD GENT fears his Companion is not "quite right," and changes his Carriage at the next Station.



SOME MORE FOREIGN VISITORS.

WHO CAN THEY BE? CAN THEY BE "MOSSOOS" GOING TO MAKE A PROMENADE TO RICHMOND!



THE VERY THING.

Dealer (to Nervous Rider). "QUIET! THERE NOW! HE'S A COB AS YOU MAY JUST CHUCK YER LEG OVER, AND SPRING A RATTLE, OR FIRE OFF PISTOLS BY THE HOUR TOGETHER, AND HE WON'T TAKE NO NOTICE!"



HOLIDAYS AT HOME.

GRAND NURSERY STEEPLE-CHACE.—Steward, Clerk of the Course, &c., &c., MASTER TOM



SOMETHING LIKE AN INDUCEMENT.

OUR FRIEND, BRIGGS, RECEIVES A PRESSING INVITATION TO COME OVER AGAIN TO IRELAND DURING THE HUNTING SEASON, AND HAVE A WEEK WITH THE GALWAY BLAZERS!

[MR. B. says he should like it extremely, as he has never ridden in a stone-wall country.]



DUST HO! THE LONG DRESS NUISANCE.

(WE CAN ASSURE THE DARLINGS IT BY NO MEANS IMPROVES THEIR DEAR LITTLE ANKLES.)



THE VULPECIDE.—BASE INDEED!

Fox-Hunter. "THERE, DO YOU SEE THAT FELLOW?—WELL! TO MY CERTAIN KNOWLEDGE, HE HAS DESTROYED TWO FOXES—AND YET HE WALKS ABOUT WITH A HYMN-BOOK UNDER HIS ARM!"



A STEEPLE-CHACE STUDY.

Ossy and very talkative Party (who is not going to ride, however). "CALL THAT A FENCE! WHY, ME AND MY LITTLE PONY WOULD 'OP OVER IT LIKE A BIRD!"



A LITTLE RAILWAY DRAMA.

(Passenger in Train, who naturally objects to having a nasty, odoriferous, useless pet dog in the carriage, suggests to the Guard that the animal should be put in the Van.)

Stupid Old Lady (dashing out of the carriage). "DID IT, THEN, A DARLING! A PRETTY SWEET!—DID IT GET INTO A CARRIAGE WITH A BREE-UTE?"

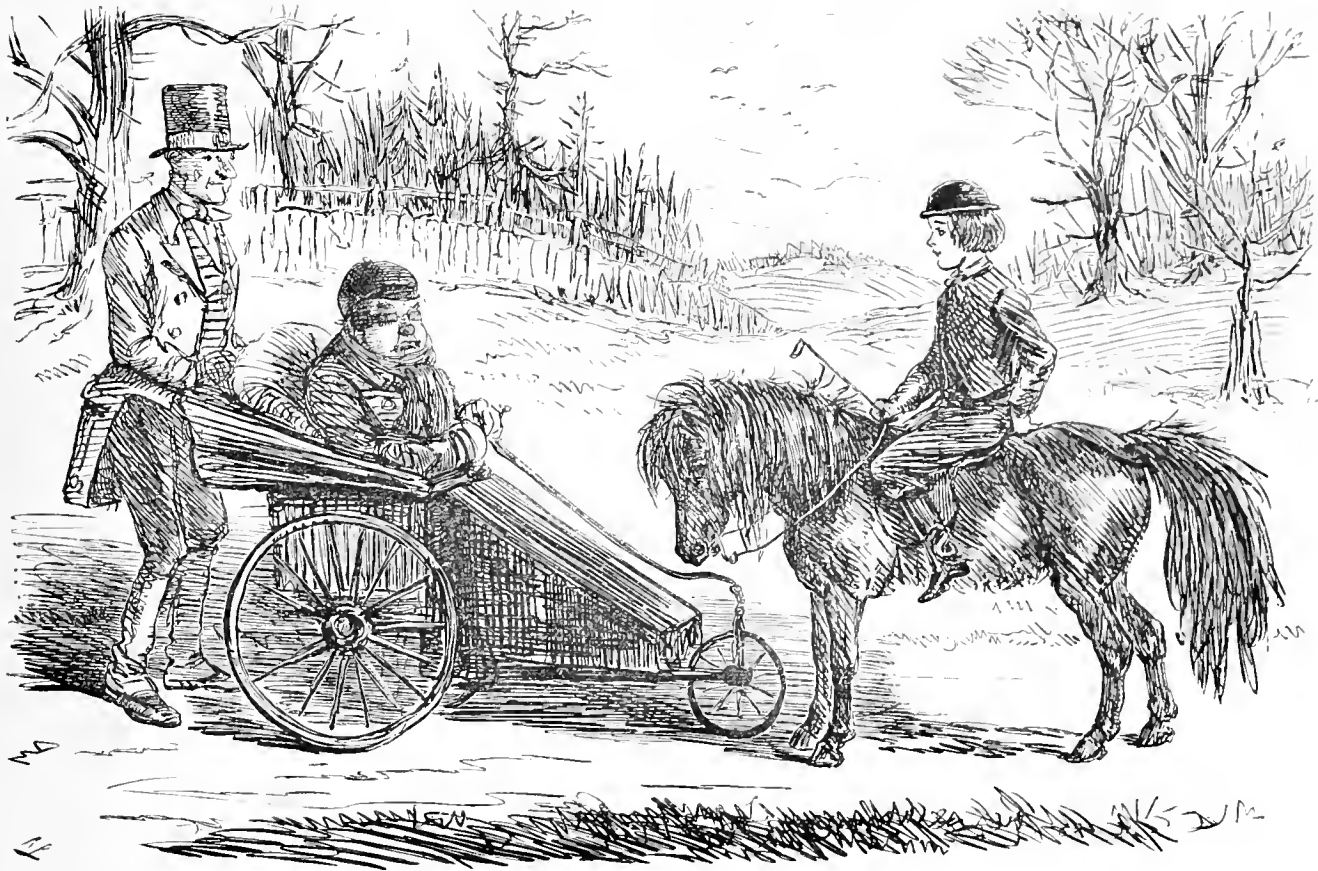


A WATERING-PLACE PLEASURE.

THIS IS THE EIGHTEENTH OLD FISH-FAG WHO HAS SCREAMED AND SHRIEKED, BUT BY NO MEANS THE LAST WHO WILL SHRIEK AND SCREAM, UNDER POOR OLD MR TOMKINS'S WINDOW.

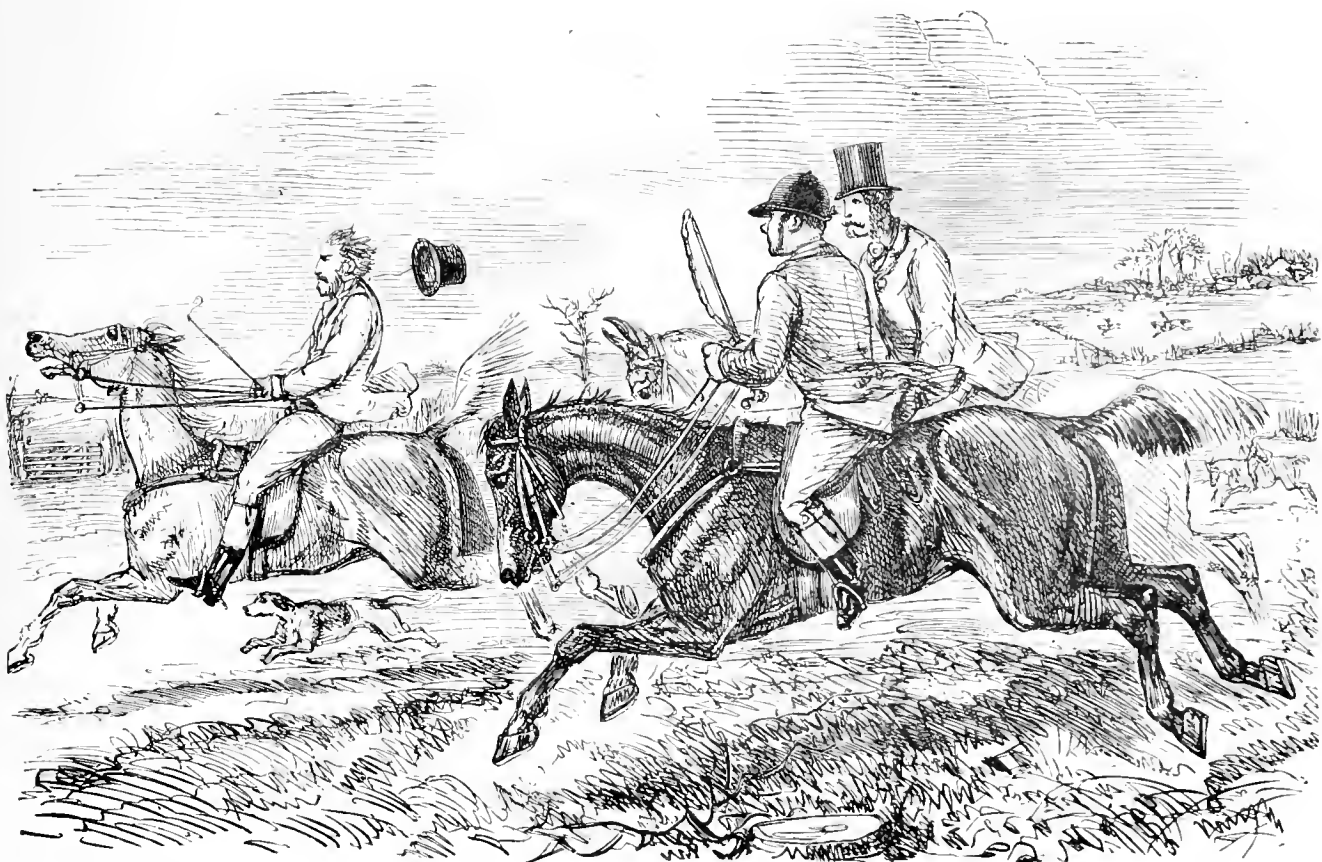


SOAP-BUBBLES!



ADVICE GRATIS.

Young Hopeful (to Old Indian, whose digestion isn't first-rate). "I TELL YOU WHAT, UNCLE, I'D RECOMMEND YOU TO GO WITH ME ACROSS COUNTRY THREE TIMES A WEEK. IT WOULD SOON PUT YOU TO-RIGHTS!"



A KNOWING ANIMAL.

"THE CHESTNUT HAS SURELY BOLTED, JOE?"

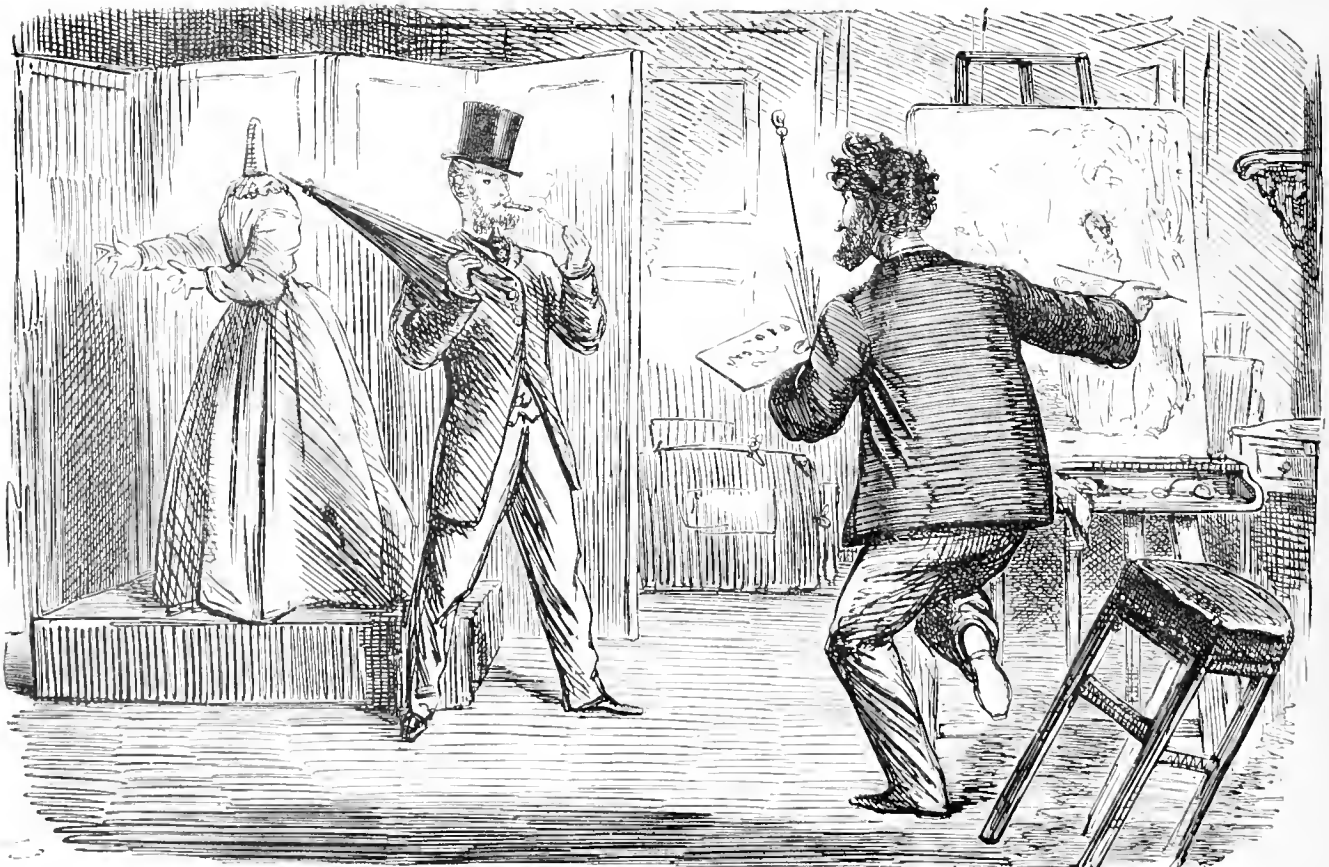
"AY! AY! SIR, HE B'LONGED TO A COSSACK IN THE CRIMEA, AND THERE AINT NO HOLDING OF HIM WITH BRITISH CAVALRY IN HIS REAR."



A MAN OF DISCRIMINATION.

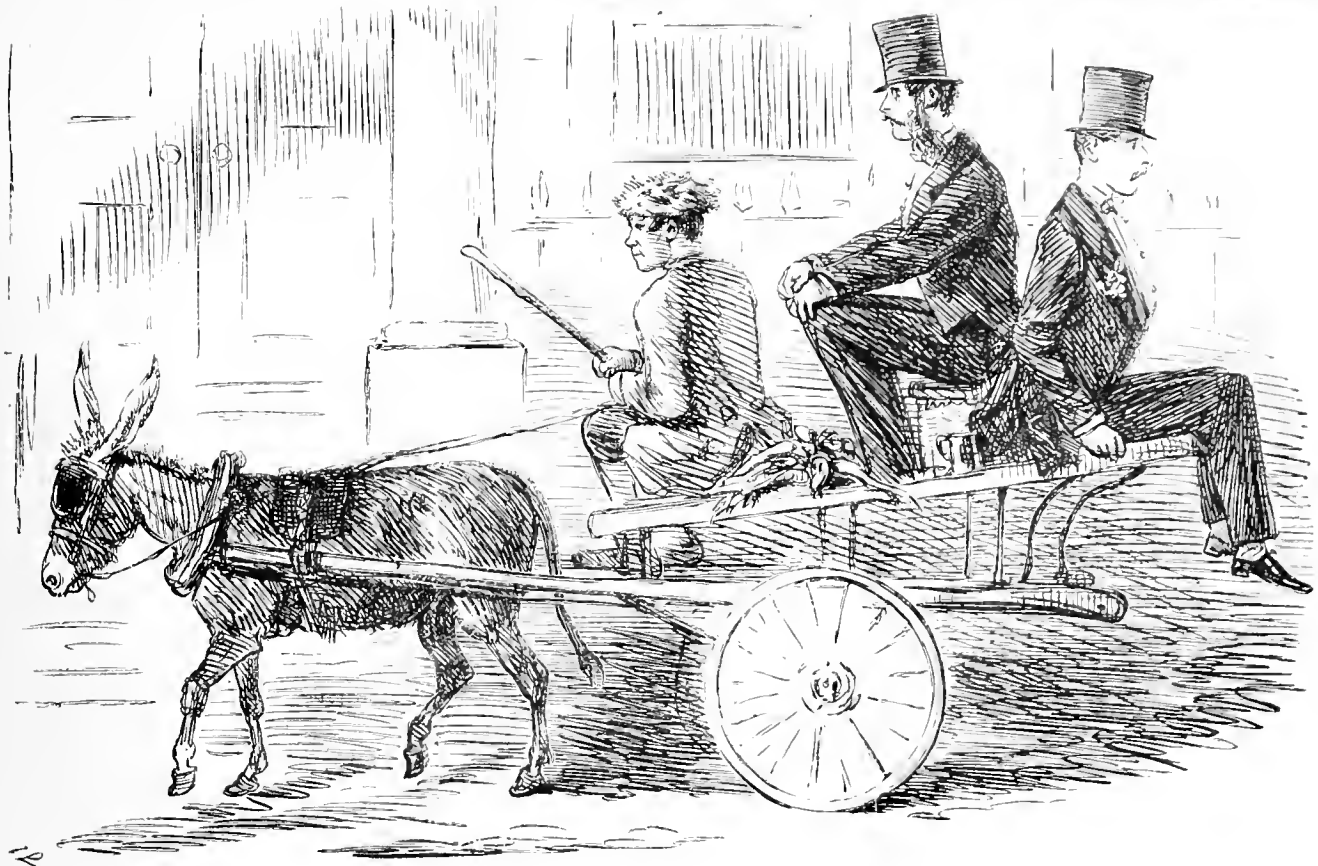
First Juvenile. "MY WORD, FRED! ISN'T BESSIE TRAVERS A STUNNING GIRL?"

Second Ditto. "WELL, FOR MY PART, I DON'T CARE MUCH ABOUT CHITS. NOW THE MOTHER'S A FINE WOMAN, IF YOU LIKE. SHE'S MORE IN MY WAY!"



A VISIT TO THE STUDIO.

Mr. Ochre (through whose frame a thrill of horror is supposed to be passing). "UGH! MIND WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT, CHARLEY! MIND MY OPHELIA, MIND MY OPHELIA! YOU'LL KNOCK HER OVER, AND SPOIL ALL HER FOLDS!"



A PRETTY EXHIBITION NEAR BROMPTON.

THIS IS THE WAY THOSE POOR YOUNG SWELLS, HIPPS AND FIPPS, ARE OBLIGED TO GO OUT TO DINNER, IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE SCARCITY OF THE CABS.



AN OBJECT OF ATTRACTION.

First Elegant Creature. "A—DON'T YOU DANCE, CHARLES!"

Second Ditto, Ditto. "A—NO—NOT AT PWESNT! I ALWAYS LET THE GIRLS LOOK AND LONG FOR ME FIRST!"



A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

Grandpapa. "BLESS HIS HEART—JUST LIKE ME!—SPARE THE NIMROD—SPOIL THE CHILD, I SAY."



POOR COUSIN CHARLES!

Juvenile. "WHY DO THEY CALL THOSE THINGS COUSIN CHARLES SMOKES CIGARETTES? EH, POLLY?"

Poly. "WELL, DEAR; BECAUSE THEY ARE LITTLE CIGARS, I SUPPOSE!"

Juvenile. "OH THEN, WOULD COUSIN CHARLES BE CALLED A CAPTAINETTE, BECAUSE HE'S A LITTLE CAPTAIN?"

[JONES, who is a Volunteer, but is six feet high, twirls his moustachios with mild complacency.



THE BALL.

HARRY BULLFINCHER, WHO IS EVER SO MUCH BETTER ACROSS COUNTRY THAN WHEN HE MIXES IN THE MERRY DANCE (ESPECIALLY AFTER SUPPER) HAS COME TO GRIEF OVER A STOOL DURING A POLKA, AND IS SHOUTING FOR SOME ONE TO "CATCH HIS HORSE!"



THE PLEASURES OF THE COUNTRY.

Enthusiastic Nimrod. "THERE'S ANOTHER THING TOO ABOUT FOX-HUNTING WHICH I ALWAYS THINK DELIGHTFUL—YOU COME UPON SUCH PICTURESQUE NOOKS AND CORNERS. NOW, WHO WOULD EVER THINK OF COMING OUT HERE FOR A MERE WALK!"



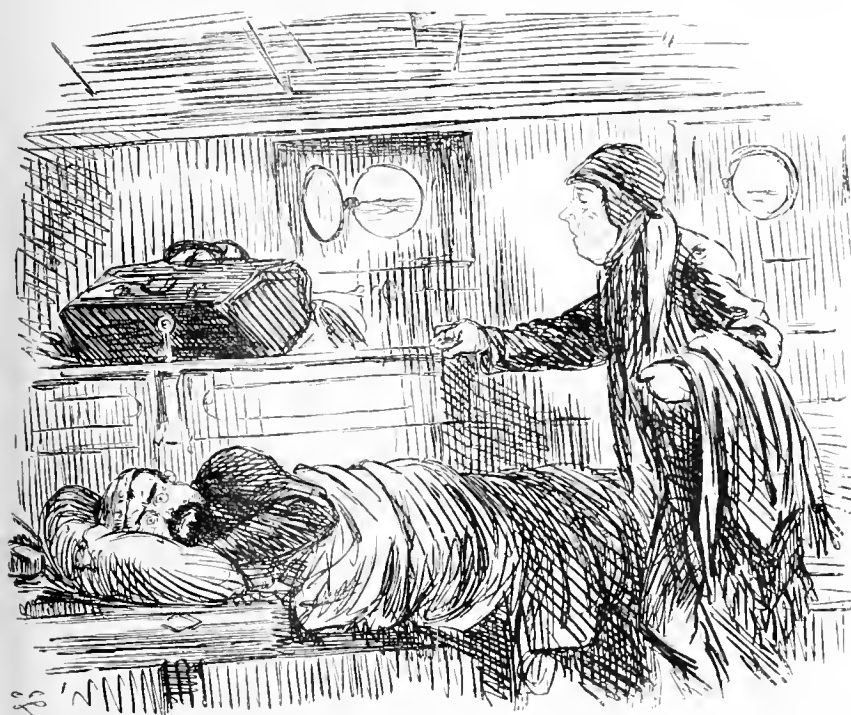
PREPARED FOR GAROTTERS.

GOING OUT TO TEA IN THE SUBURBS.—A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS



SNOOKS HAS JOINED A RIFLE CORPS.

SNOOKS "SPLENDID CREECHUR—AIN'T HE? IFLESS YOU, HE'S A PERFECT BROKE CHARGER WAS IN THE HORSE GUARDS ONCE YOU SHOULD SEE HIM IN HIS ACCOUTREMENTS GOES IN HAHNESS TOO, I BELIEVE"



FELLOW MARTYRS.

OLD MR. SQUEAMISH, WHO HAS BEEN ON DECK FOR HIS WRAPPER, FINDS HIS COMFORTABLE PLACE OCCUPIED BY A HAIRY MOSSOO!



A SCHOOL FOR OLD GENTLEMEN.



CRUEL JOKE AT A FÊTE.

Horrid Boy (to his Cousin). "I SAY, ROSE! WASN'T THAT MAJOR DE VERE WHO JUST LEFT YOU?"

Rose. "YES!"

Horrid Boy. "AH, THEN, I THINK HE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE TOLD YOU WHAT A TREMENDOUS BLACK SMUDGE YOU'VE GOT ON YOUR NOSE!"

[N.B.—Of course there is no smudge; but there's no looking-glass within miles for poor Rose to satisfy herself.



VIVE LE SPORT AGAIN!

Distinguished Foreigner (who does not comprehend why a frost should stop Hounds.) "AHA! NO HONT ZIS MORNING—MON DIEU!—ZEN ZERE IS NO DOGS MEET TO-DAY!"

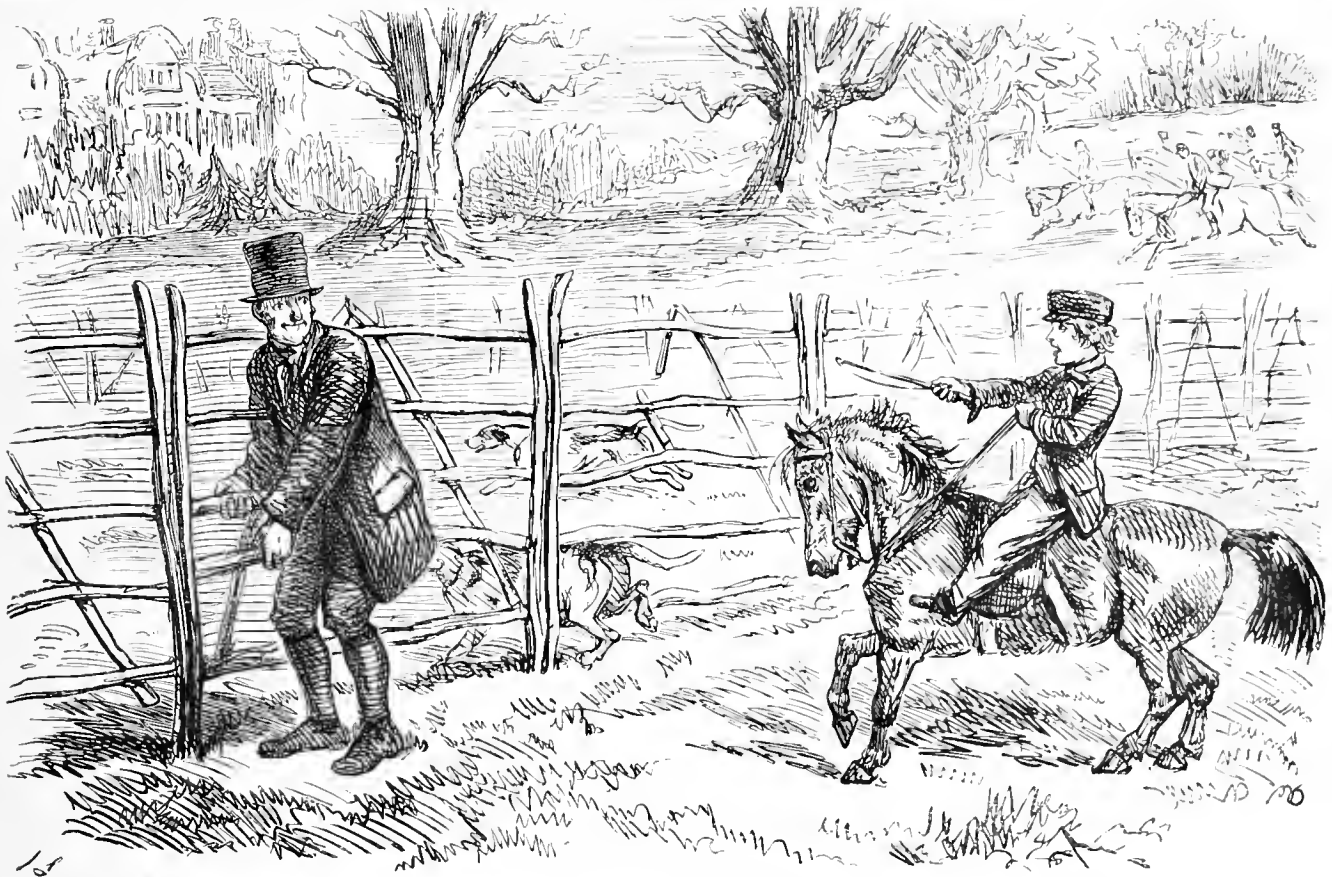


THE SENSATION NOVEL.

Clara "YES, DEAR, I'VE GOT THE LAST ONE DOWN, AND IT'S PERFECTLY DELICIOUS. A MAN MARRIES HIS GRANDMOTHER—FOURTEEN PERSONS ARE POISONED BY A YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL GRL—FORGERIES BY THE DOZEN—ROBBERIES, HANGINGS; IN FACT, FULL OF DELIGHTFUL HORRORS!"



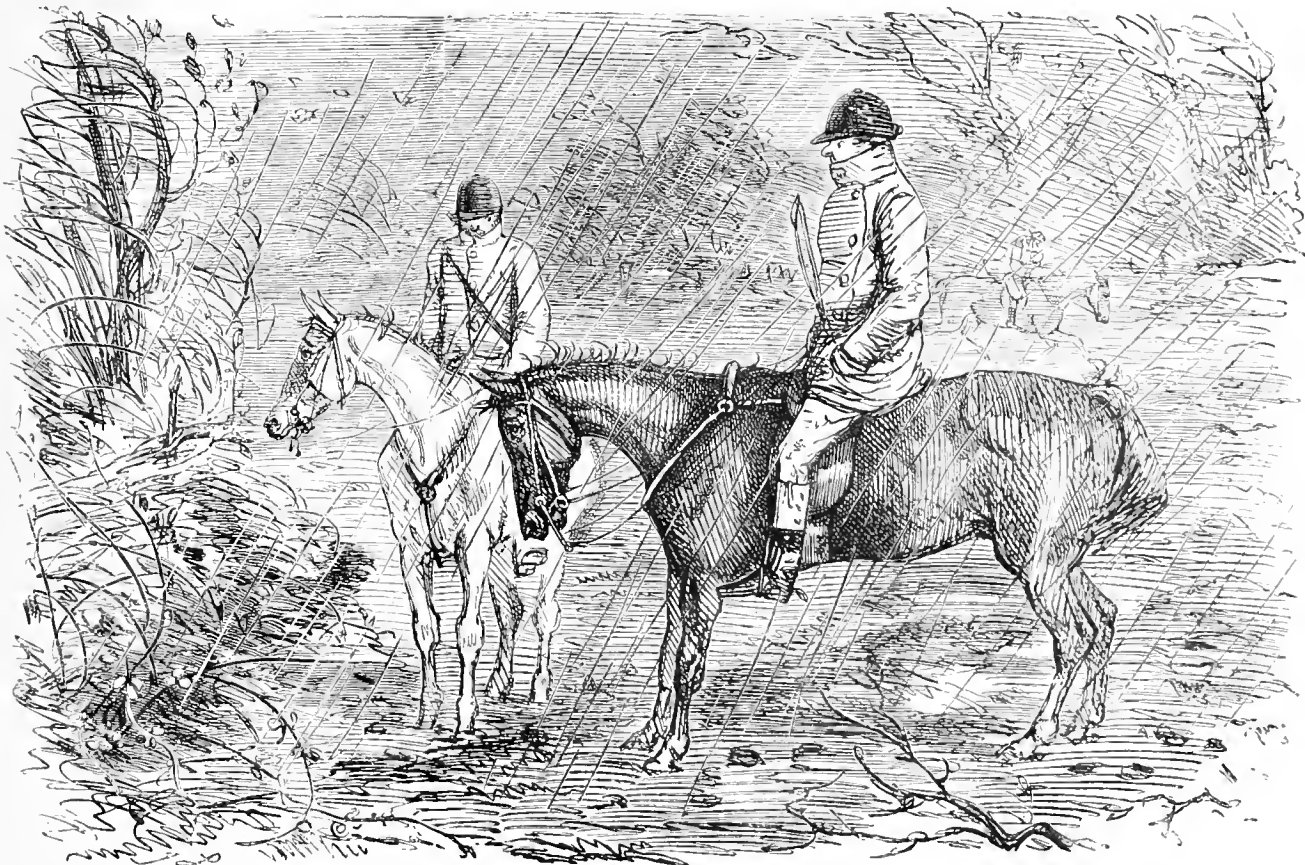
FIRST BEGINNINGS.



TAKING IT MANFULLY.

Keeper. "STOP A BIT, MESTER REGINALD, AND I'LL LIFT ONE ON 'EM UP!"

Mester Reginald. "NOW YOU JUST LET THEM ALONE, I'M COMING OVER!"



RATHER KEEN.

"OUT AGAIN, JACK?"

"YES! I ALWAYS LIKE TO GET AS MUCH HUNTING AS I CAN BEFORE CHRISTMAS—THE WEATHER IS SO NICE AND OPEN!"



A FROLIC HOME AFTER A BLANK DAY.



HOW WOULD IT BE WITHOUT CRINOLINE?—TRY IT.



AFTER SUPPER.—STRANGE ADMISSION!

Mr. S. MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF WALTZING WITH YOU, MISS JONES?"
Miss J. "I WOULD WITH PLEASURE, BUT UNFORTUNATELY I'M QUITE FULL!"



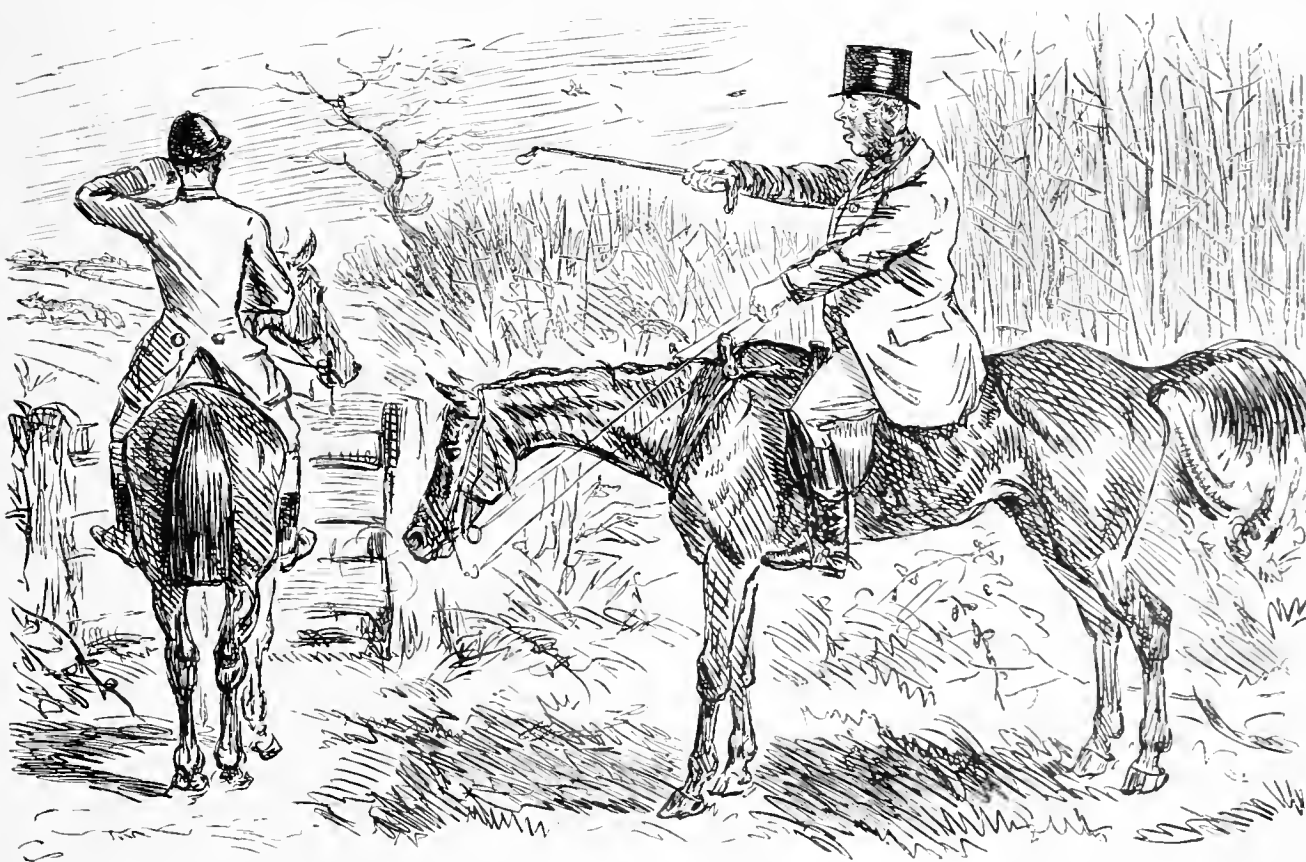
PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE.

Old Lady. "BUT, GOING IN FOUR-WHEEL CABS! I'M SO AFRAID OF SMALL-POX!"
Cabby. "YOU'VE NO CALL TO BE AFEARED O' MY CAB, MUM, FOR I'VE 'AD THE HIND WHEEL VACCINATED, AND IT TOOK BEAUTIFUL."



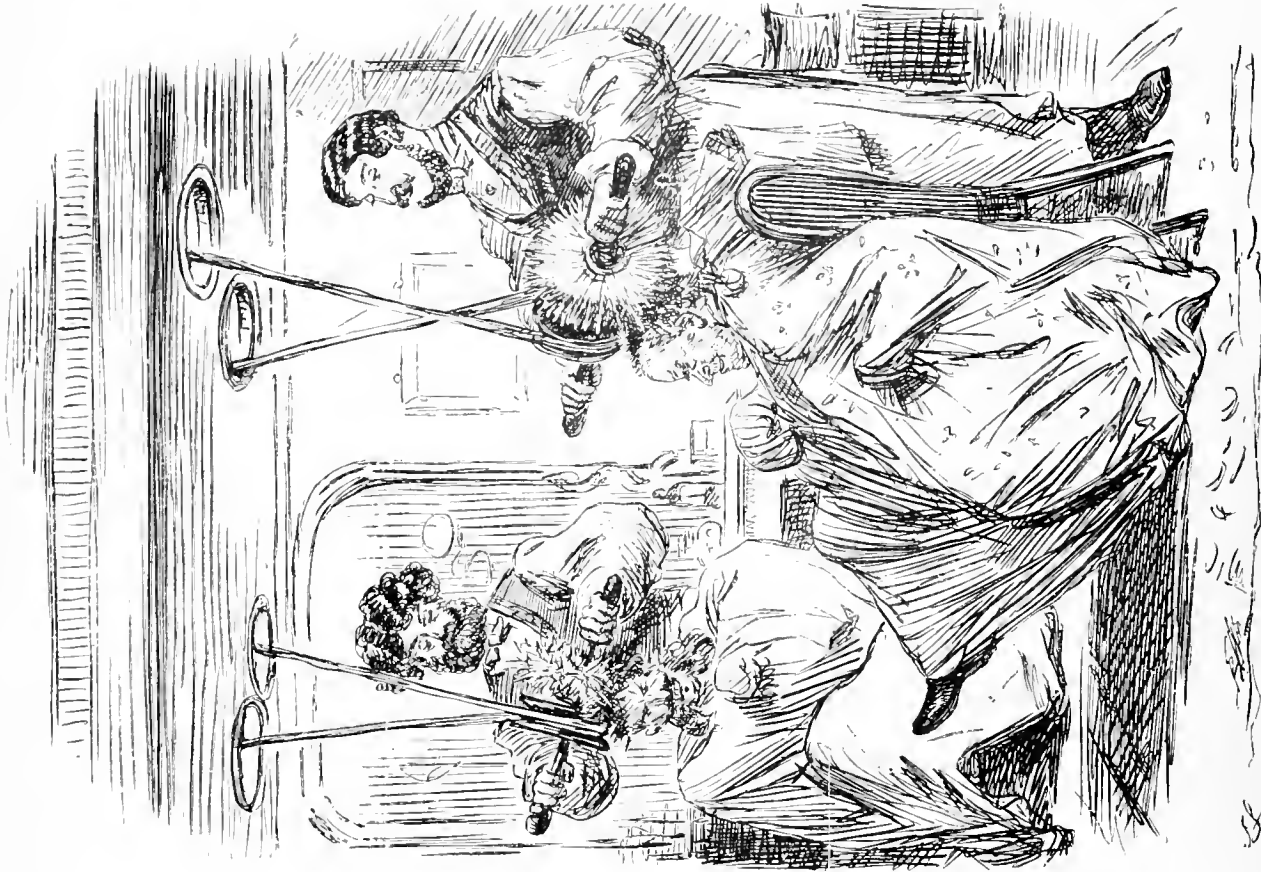
A FLUNKEY IN TROUBLE.

John Thomas. "HOLLO! COACHMAN! MR. BLINKERS! STOP! HERE'S A COSTERMONGER'S DONKEY GOT HOLD OF MY LEO AND PULLING THE HAY OUT THAT I'VE PUT IN FOR CALVES!"



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

Sporting Enthusiast (who has with difficulty caught the Hounds). "WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU HOLLOING AT—DON'T YOU SEE IT'S A FRESH FOX?"
Whip. "SHOULD THINK IT WAS; WE'VE BROKE UP T'OTHER THIS QUARTER OF AN HOUR!"



A HYGIENIC PLEASURE.

THE NEW AND DELIGHTFUL METHOD OF BRUSHING THE HAIR WITH MACHINERY.



LONDON HIGHLANDERS.

NOW WE DARE SAY YOU WONDER WHAT THE DEUCE THIS MEANS. THE FACT IS, THAT SMITH AND TOMKINS HAVE GOT A PLACE IN SCOTLAND THIS YEAR, AND THEY ARE DOING ALL THEY POSSIBLY CAN TO ACCUSTOM THEMSELVES TO DIZZY MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS, AND TO GET THEIR FACES AND LEGS THE PROPER TONE FOR THE NORTH



AFTER DUNDREARY.

First Swell. "A-A-WAW! WAW! WAW! HOW DID YOU LIKE HIM?"

Second Do. "WAW-WAW-WAW—NO FELLOW EVAW SAW SUCH A FELLOW GWOSS CAWICATURE-WAW!"



REAL INDEPENDENCE.

Housemaid. "JAMES! DON'T YOU HEAR YOUR LIBERY BELL A-RINGING?"

James. "BOTHER THE LIBERY BELL! I AIN'T GOING TO ANSWER NO LIBERY BELLS—IT'S MY SUNDAY OUT. AND I'M AT CHURCH!"



MAKING IT INTELLIGIBLE.

Elderly Lady. "BUT I MUST REALLY BEG THAT YOU WILL TELL ME YOUR FARE. I CANNOT BE SUPPOSED TO KNOW YOUR BUSINESS!"

Cabby. "WELL, MUM—I DON'T THINK WE SHALL FALL HOUT. LET'S SAY, THREE BOB AND A KICK!"



AT A RIFLE COMPETITION IN THE NORTH.

First Volunteer (to Second Volunteer on the Barrel). "MAY I TROUBLE YE TO MOVE FOR A DIT, FOR YE'RE JUST SITTING ON THE AMUNEE-TION!"



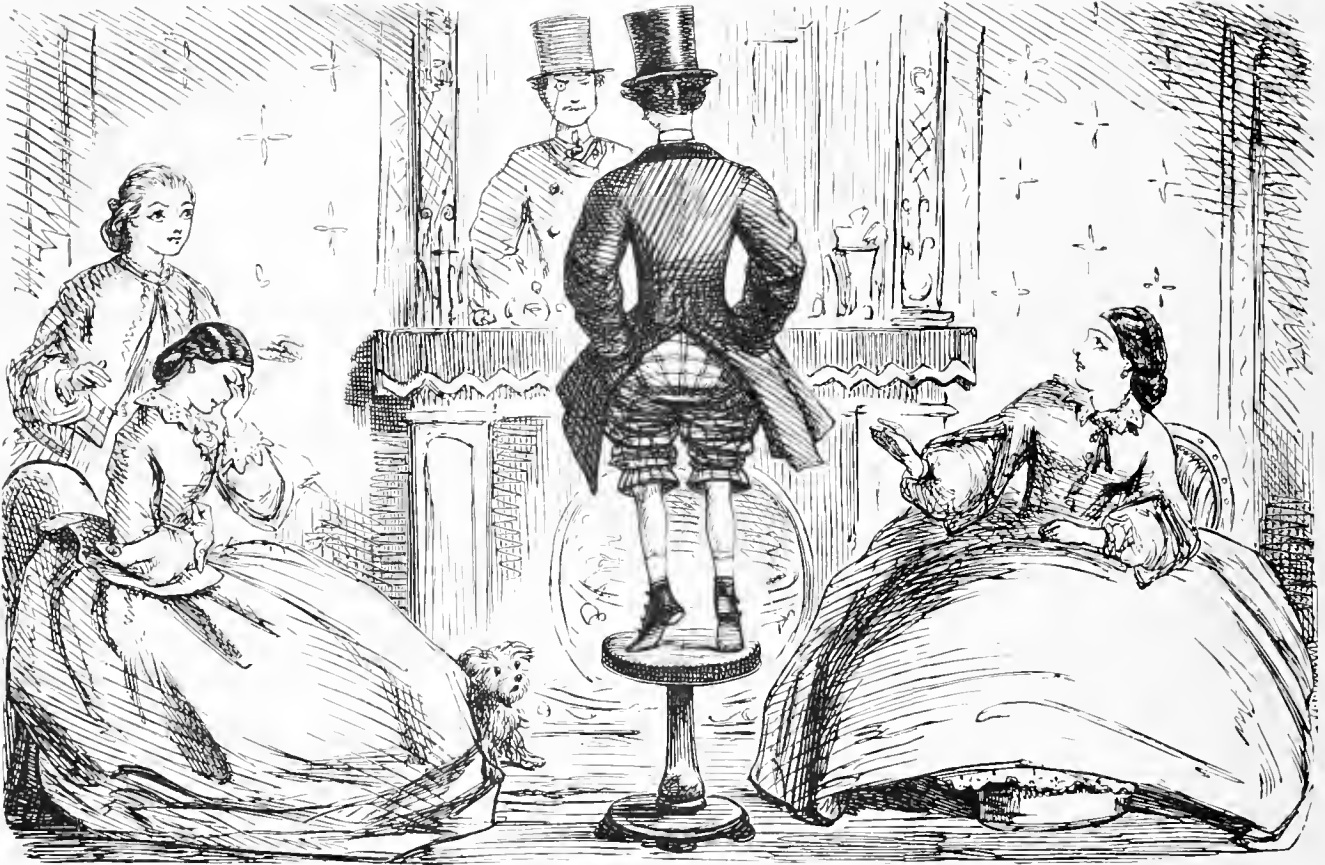
FORCE OF HABIT.—(FOR FAMILY PEOPLE ONLY.)

ADOLPHUS, GEORGE, AND LOUISA, ARE PLAYING IN KENSINGTON GARDENS—TO THEM THE FAMILY DOCTOR UNEXPECTEDLY A AND G AND L GO THROUGH THE EXPRESSIVE PANTOMIME OF PUTTING OUT THEIR TONGUES AS A MATTER OF COURSE.



CUB-HUNTING.

WILKINSON WONDERES WHY THE DOOCIE THEY CANT GO OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY.



AN INTERESTING QUESTION.

Young Swell (who has just received promise of a Commission in a Highland Regiment). "NOW, GIRLS, WILL THE KILT SUIT MY CALVES?"
Sisters (tittering). "REALLY, DEAR, YOU ARE TOO ABSURD!"



WHAT WE COULD BEAR A GOOD DEAL OF!



"LOVE'S COURSE NEVER DID," YOU KNOW.

IT WAS VERY UNPLEASANT! BUT WHAT JENKYNNES HAD TO SAY TO HIS FLORA, WAS SAID UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES.



FLUNKEIANA.

John Thomas Gorgeous. "I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, COOK! I'M A'MOST WORE OUT WITH THEM LEGS O' MUTTON AND LEGS O' PORK, AND I THINK IT'S 'IGH TIME SOME NEW HANIMAL WAS INVENTED!"

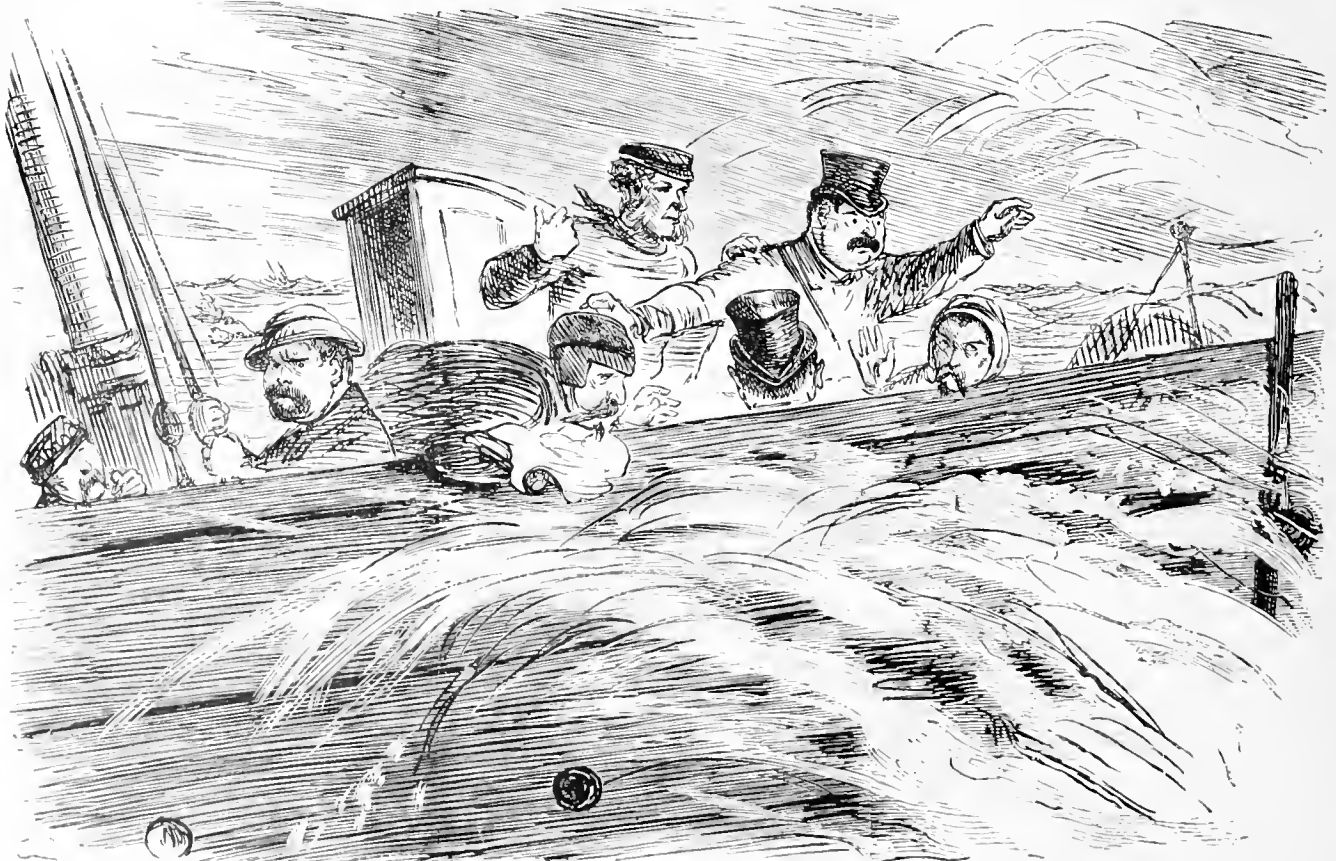


JUMPING TO A CONCLUSION

Inquiring Youth. "PLEASE, MAMMA, WHY IS UNCLE'S HORSE CALLED A COB?"

Mamma. "OH, MY DEAR! BECAUSE—BECAUSE—WHY BECAUSE HE HAS A THICK BODY AND SHORT LEGS!"

Inquiring Youth. "WHAT, LIKE YOU, MAMMA?"



THE CHANNEL PASSAGE.

MOSSOO AS HE APPEARED WHEN VIEWED THROUGH A TELESCOPE.



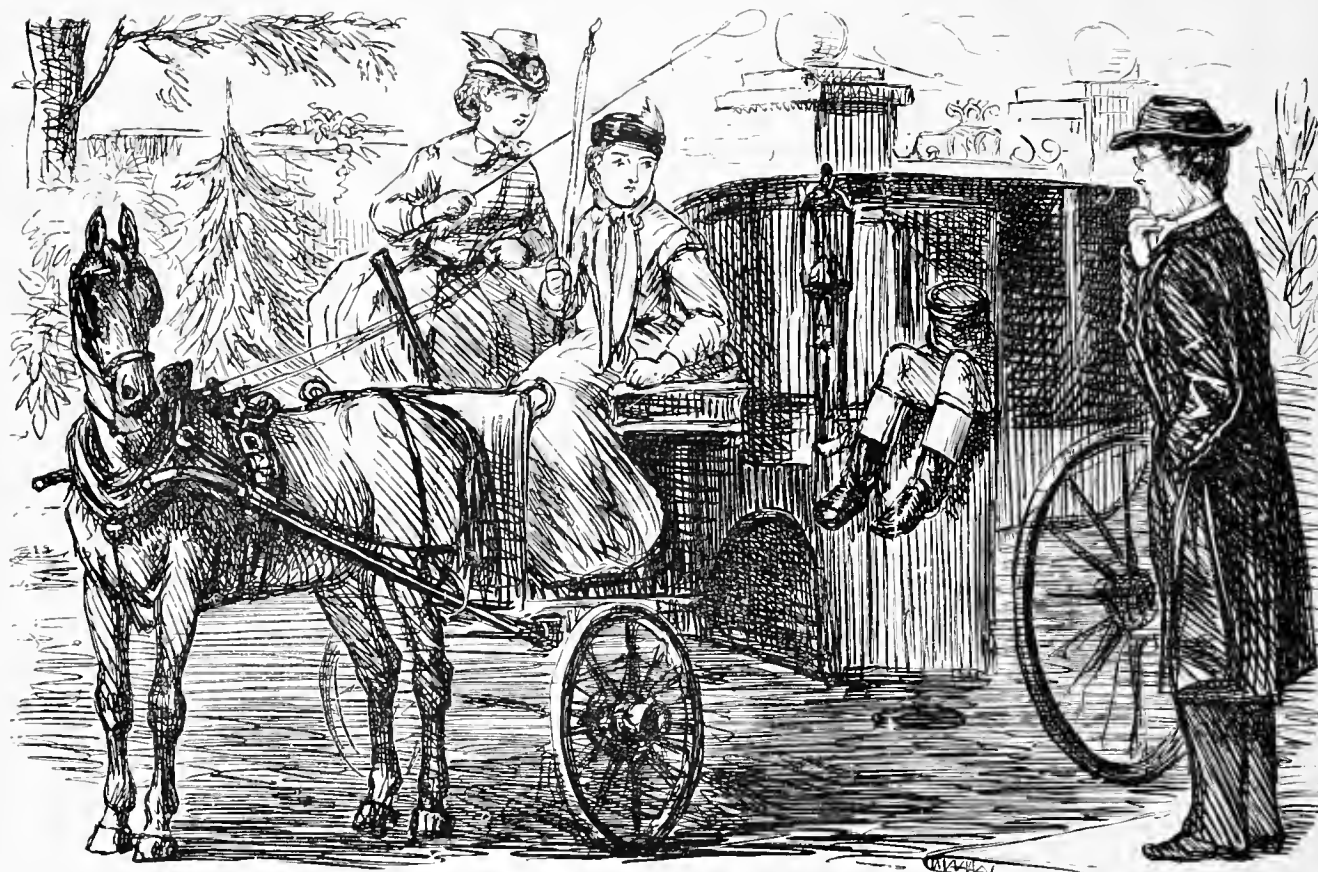
RAILLERY.

Driver (of the Herring Mould, to Party inclining to embonpoint). "HOLLO, BILL! HOW MANY SACKS O' PERTATERS AND HOGSHEADS O' SUGAR 'AVF YER GOT THERE?"



THE SUBURBAN FLYMAN.

Maid. "OH, COACHMAN! MISSUS SAY, YOU'RE TO COVER YOURSELF WITH THIS RUG, AND NOT TO MOVE OFF THE BOX; BECAUSE YOUR GAITERS AND LEGS AND THINGS ARE REALLY SO VERY SHOCKING."



A DAY'S AMUSEMENT.

Driving Lady (loq.) "OH, FRANK DEAR, ONLY FANCY, GEORGE HAS GOT SO TIPSY AT THE ARCHERY MEETING, THAT WE'VE BEEN OBLIGED TO PUT HIM INSIDE, AND DRIVE HOME OURSELVES—AND POOR CLARA HAS PINCHED HER FINGERS DREADFULLY PUTTING ON THE DRAG COMING DOWN BLUNSOEN HILL."



AWFUL TALE OF AN EEL.



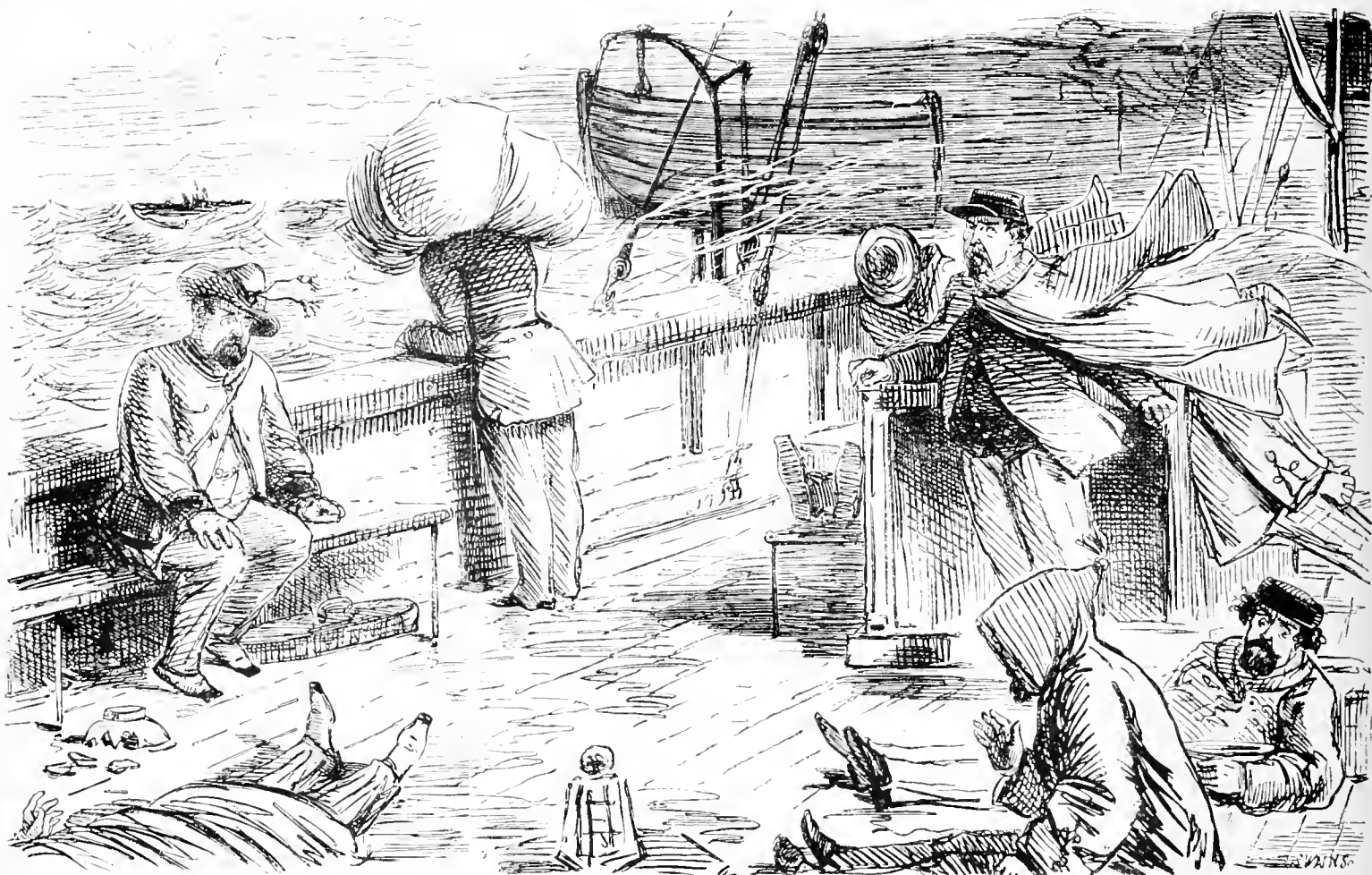
A LITTLE SCENE AT BRUSSELS.

T mpk-nz (who has just come down to breakfast). "HERE! I SAY, GARSONG! I WANT A KELKCHUSE FOR DEJEUNAY! DER KORFEE, AND DES HOOPS, YOU KNOW!"
[N.B. The Stout Party T poles in the ribs is a wealthy Belgian Saeh.]



FOR-RAD—FOR-RAD—AWAY!

Mr. Wuzzel (who the last time he weighed was Nineteen Stone, a sack of Guano, and a Barroful of Bricks):
FOR-RAD—AWAY! OH, YES! THATS ALL
VERY WELL—BUT NOT WITH THE COUNTRY (o) AS HEAVY AS THIS!"



VERY MUCH AT SEA.



FREAKS OF A PET DOG.

Gardener (triumphantly) "THAT DOG'S BEEN AND GONE AND DONE IT NOW MA'AM I THINK!"



A STREET FIGHT.

Wife of his Bussum (to Vanquished Hero). "TERENCE, YE OREAT UMMADAWN, WHAT DO YER GIT INTO THIS THRUBBLE FOR?"

Vanquished Hero (to Wife of his Bussum). "DYE CALL IT THRUBBLE, NOW? WHY, IT'S ENGEMENT!"



THE LOWEST DEPTH.

Inebriated Snob (to party with paper lamp). "WHICH IS THE WAY—TO—TO—THE P—P—POSES PLASTIQUES? WHY, HALLO! IS THAT YOU, JIM? HOW THE DOOCE DID YOU COME TO THIS?"

Jim. "WELL—ALL ALONG O' THEM NIGHT PUBLICS. AND HERE I AM—AN 'ILLUMINATED ADVERTISEMENT'!"



LIKE UNTO LIKE.

Bacon Fancier. "THERE, NOW!—THAT'S MY STYLE!"



BEAR-BAITING.



A LITTLE BIT OF YORKSHIRE.

Horse Critic. "WELL, WILLIAM, THAT'S A NICE-LOOKING COLT, WHOSE IS IT?"

Horse Breaker. "WELL, SIR, THAT DEPENDS UPON CIRCUMSTANCES."

Critic. "HOW SO?"

Breaker. "IF IT TURNS OUT WELL, IT BELONGS TO MR. B. (the Steward); BUT YOU KNOW, SIR (with a sly look), IF IT TURNS OUT BAD, IT BELONGS TO MY LORD."



ANXIOUS TO PRESERVE OUR FIGURE, WE TAKE A TURKISH BATH!



HOW TO BOTHER CABBY.

Fare. "HOW MUCH? NOW I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY! 'YOU'LL LEAVE IT TO ME, BUT I WON'T HAVE IT. I'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU!'"



SUPERFLUOUS ADVICE.

"DON'T CHECK HER, JACK; GIVE HER HER HEAD."



A FURNITURE REMOVAL AGENCY.

THINGS HAVE COME TO A PRETTY PASS INDEED, WHEN A DRAWING-ROOM TABLE JUMPS UP, AND AFTER PLAYING A TUNE ON ITS ACCORDION, OFFERS ITS HAND TO THE HOUSEMAID!—

(NOW, WITHOUT ANY OF THE GAMMON OF PUTTING LIGHTS OUT, AND DARKENING THE ROOM, THIS REALLY DID HAPPEN IN BROAD DAYLIGHT—YOU NEEDN'T BELIEVE IT, OF COURSE, UNLESS YOU LIKE.)



THE FANCY FAIR.

Eleanor. "YOU HAD BETTER BUY SOME OF MY CIGARS—COME, TAKE ONE!"

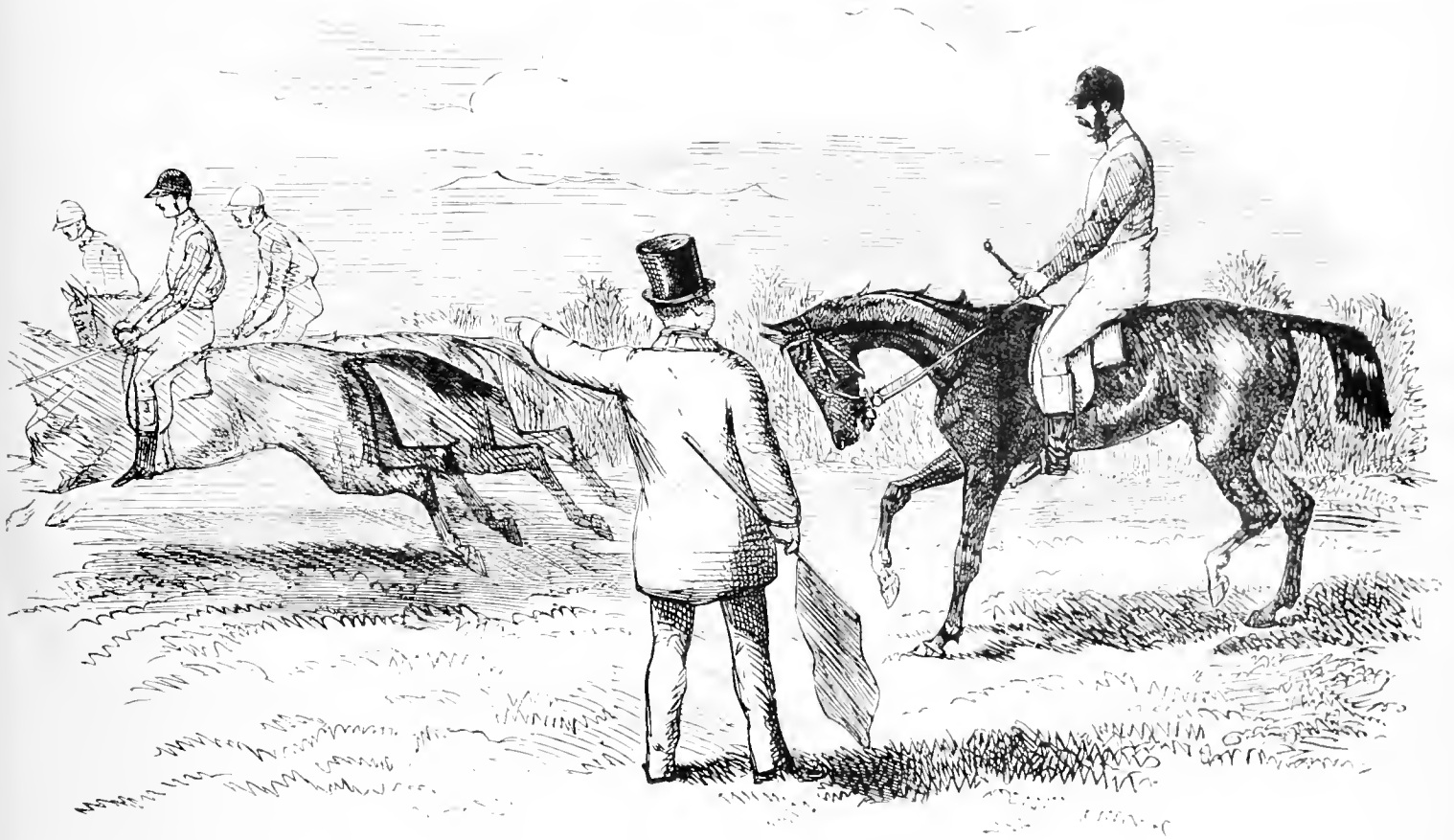
Young Swell. "A—A—THANKS, NO—I NEVER SMOKE!"

Eleanor. "WHAT! NOT IF I BITE OFF THE END?"



AN AFFLICTED ONE.

JOHN CHINAMAN WEeping OVER HIS TAIL.



COUNTRY RACES.—AMATEUR PROFESSIONALS.

Starter. "YOU'D BETTER BE GOING, SIR. IT'S A START!"

Gentleman Rider. "OH, I'M ORDERED TO RIDE A WAITING RACE, AND I MAY AS WELL WAIT HERE AS ANYWHERE ELSE!"



AN IDEA FOR A WET DAY.

HANG UP THE CRINOLINES, AND HAVE A GAME OF CROQUET IN THE DINING-ROOM



A STUDY OF CRINOLINE.

Dreadful Boy "MY EYE, TOMMY, IF I CAN'T SEE THE OLD GAL'S LEGS THROUGH THE PEEP-HOLES!"



MOST FLATTERING!

Miss Stout YOU SEE DEAR I THOUGHT YOUR SWISS DRESS SO PRETTY, THAT I HAVE MADE ONE EXACTLY LIKE IT WHY, WE SHALL BE TAKEN FOR SISTERS!"



A HOT CHESTNUT IS VERY GOOD AFTER DINNER, BUT NOT JUST AS THE FOX BREAKS.

Rough Rider. "BY YER LEAVE, SIR! MY YOUNG HORSE RUSHES SO IF HE'S KEPT WAITING!"



SCENE—THE ROW.

JEMIMER HANN IS STARING AT SOLDIER—YOUNG SPOFFINGTON IS BOWING TO GEORGINA MARTINGALE—PERAMBULATOR CHARGES THROUGH YOUNG S'S LEGS.—SENSATION!

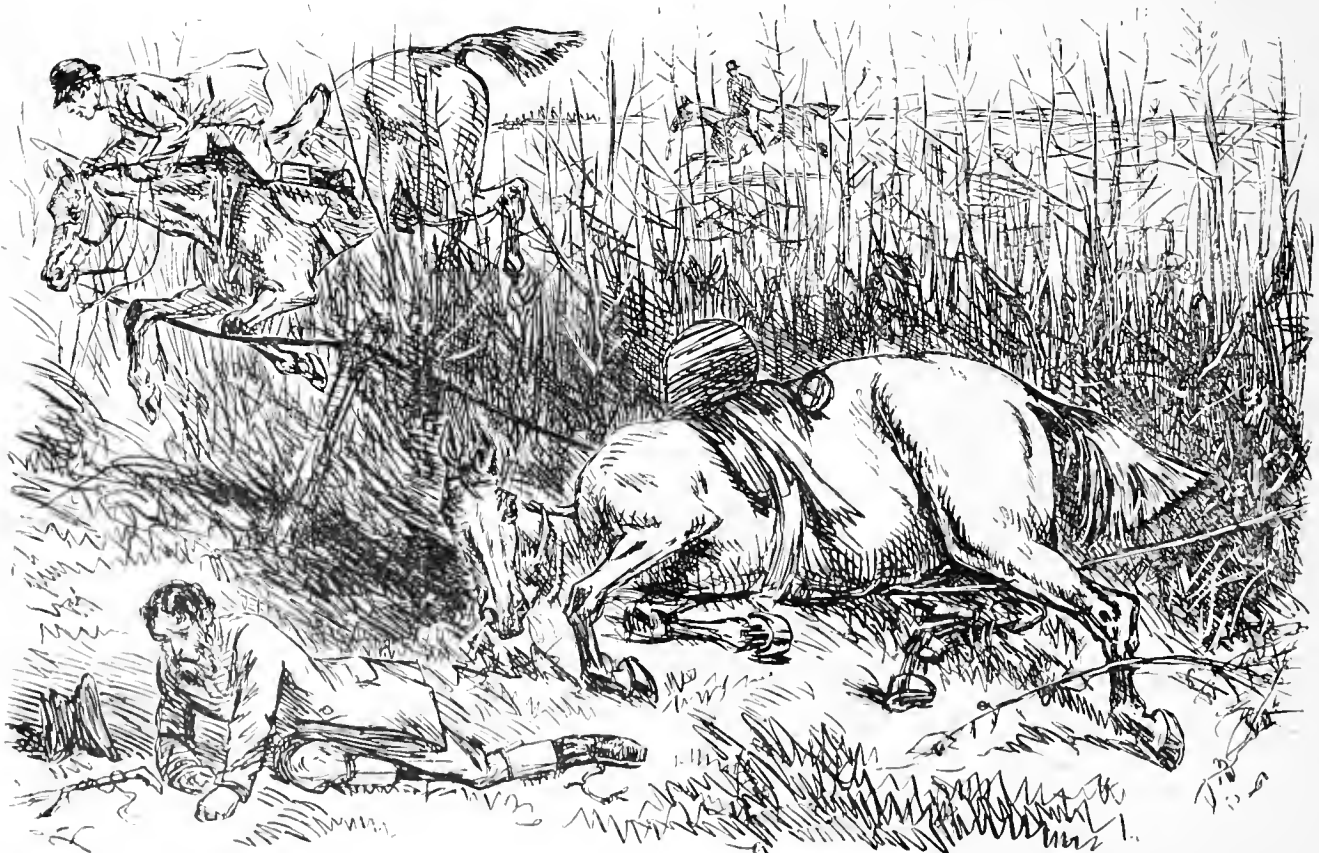


THE DOG-DAYS!

1st Fancier. "NOW ISN'T HE, GEORGIE!—FOR BREED AND SHAPE AND MAKE, THE MOST LOVELY LITTLE CREATURE?"

2nd Ditto. "WELL, DEAR, HE CERTAINLY IS VERY HANDSOME, BUT TO MY TASTE MY LITTLE TREASURE PUGGY IS PERFECTION, AND SO AFFECTIONATE!"

3rd Ditto. "DID THEY PRAISE THE OTHER DOGS?—LITTLE CHARLIE WAS A DARLING; HE WAS, HE WAS, HE WAS!!!"



THE WIRE FENCE.

(Dedicated to those Farmers and others in the Shires, who use that treacherous and unsportsmanlike contrivance.)

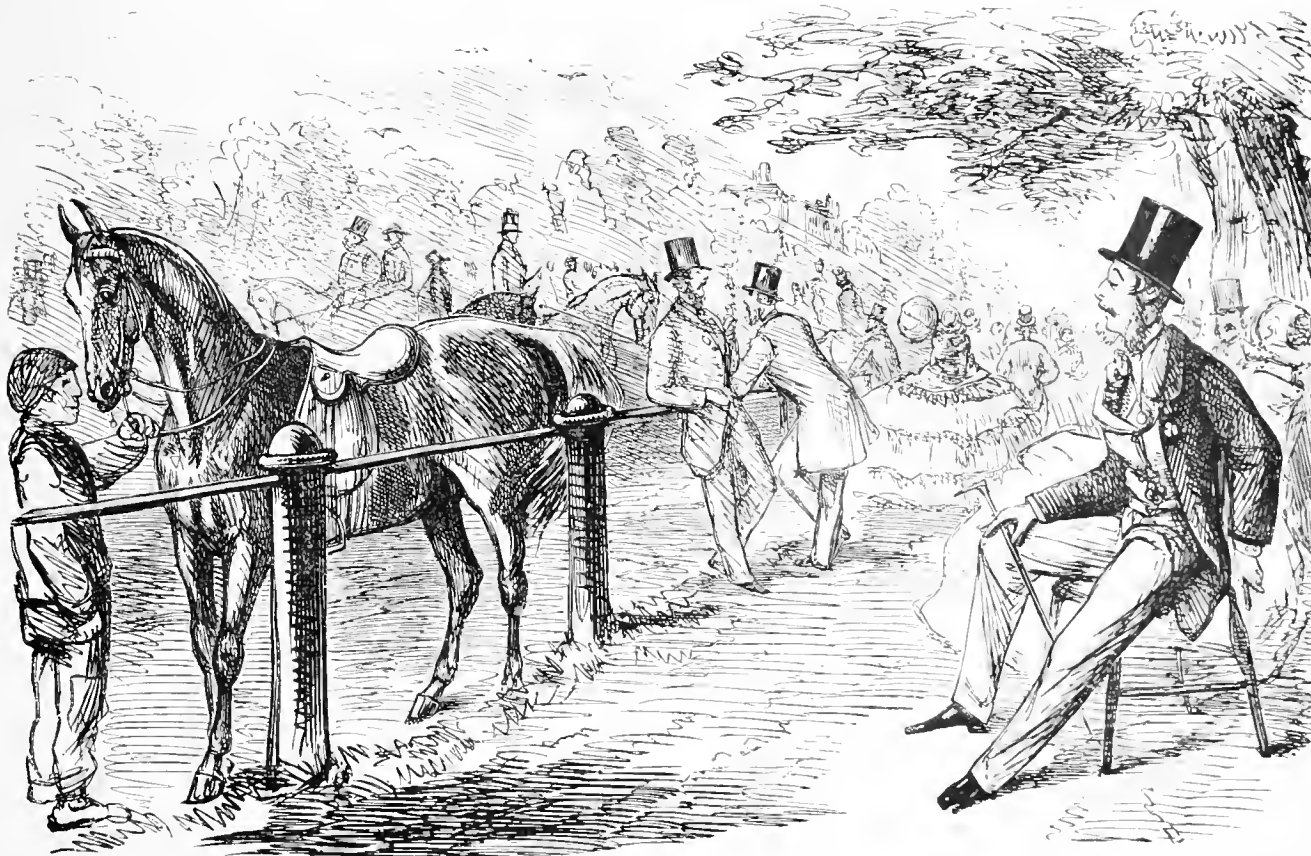


A TABLE D'HÔTE AT PARIS.

Attentive Swell (to elegant and fascinating American Young Lady, who has been monopolising the adjacent Gentlemen all through Dinner) "LET ME GIVE YOU SOME OF THIS" (handing Article of Dessert).

Belle Américaine. "NO, THANKS!—WELL, THEN, A VERY LITTLE, FOR I GUESS I'M PRETTY CROWDED NOW"

[Horror of Swells; triumph of neighbouring Female British Contingent.



A FATUOUS FASHION.

TO SIT UPON A CHAIR, AND HAVE ONE'S HORSE HELD, IS NOW A VERY FASHIONABLE WAY OF WIDING IN "WOTTON WOW"



SERVANTGALISM, &c.—No. XVI.

Mary. "DID YOU CALL, MUM?"

Lady. "YES, MARY! I THOUGHT I TOLO YOU NOT TO WEAR YOUR HOOP BEFORE YOU HAD OONE YOUR ROOMS, BECAUSE YOU DROKE THE JUGS AND BASINS WITH IT!"

Mary. "OH, MUM! YOU SEE THE *SWEEPS* WERE COMING THIS MORNING, AND, REALLY, I COULD NOT THINK OF OPENING THE DOOR TO THEM SUCH A FIGGER AS I SHOULD HA' BEEN WITHOUT MY CRINOLINE!"



BREAKING THE BYE-LAWS.

Irritable" Elderly Gentleman. "HOLLO—HOY—CATCH THAT DOG! I'VE A COMPLAINT—WHERE'S THE STATION-MASTER?—UNOLR THE BYE-LAWS—IT'S A DOG—HERE, I GIVE THIS MAN INTO CUSTODY"



THE COOK'S MORNING SERVICE.



STUDIES OF CRINOLINE DURING AN EQUINOCTIAL GALE.



HERO WORSHIP.

THE "KNEE PLUSH ULTRA" OF SENTIMENT.



A JOLLY GAME.

John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character.



A FOREIGN INFLICTION.—No. I.

AT THE DOOR PATERFAMILIAS IS EXPOSTULATING WITH AN ORGAN-GRINDER, WHO IS DEFYING HIM WITH EXTREME INSOLENCE, ALTERNATED WITH PERFORMANCES ON THE INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE. POLICEMAN (UNSEEN) IS IN THE KITCHEN, CONSIDERING WHETHER SUSAN'S COOKING OR MARY'S SAVINGS' BANK MONEY WOULD BE THE BETTER INVESTMENT.



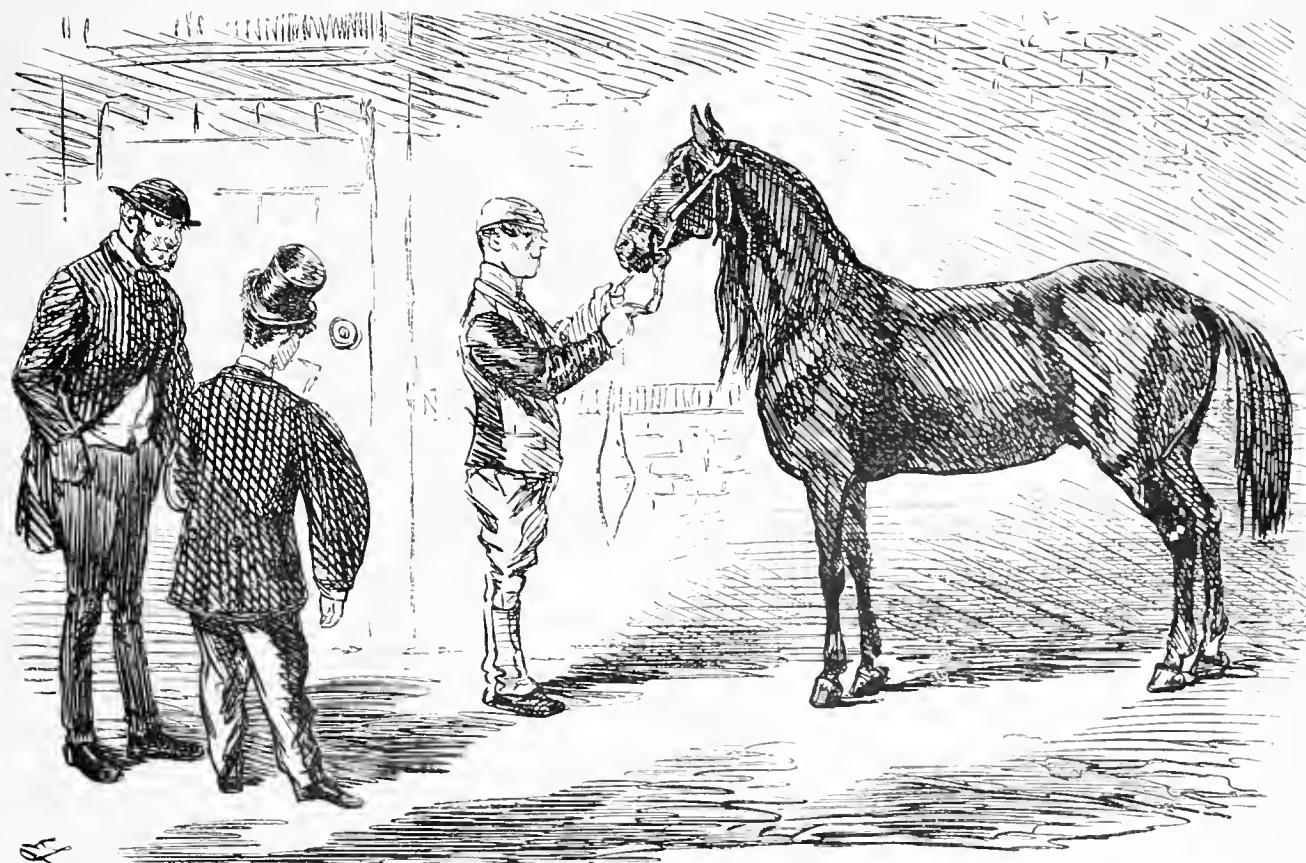
No. II.

IN A BED-ROOM A MOTHER IS TENDING A SICK BOY, WHO IS SUFFERING FROM NERVOUS FEVER.



PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

Keeper (who has never seen a breech-loader). "I DON'T THINK WERRY MUCH OF 'IM; WHY HE'S BEEN AND BROKE HIS GUN THE WERRY FUST SHOT!"



RATHER OSSY.

Dealer. "THERE, SIR! HE'S A RARE TOPPED UN WHY, WHAT A MANE AND TAIL HE'S GOT! HE'D MAKE A CHARGER, HE WOULD!"

Mr. Green. "BUT AIN'T HIS LEGS A LITTLE TOO THIN FOR HIS BODY?"

Dealer. "THIN FOR HIS BODY! BLESS YER! YOU COME TO HACK HIM ABOUT FOR A FEW DAYS, HIS LEGS 'LL FILL OUT ENOUGH. THEY WILL!"



SERVANTGALISM IN AUSTRALIA.—A FACT.

Domestic. "IF YOU PLEASE, 'M, I HAVE AN HOUR TO SPARE, AND I'M A GOIN' TO 'TRY MY NEW 'ORSE!"



A FANCY SCENE—WINNING THE GLOVES.

FROM THE GRAND PUOILISTIC BALLET OF THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP, WHICH MIGHT, COULD, SHOULD, AND DUGHT TO BE PLAYED AT ONE OF THE OPERAS.



COMPLIMENTARY.

Farmer. "MORNIN', MR. BLANK! NEVER SAW YOU GO SO WELL BEFORE"

Mr. Blank. "WHY, WHAT DO YER MEAN? WE'VE NEVER FOUND A FOX!"

Farmer. "AH! BUT I MEAN SO WELL FROM COVER TO COVER, YOU KNOW!"



PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

MR. SPENCER POFFINGTON MAKES A MORNING CALL. HE WILL WEAR AN EYE-GLASS—AND SKIPS LIKE LORD DUNDREARY—AND COMES TO GRIEF OVER A CROQUET IRON, TAKING A HEADER INTO THE ARMS OF LADY HONORIA BOUNCER!



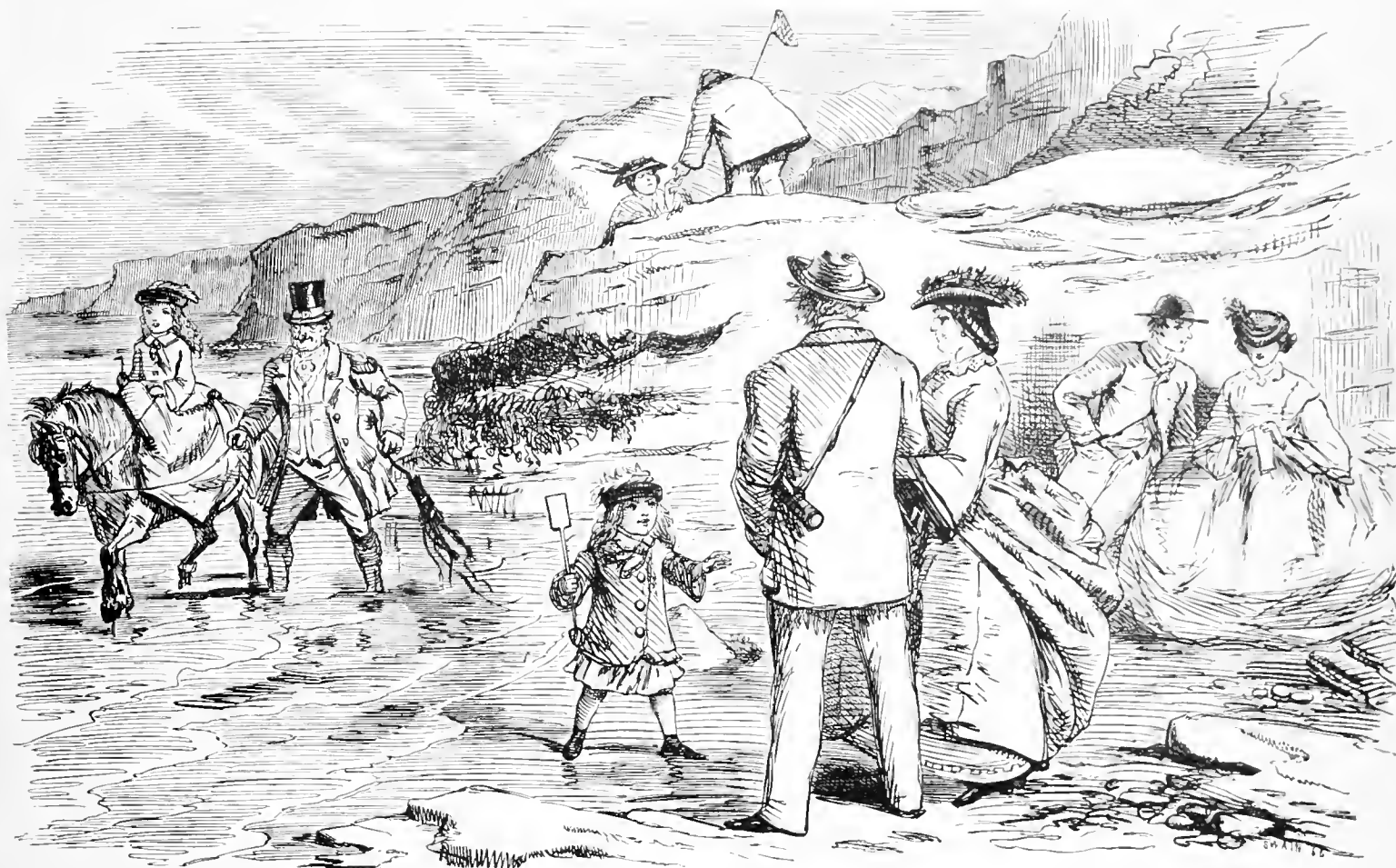
SCENE ON A BRIDGE IN PARIS.

NOW, WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE MATTER HERE? WHY, ALPHONSE, IN A BOAT ON THE RIVER, HAS JUST CAUGHT A GOUJON ABOUT THE SIZE OF HIS LITTLE FINGER!

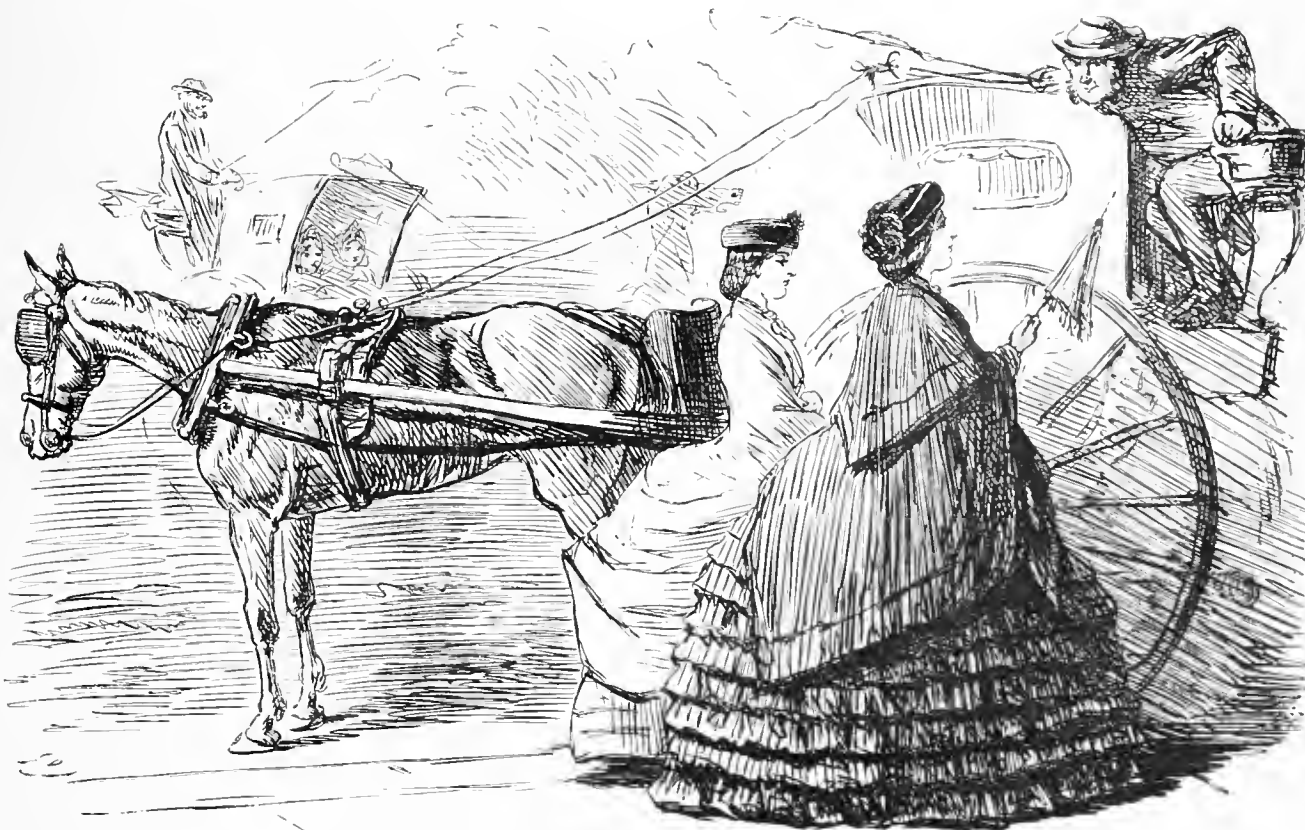


TU QUOQUE.

Human. "HAH! YOU'D BE A NICE CUSTOMER TO MEET ON THE LOOSE. ANYWHERE AFTER DARK, YOU WOULD!"



AT SCARBOROUGH.



A SAGACIOUS CABBY.

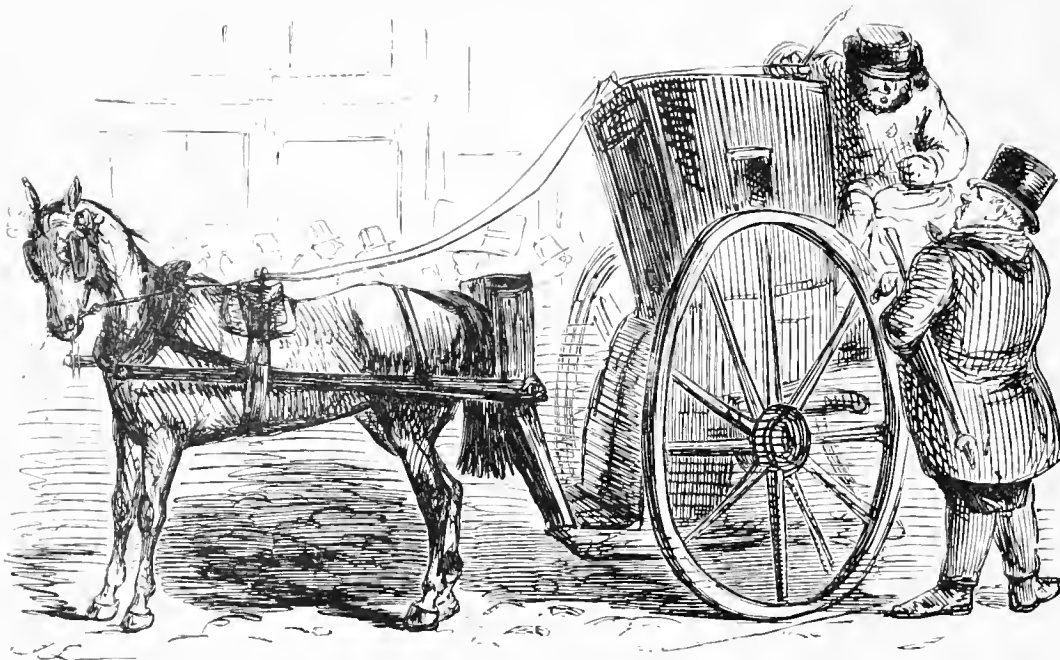
"HANSOM, MISS! YES, MISS! CATTLE OR DOO SHOW?"



READY WHEN WANTED



MILITIA VOLUNTEERS.



IMPUDENCE.

Old Gent. "HOW MUCH?"

Hansom Cabman (boldly). "SIX SHILLINGS, SIR!"

Old Gent. "WHAT! WHY HOW MANY MILES DO YOU CALL IT FROM TEMPLE BAR TO THE BANK?"

Cabman. "OH! IF YOU WANT TO MAKE IT A MERE MERCANTILE TRANSACTION, YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR RIDE FOR NOTHING. ONLY DON'T GET INTO AN ANSOM CAB AGAIN, THAT'S ALL." [*Old Gentleman is speechless with indignation and astonishment.*]



A DISTURBED IMAGINATION.

JONES, WHO CAN'T SLEEP WELL IN LONDON DURING THE HOT WEATHER, GOES TO HAVE A QUIET NIGHT IN A VILLAGE!!

[Portrait of ONE of the Village Cochins, &c.]



WHAT OUR VOLUNTEERS OUGHT NOT TO DO.

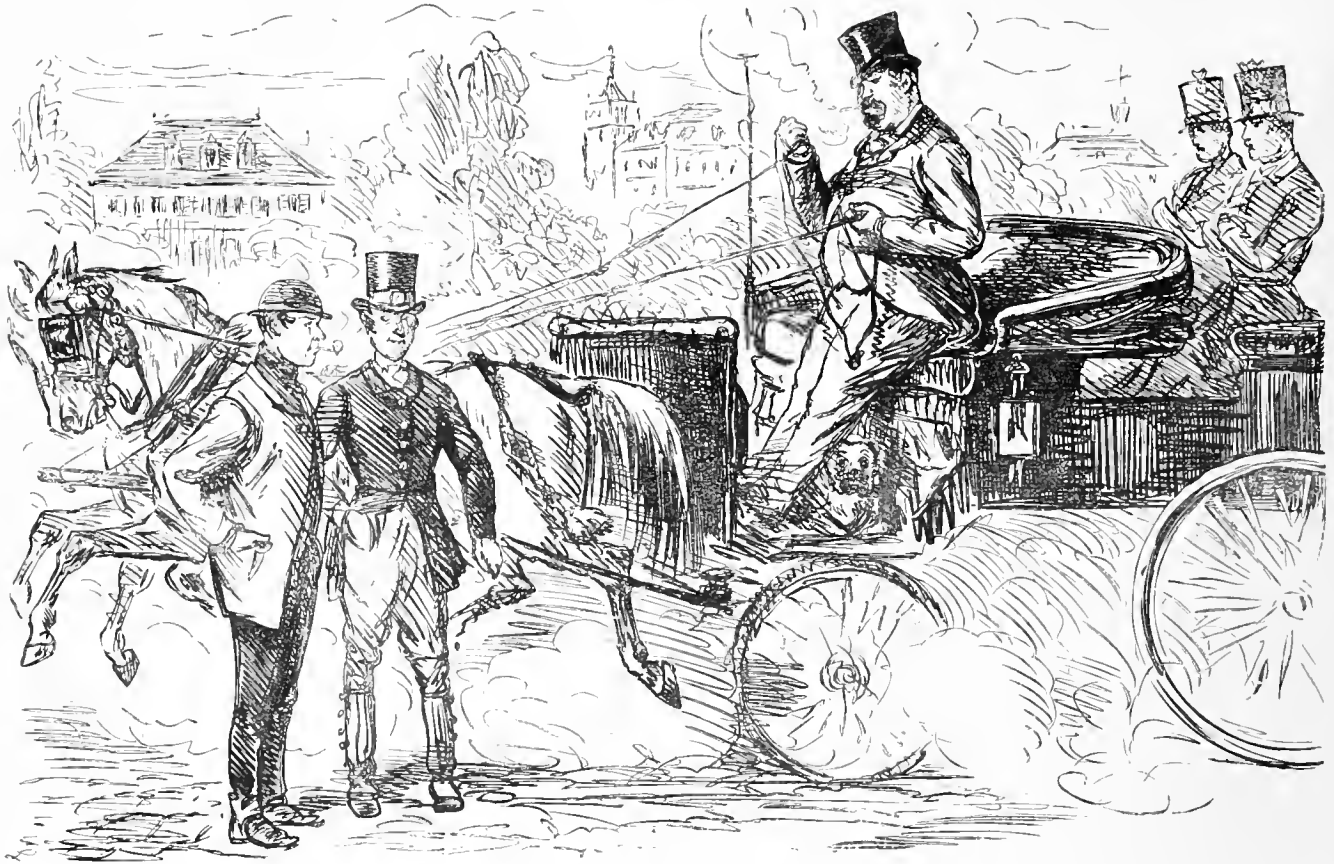
THEY OUGHT NOT, FOR ONE THING, TO STAGGER THROUGH QUIET STREETS, DRUMMING AND TRUMPETING LIKE SAVAGES, AT MIDNIGHT.



DRAMATIC.

First languid Saell. "HAW! THEY'RE GOING ON STILL WITH THAT DUNDREARY!"

Second Ditto. "AW—YA'AS! IT MUST BE A-A-A-A-VEVY HARD WORK FOR A FELLAH TO PERFORM SUCH A-A-CAWACTER EVELY EVENING"



RETURN FROM THE RACES—BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

English Stable-boy (to his Pal). "I SAY, JONES. ISN'T IT A PITY MOUNSEER HAS NOT GOT ANOTHER HAND FOR THE WHIP?"



SPIRIT-RAPPING.

Mr. Dunup. "I KNOW THAT KNOCK! IT IS! IT MUST BE! YES, IT IS A CREDITOR!"



THE GRAND NATIONAL ROSE SHOW.



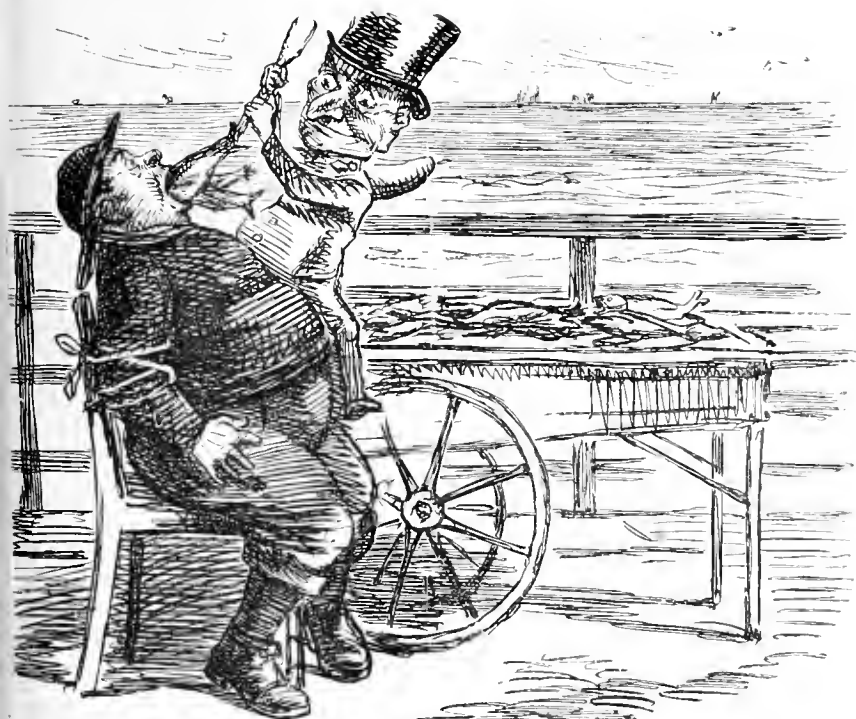
THE BOX OF BOOKS FROM LONDON.

"NOW, CLARA—WHAT A SHAME! YOU ALWAYS TAKE THE PRETTY ONES!"



RAILWAY GRIEVANCE.

DREADFUL OLD FEMALE, WHO, ALTHOUGH SHE WOULD BE HORRIFIED AT THE IDEA OF A CIGAR IN A CARRIAGE, SOLACES HERSELF BY CONSUMING NO END OF PEPPER-MINT LOZENGES DURING HER JOURNEY.



RETALIATION.

A CURE FOR THE DAWLING FISH-SELLERS AT WATERING-PLACES.



THE SUBMISSIVE HUSBAND.



A BROKEN COUNTRY.

Jones (who has accepted a mount with the Harriers, because it is all galloping and no obstacles). "OH, YES, LET HIM COME! THAT'S ALL VERY WELL. WHY, IT'S LIKE THE SIDE OF A HOUSE."

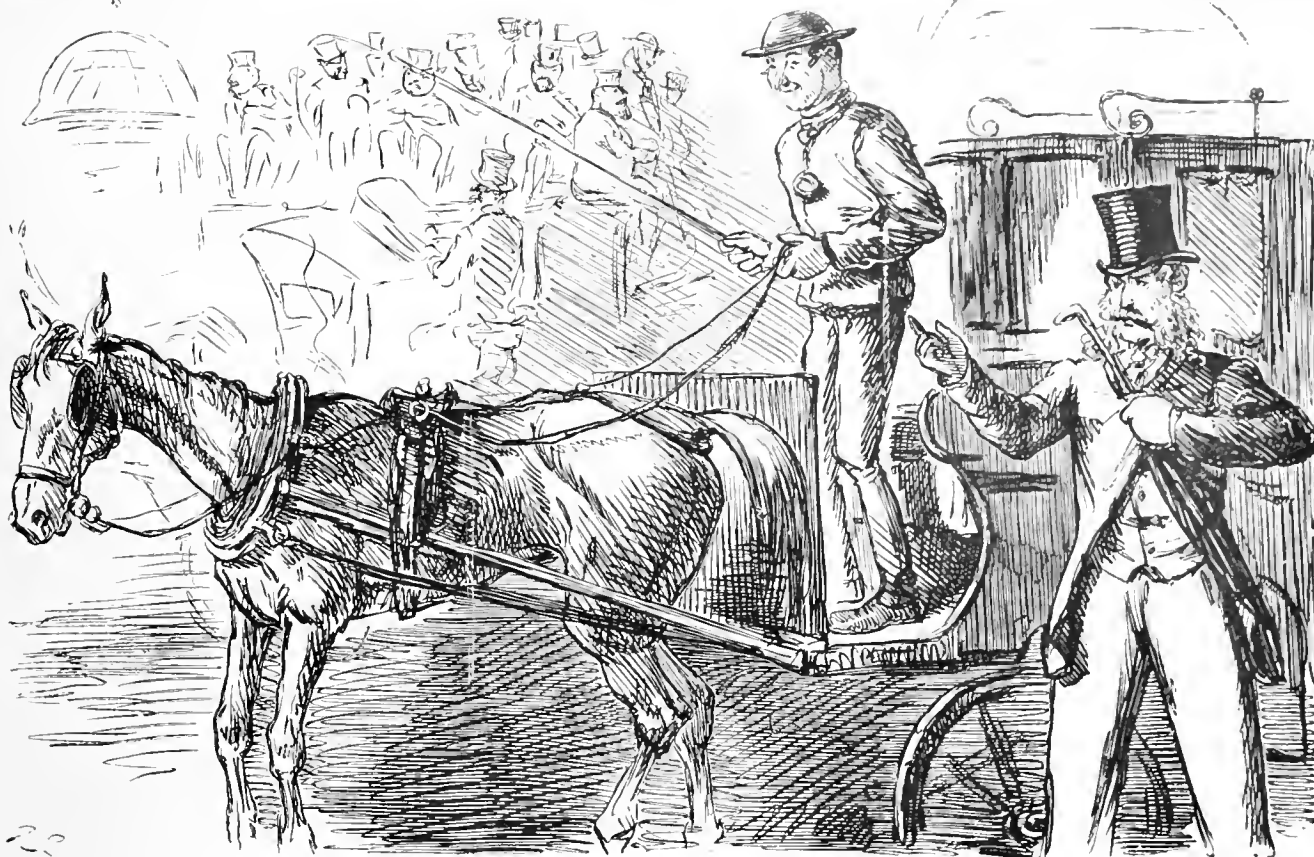


WHICH IS THE BRUTE?

UPON ONE OF THESE CREATURES MR. RAREY'S METHOD CAN MAKE NO IMPRESSION.



"WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE," ETC., ETC.



THE MORAL OF IT.

Infuriate Captain. "YOU SCOUNDREL, I'LL HAVE YOU UP AS SURE AS YOU ARE BORN!"

Cabby. "WHAT! SUMMONS ME! OH, NO, YOU WON'T, MY LORD.—YOU'LL NEVER TAKE THE TROUBLE."

[Exit CABBY with three-and-sixpence over his fare]



CRINOLINE FOR DOMESTIC USE.

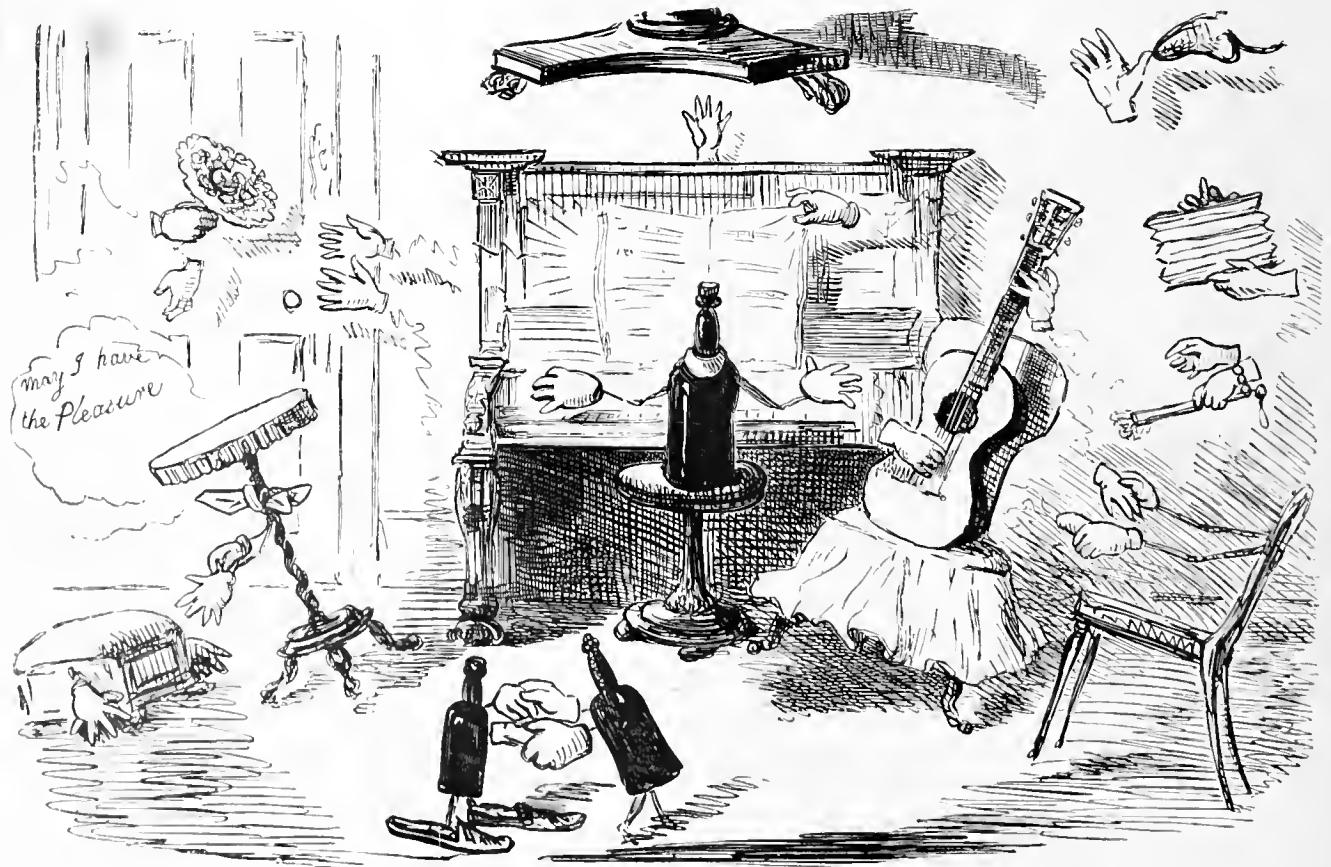
Missus. "MARY! GO AND TAKE OFF THAT THING DIRECTLY! PRAY, ARE YOU AWARE WHAT A RIDICULOUS OBJECT YOU ARE?"



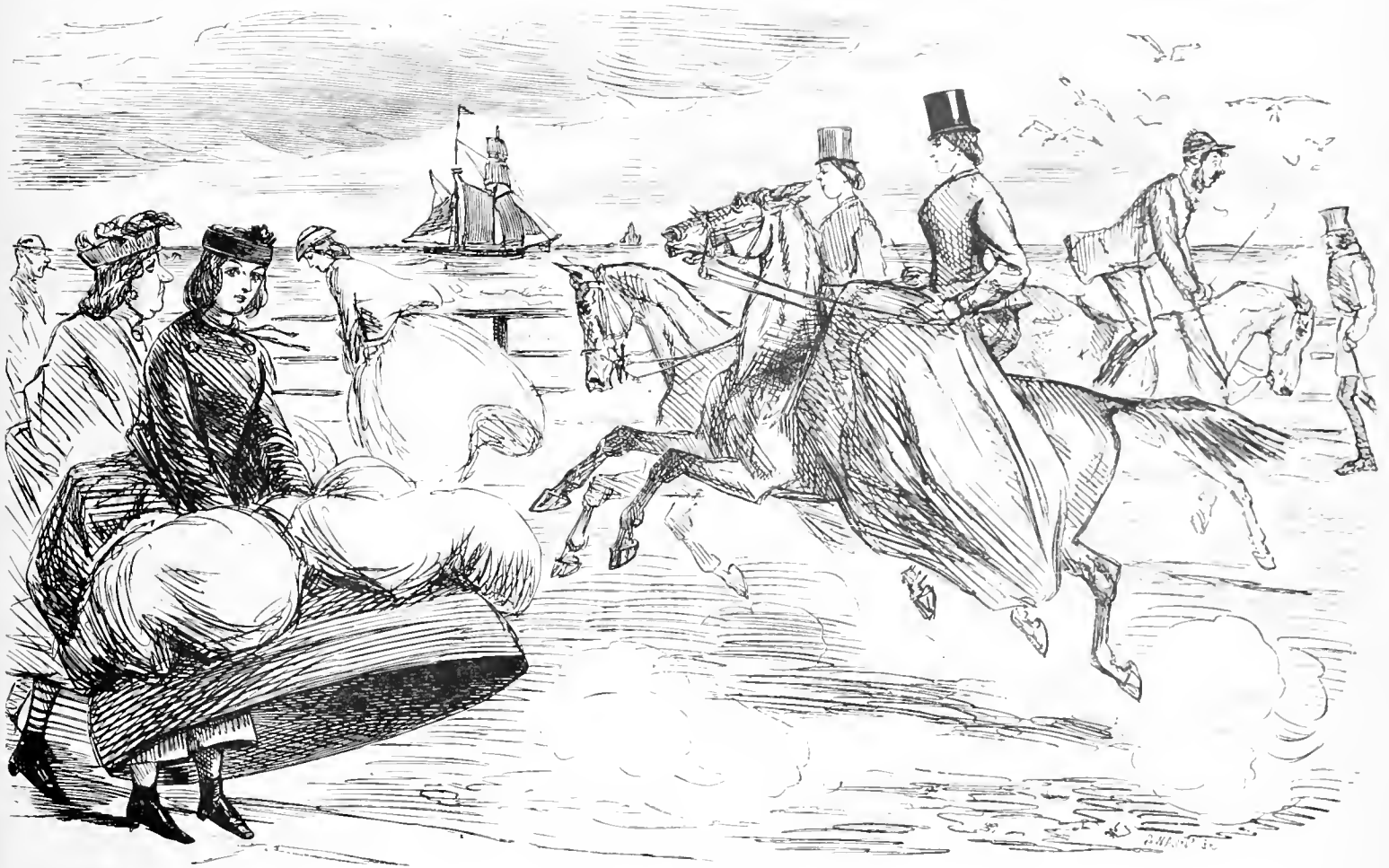
BADLY HIT DURING THE RECENT ENGAGEMENT WITH THE GUARDS.

Mamma. "YES, DOCTOR. SHE WILL SIT FOR HOURS WITHOUT SPEAKING A WORD. SHE PERSISTS IN WEARING THE SAME DRESS, AND WON'T PART WITH THE DOUQUET!"

Doctor. "H'M—WELL, LET'S SEE, WE MUST FIRST GET THE BALL OUT OF HER HEAD, AND THEN PERHAPS THE NERVOUS SYSTEM MAY RIGHT ITSELF!"



A SPIRIT DRAWING. BY OUR OWN MEDIUM.



SKETCHES AT BRIGHTON.



BRIGHTON JEWELS.



A BIT OF HOUSEHOLD STUFF.

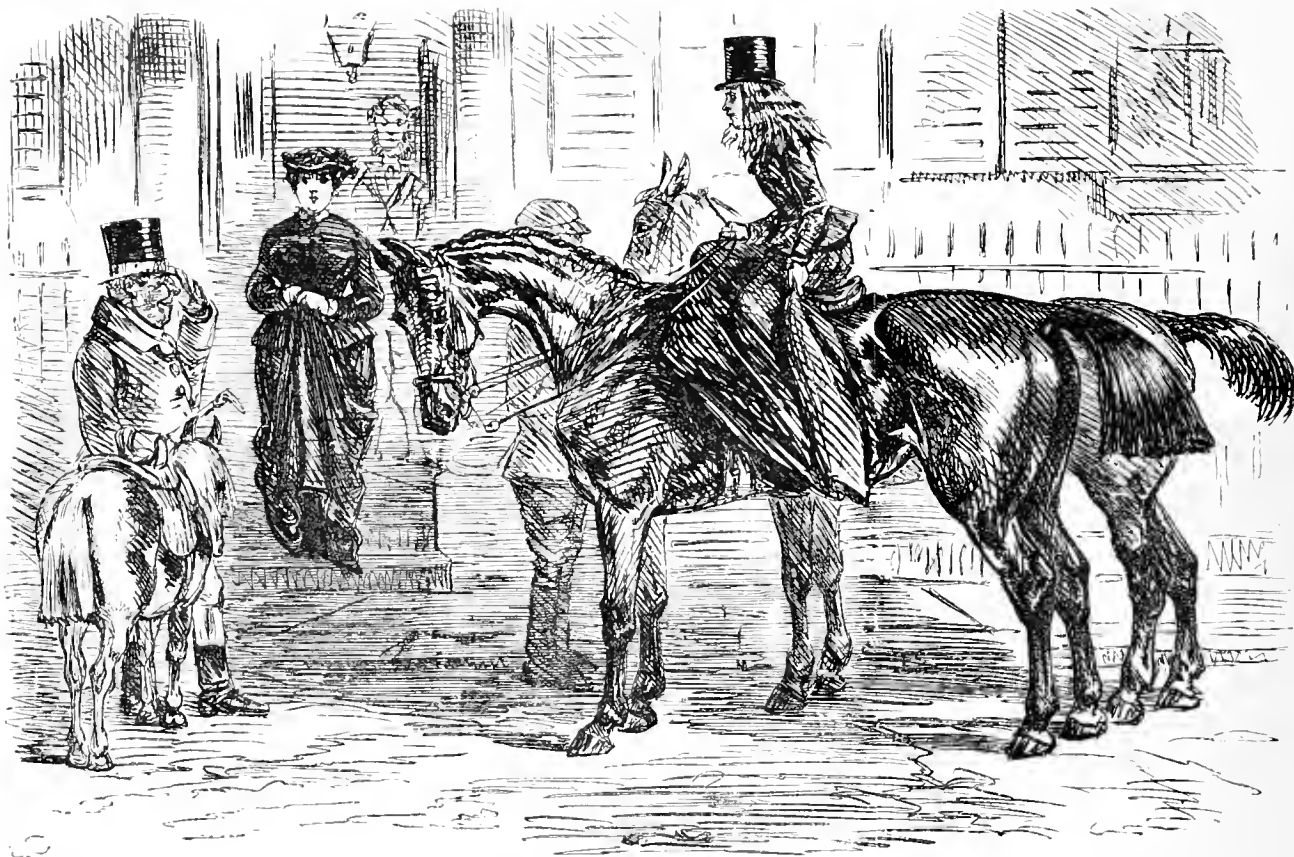
Second Life Guardsman. "LOR, JEMIMER, WHY WE ARE OUR OWN MASTERS, AND NEVER SHOW NO RESPECT TO NOBODY!"

Jemimer. "THEN I SUPPOSE YOU'VE SEEN A DEAL OF BATTLES THAT MAKES YOU SO PROUD!"



A HINT TO THE "ENGAGED ONES" OF ENGLAND.

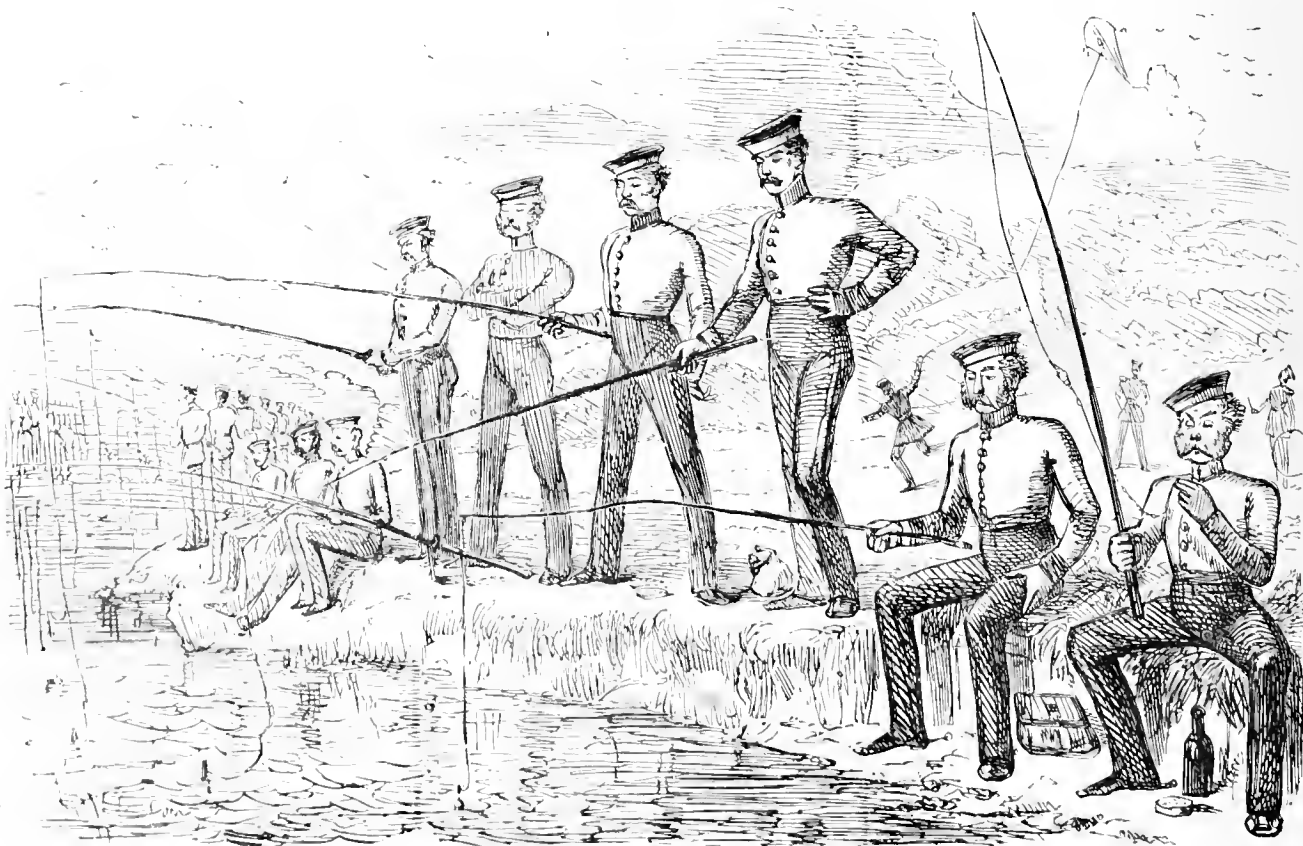
Alice (to Rodolph, or rather, we should say, Jones). "NOW MIND, SIR! YOU ARE A VOLUNTEER RIFLEMAN. AND IT ENTIRELY DEPENDS UPON YOUR ATTENTION TO DRILL, WHETHER I GIVE YOU THAT LOCK OF HAIR, OR NOT!"



VERY CONSIDERATE.

Mamma (coming down the steps). "WHY, CORNBYN! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? MISS ALICE PERCHED ON HER PAPA'S BIG HORSE, AND THE PONY BROUGHT FOR ME!"

Cornbyn. "YES, MA'AM! YOU SEE, MA'AM, MISS ALICE SAID AS YOU WAS RATHER NERVOUS, AND SHE THOUGHT THAT YOU WOULD GET ON BETTER WITH TOM TIT"



RECREATION FOR THE HORSE GUARDS.

AND HOW MUCH BETTER THAN IDLING IN A PUBLIC-HOUSE, OR FLIRTING WITH MAID SERVANTS.



ATTEMPTED FRAUD ON THE RAILWAY.

Boy (about fourteen). "HALF TO BRIGHTON."

Clerk. "ARE YOU ABOVE THIRTEEN?"

Boy. "NO, ONLY TWELVE LAST—"

Clerk (interrupting). "THEN YOU ARE WHOLE PRICE!"

[Sold.]



THE PLEASURES OF THE SEA.



THE RIVAL BARRELS.

THREE CHEERS FOR BASS AND HIS BARREL OF BEER, AND OUT WITH THE FOREIGN RUFFIAN AND HIS BARREL-ORGAN!



HOW NOT TO DO IT.—No. I.

THESE ARE THE LITTLE CHILDREN WHO CONVERT THE PARK RAILINGS INTO GYMNAS TIC POLES, TO THE CONSTERNATION OF VOKINS'S HORSE!—



No. II.

AND THIS IS ONE OF THE HYDE PARK KEEPERS HAVING HIS CARTE DE VISITE TAKEN

MORAL. Would it not be better if the Park Keeper attended to his duties a little?



THE BITER BIT.

First Cabby. "I'M WAITIN' FOR THE MEEGER, YOUR HONOR!"

Second Ditto (in an audible whisper). "B'LIEVE ME, 'TIS THE GINERAL, AND I'M HIS KYAR."

Green (?) Ensign. "AW—BORE THAT—CAN'T TAKE ME, I SUPPOSE? I'M ONLY A CAPTAIN!"

[Hibernians decidedly sold.



THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

Sarah Jane. "LAWKS! WHY, IT'S HEXACT LIKE OUR HEMMER!"





RITZ.

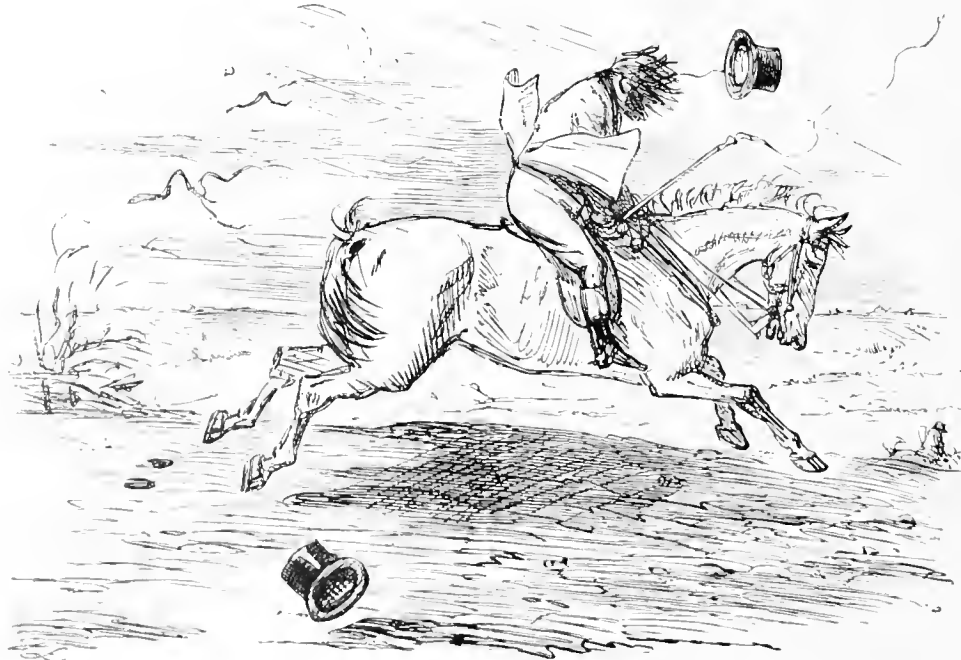


IN SEARCH OF EXCITEMENT.

TRYING THE TOP OF THE MONUMENT ON A WET AFTERNOON.



THE BLACK DIAMOND—THE REAL MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT!!



THE SPORTIVE ELEMENTS.

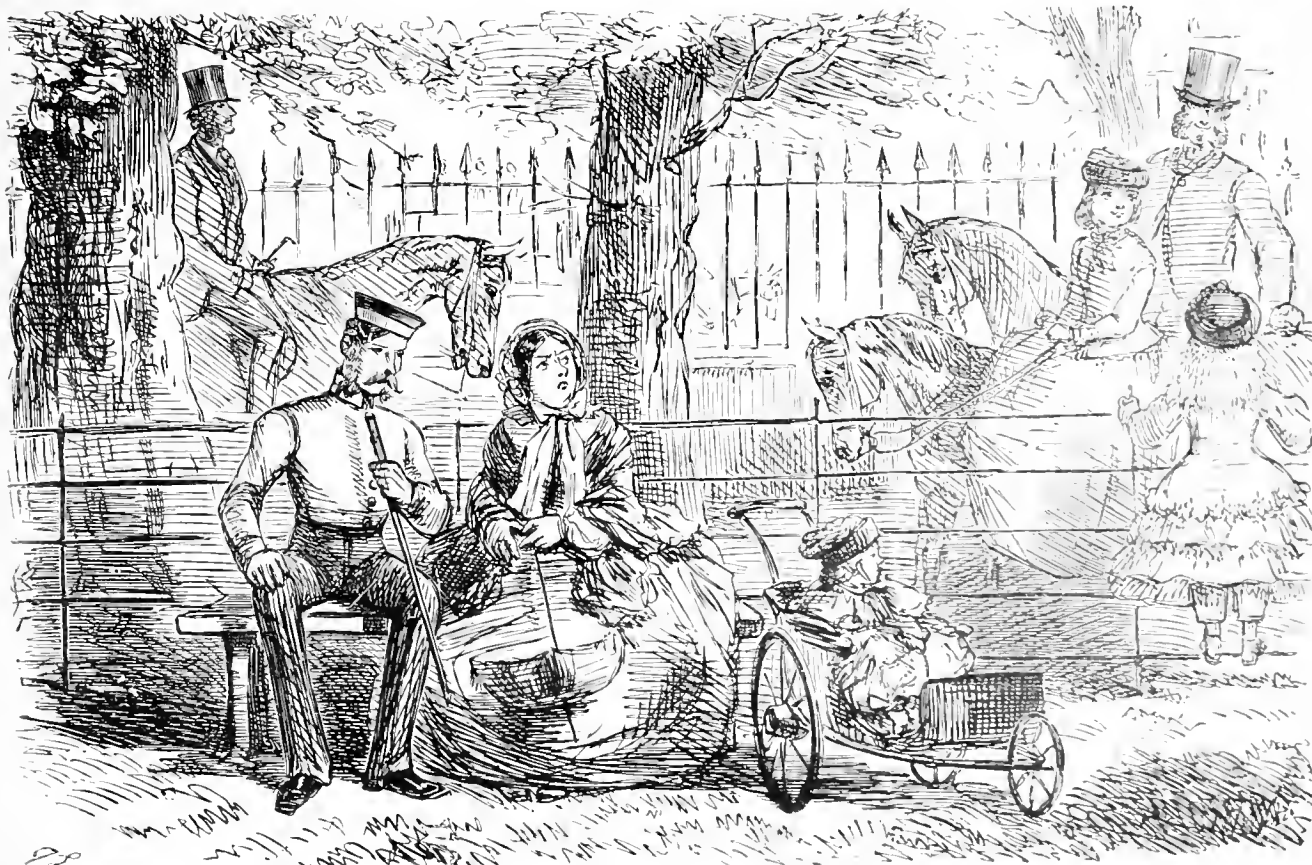
FOR DOWNRIGHT HEALTHY EXCITEMENT, WE RECOMMEND A DAY'S HUNTING IN A GALE OF WIND.



DOING A LITTLE BUSINESS.

Old Equestrian. "WELL OUT—YOU'RE NOT THE BOY I LEFT MY HORSE WITH!"

Boy. "NO, SIR, I JIST SPEKILATED, AND BOUGHT 'IM OF T'OTHER BOY FOR A HARPENNY?"



THE NEW RIDE. FRIGHTFUL SCENE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS!

SHALL OUR PRIVACY BE INVADED? SHALL OUR CHILDREN BE RIDDEN DOWN BY A BLOODTHIRSTY AND A BLOATED ARISTOCRACY? ARE OUR WIVES, DAUGHTERS, AND DOMESTICS TO BE TORN TO PIECES BY FEROCIOUS MASTIFFS? NEVER! UP THEN! MARROWBONES TO THE RESCUE!



THE MORNING RIDE.

A NICE SENSATION FOR BRIGHTON.—POP OVER THE RAILS AND HAVE A GALLOP ON THE RACECOURSE.



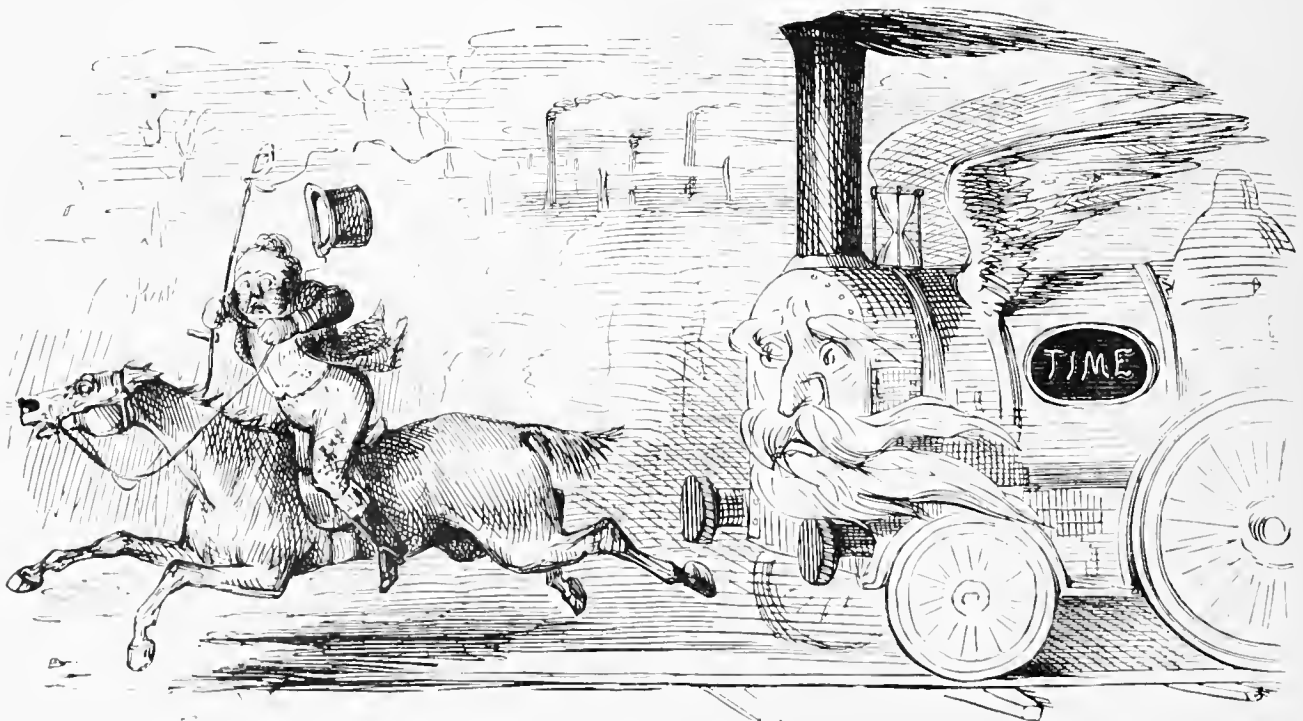
IN GOOD SOCIETY.

ARRIVAL OF THOSE DISTINGUISHED "LIONS," THE HIPPOPOTAMUS, AND THE GREAT TORTOISE.



WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW.

WE WANT TO KNOW WHY THE AUTHDRITIES AT DRIGHTON, SO SENSIBLE AND CONSIDERATE IN KEEPING THE PLACE FREE FROM THE DETESTABLE ORGAN-GRINDERS, SHOULD PERMIT THE TERRIBLE NUISANCES INDICATED ABOVE? FRESH PRAWNS, WHITING, OYSTERS, OR WATER-CRESS, ARE CAPITAL THINGS IN THEIR WAY, AND WE SHOULD THINK THAT THE JADED MAN OF OCCUPATION, OR THE INVALID, WOULD VERY MUCH RATHER SEND TO A RESPECTABLE SHOP FOR SUCH DELICACIES, THAN HAVE THEM "BELLOWED" INTO HIS EARS MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.



NOT A DOUBTFUL RACE.

THE RAILWAY ENGINE AND THE FOXHUNTER—WHAT IT MUST COME TO.



SHOEBURYNESS.

Captain Limber, R.A. "HAVING PLACED OUR BURSTER AND PREPARED OUR PERCUSSION FUSE, WHICH, YOU REMEMBER, EXPLODES BY THE SIMPLE FALL OF THE NEEDLE—WE PROCEED TO * * *"

[PROFESSOR DABBLES quite sees that the Artillery is a Service of itself, and having an appointment at the Megatherium, hurries off by the train.



SHOCKING INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

Enter Bachelor Brother (who has come from a long day of business). "THAT CONFOUNDED ORGAN, AGAIN! ALTHOUGH I TOLD HIM TO GO! BUT—PHEW!!—MY DEAR REBECCA, WHAT DREADFUL ODOUR IS THIS IN THE ROOM?"

[The truth is, Rebecca has had the Grinding Ru"an to sketch from



A DAY WITH THE STAG.—No. I.

TOM NODDY DOESN'T TAKE HIS OWN HORSE WITH HIM, AS HE THINKS IT IS BETTER TO HIRE A HORSE ACCUSTOMED TO THE COUNTRY. THE GROOM ASSURES HIM THAT HE COULDN'T BE BETTER MOUNTED, FOR THE HORSE IS VERY FAST, WITH TREMENDOUS JUMPING POWER.



No. II.

*** IT IS A BEAUTIFUL FIND, AND T. N GETS WELL AWAY WITH THE HOUNDS. THE FIRST FIELD IS A LARGE PASTURE, AND HE AND HIS HORSE AGREE WONDERFULLY. OUR LITTLE FRIEND THINKS THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A GRASS COUNTRY—UNTIL HE COMES



No. III.

TO THIS PRETTY THING—OVER WHICH HE AND THE HORSE (WITH TREMENDOUS JUMPING POWER) GO, AND ENTER THE NEXT FIELD IN



No. IV.

THE FOLLOWING ORDER:—T. N . 1
HIS HORSE . 2



A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

Little T. N. "SHALL YOU TAKE A SINGLE, OR RETURN?"

Friend. "WELL, I SHALL TAKE A RETURN, BECAUSE I KNOW THE HORSE I'M GOING TO RIDE,—BUT YOU'D BETTER TAKE A SINGLE AND AN INSURANCE TICKET!"



OUTRAGE UPON A GALLANT TURK.



THE GREAT BONNET QUESTION.



THE LADIES' LAP-DOG SHOW.



SUCCESSFUL ANGLING.



A COCKNEY AT DIEPPE.



THE ORGAN-GRINDING NUISANCE.—No. I.

Old Lady (1). "BOTHER OVER THE WAY! WE LIKE THE HORGINS!"



No. II.

OVER THE WAY—THE INVALID.



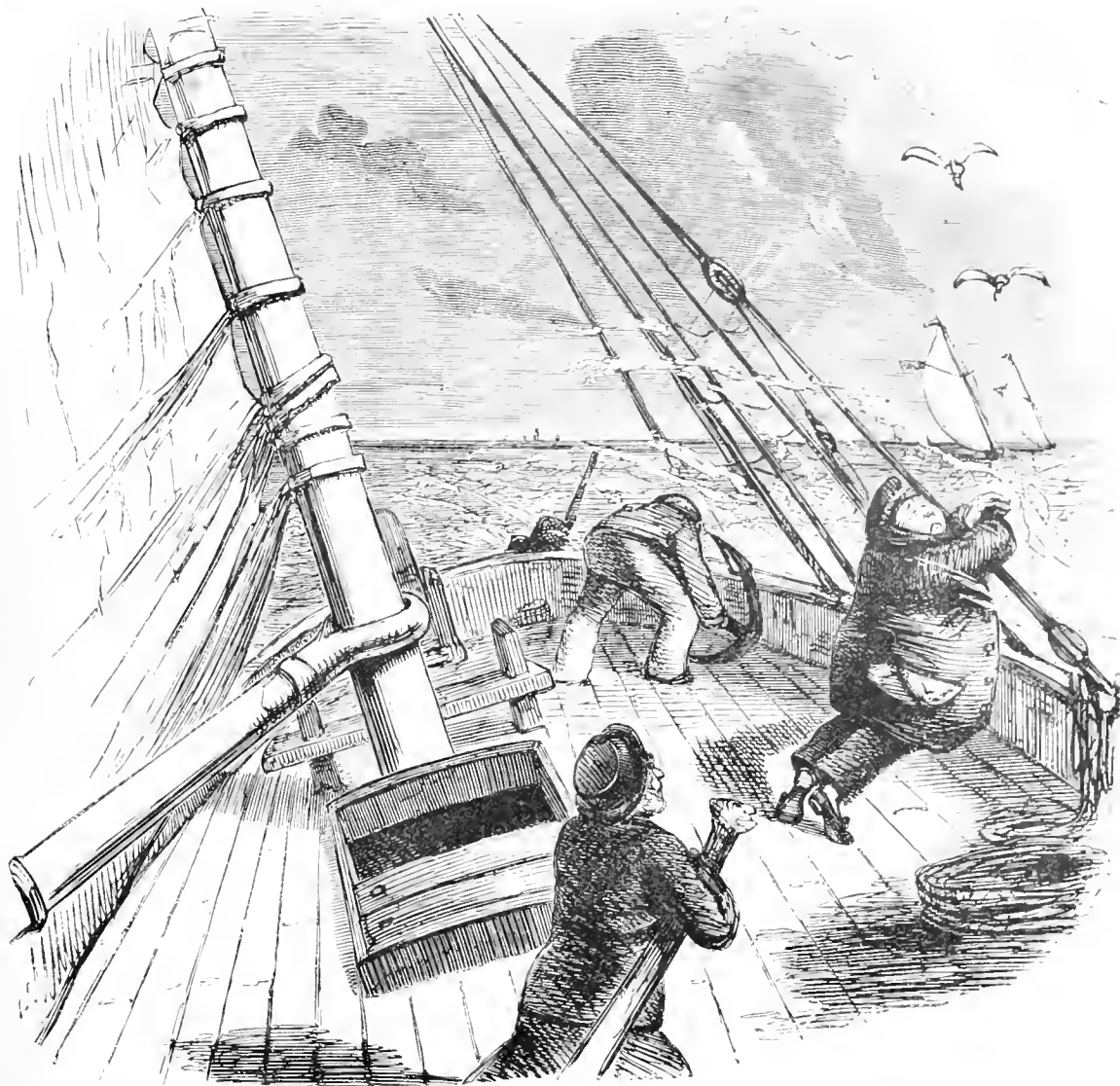
OUT OF HIS ELEMENT.

THAT AWFUL SWELL PERCY DE GOSLING FINDS HIMSELF BY ACCIDENT AT BRIGHTON ON WHIT-MONDAY. HIS NERVES HAVE BEEN TERRIBLY SHOCKED. ALREADY HE HAS BEEN ASKED IF HE WANTED ANY TEA-ACCOMMODATION; AND NOW A BOATMAN REQUESTS HIM TO "JINE THIS PARTY, AND MAKE UP THE 'ARF DOZEN FOR A ROW."



LE SPORT.

HOORAY! MOSSOO GOES TO THE DERBY, AND IN HIS FAVOURITE COSTUME OF "BRITISH SPORTSMAN!"



AN OLD FRIEND.

OH DEAR NO! OLD BR—GGS IS *NOT* DEAD—HE HAS TAKEN TO YACHTING FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS HEALTH



A JUNIOR COUNSEL.



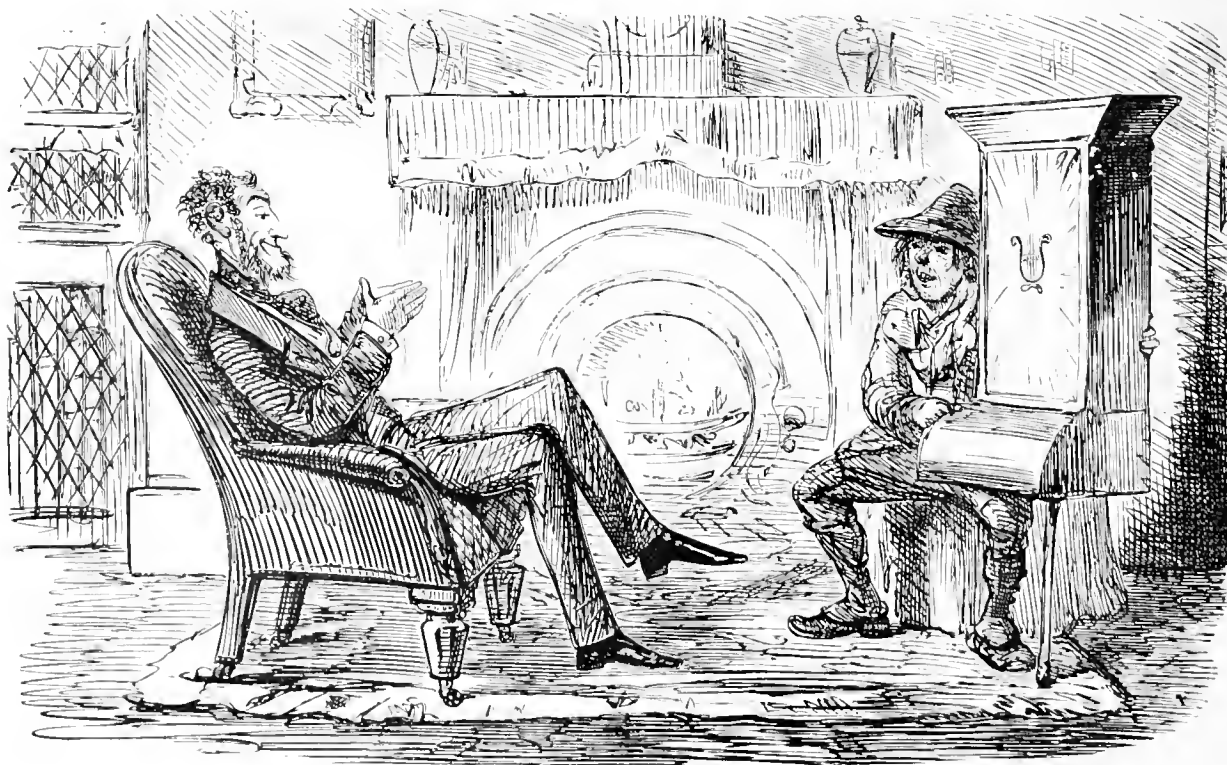
A FAMILY BOX AT THE THEATRE.

MR. BRIGGS'S HORSE-TAMING EXPERIENCES.



No. I.

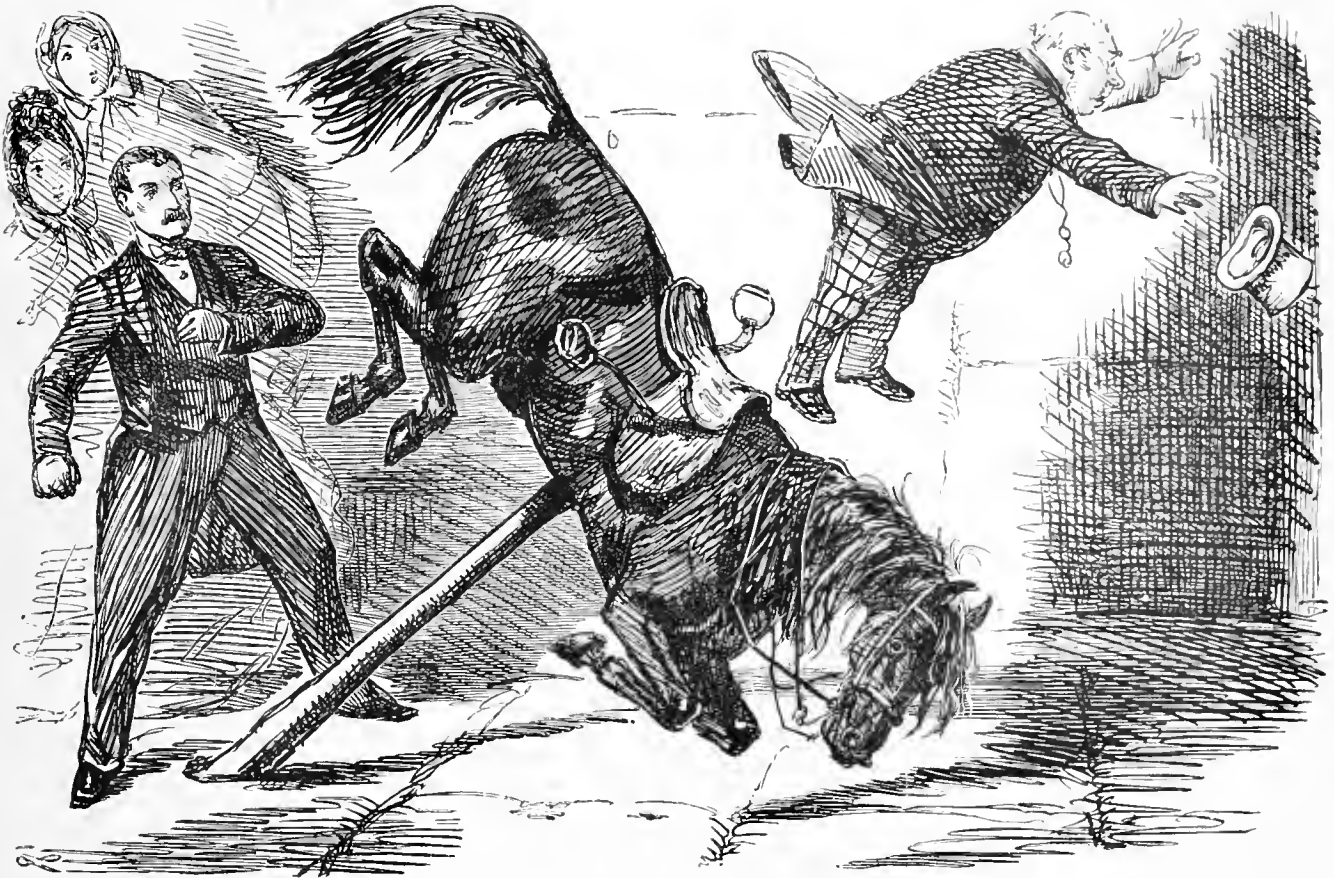
OUR FRIEND B. GOES WITH A PARTY TO SEE THE MECHANICAL HORSE. HE OF COURSE TRIES ITS POWERS. FIRST, THE SLOW AND CENTLE MOVEMENT!—



DE GUSTIBUS, &c., &c.

FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE NOBLE LORD WHO FINDS ORGAN-CRINDING AN "AGREEABLE RELIEF."

MR. BRIGGS'S HORSE-TAMING EXPERIENCES.



No. II.

AND THEN THE QUICK AND STRONG!



THE FINANCIAL QUESTION.

HORROR OF JOHN THOMAS ON FINDING THAT UPPER SERVANTS
ARE TO PAY THE INCOME TAX.



THE DINNER-BELL.

MR. BRIGGS'S HORSE-TAMING EXPERIENCES.



No. III.

OUR DEAR OLD FRIEND BRIGGS, WHO HAS BECOME VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT THE HORSE HE RIDES, PURCHASES ONE OF THOSE EXTRAORDINARY COBS, UP TO WEIGHT, WARRANTED NEVER TO TRIP NOR SHY, AND WHICH ARE SO INVALUABLE TO AN ELDERLY OR A TIMID RIDER! THE ANIMAL HAS, HOWEVER, AMONGST A FEW OTHER PLAYFUL PECULIARITIES, A HABIT OF TRYING TO JAM HIS RIDER'S LEG AGAINST THE WALL, TO SAY NOTHING OF WALKING ABOUT ON HIS HIND LEGS, AS IF HE WERE A BIPED!

[Tableau. Mr. B. as he appeared on the pavement.



A ONE-SIDED VIEW.

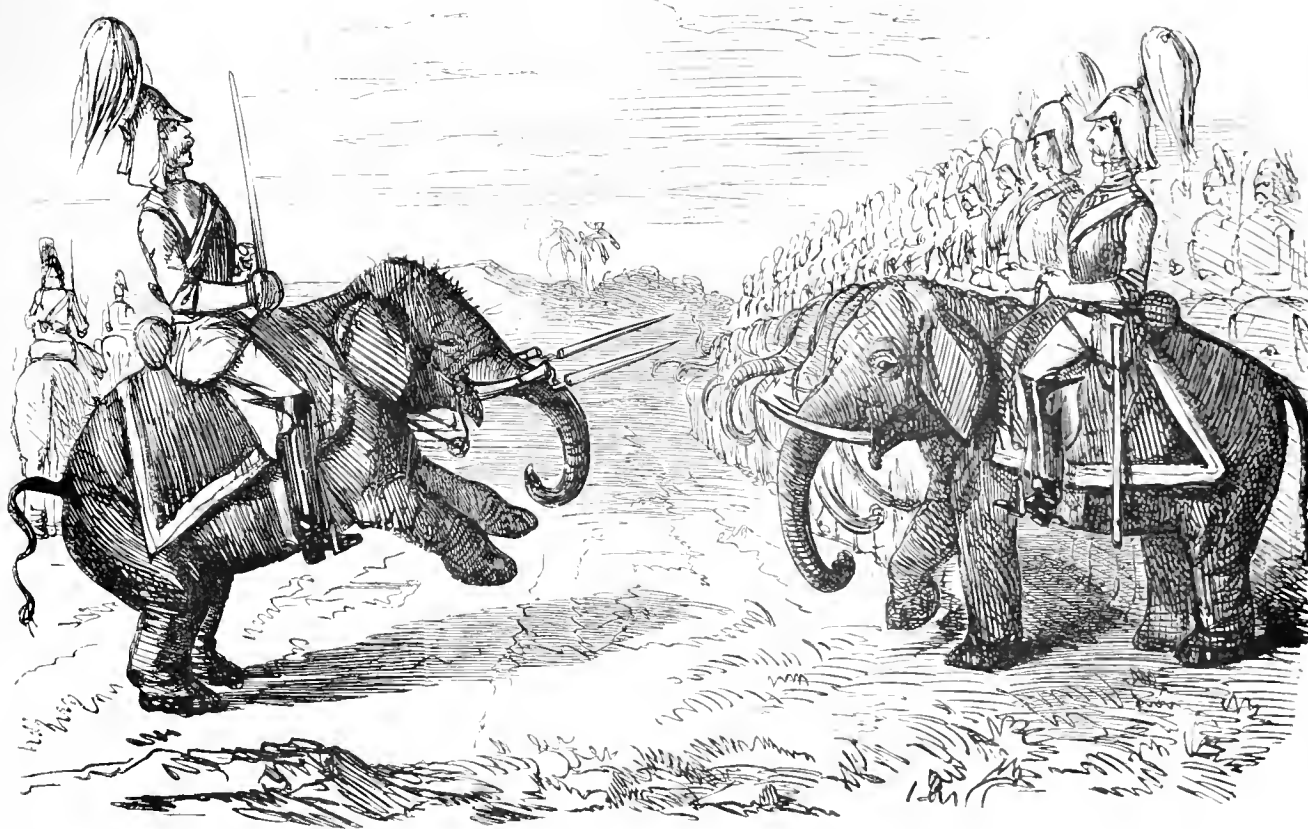
Sailor (confidentially). "I SAY, JACK, ISN'T IT QUITE MELANCHOLY TO SEE THEM POOR FELLOWS DRESSED UP LIKE THAT 'ERE?"

MR. BRIGGS'S HORSE-TAMING EXPERIENCES.



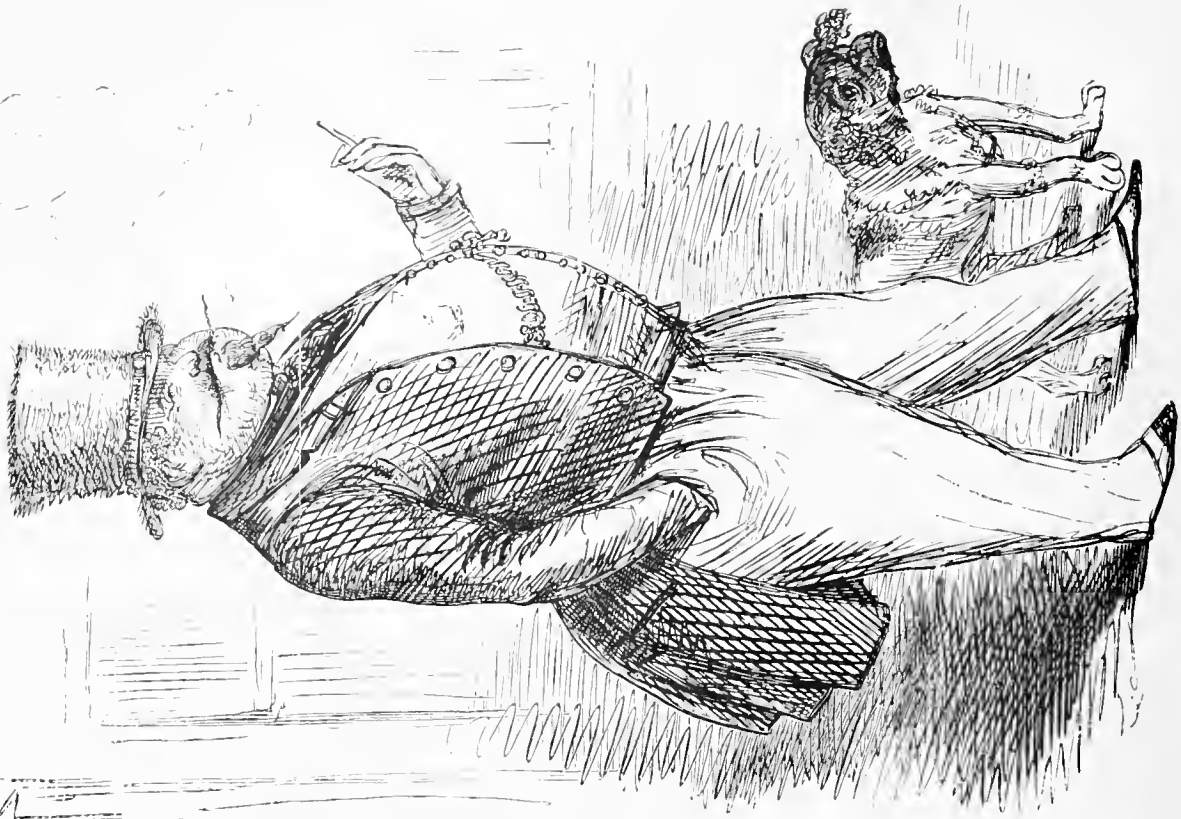
No. IV.

TO SHOW WHAT PERFECT CONTROL HE HAS OVER HIS ANIMAL, HE SEATS HIMSELF ON ITS BACK WITH HIS FACE TO ITS TAIL, AND—SUDDENLY
OPENS AN UMBRELLA.



A BRILLIANT SUGGESTION, PRESENTED GRATIS TO THE HORSE GUARDS BY MR. PUNCH

RUE DU RECENT



JOHN BULL À LA FRANÇAISE,



THE MALVERN HILLS.



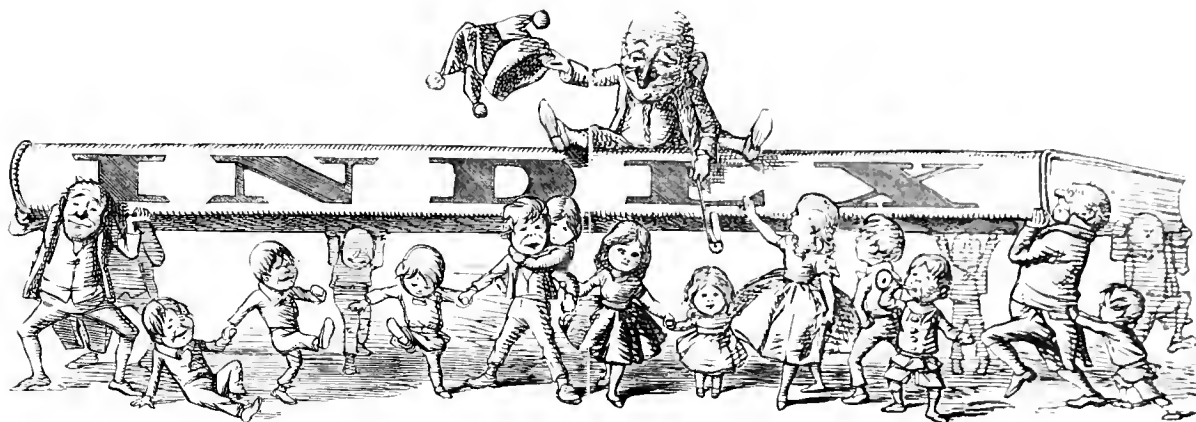
HURRAH!

THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT—CHAIRING THE BEST SHOT IN ENGLAND.



LONDON

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



PORTRAIT OF JOHN LEECH

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